PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
APRIL 1998 • $4.95
Sex & Music Issue
Violin Goddess LINDA BRAVA Plays Playboy
35270
04
0 300955 0

DISCO DIVA
JODY WATLEY
NUDE
A Salute To
SINATRA
By David
Halberstam
THE RETURN
OF CASUAL SEX
Hollywood's Most
Controversial Writer
JOE ESZTERHAS
Interviewed
SPRING
PREVIEW
The Buzz On
Cars, Clubs,
Gadgets, Gear,
Duds And Skin

© Philip Morris Inc. 1998
16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
Marlboro

RECORDABLE PORTABLE VIRTUALLY UNSHOCKABLE DIGITAL

©1998 Sony Electronics Inc. All rights reserved. Sony and Make It With MD are trademarks of Sony.

SONY

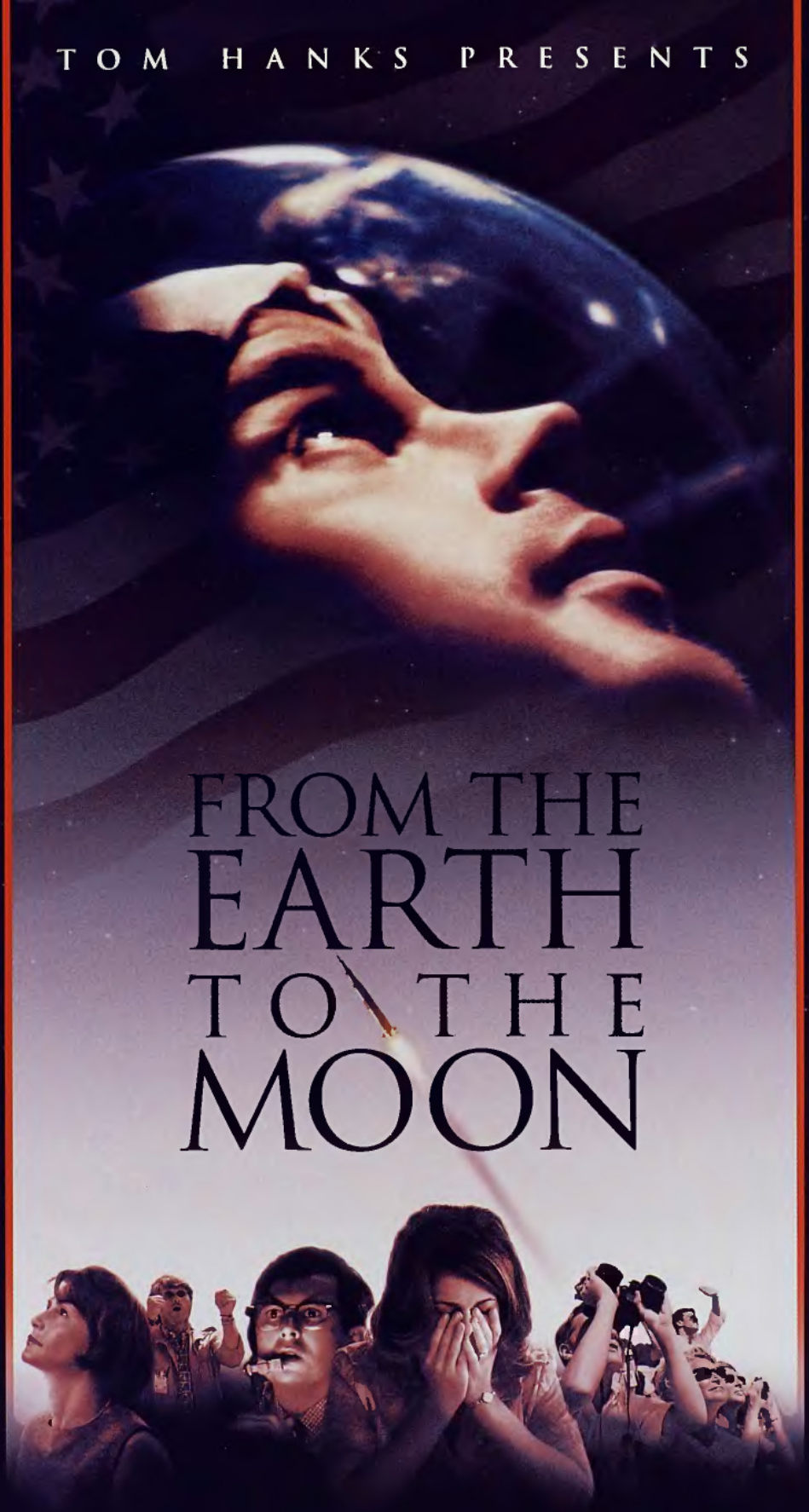
MINIDISC

YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT...

MAKE IT WITH MD.™

www.sony.com/minidisc

TOM HANKS PRESENTS



FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON

AMERICA'S GREATEST ADVENTURE.
TELEVISION'S BIGGEST MINISERIES.

Cla Vius Base IMAGINE ENTERTAINMENT

HBO
IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.

PREMIERES SUNDAY, APRIL 5TH AT 8PM ET/PT

hbo.com/apollo

©1998 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. ®Service marks of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

PLAYBILL

WE ALL HAVE desert-island lists. One begins with Cindy Crawford, another with *Led Zeppelin IV*. Coconuts aside, sex and music are a modern guy's major food groups. That's why PLAYBOY—yet another list topper—has packed this issue with sex, music and, best of all, sexy musicians. If you were stranded with our cover girl, violinist **Linda Brava,** not only would you have a beautiful companion, you'd get your Rachmaninoff too. In *Brahms Bombshell*, Brava, who *The Sunday Times* of London has called "classical music's Pamela Anderson Lee," unveils her oeuvre-whelming body. (Her pictorial was shot by **Arny Freytag.**) **Jody Watley** plays the opening set. The former Shalamar chanteuse was deemed one of *People*'s original Fifty Most Beautiful People after she went solo. In a pictorial by **Davis Factor,** she trades the Grammy under her belt for a flower (*Flower* is also the title of her new CD).

It's the biggest secret of the late Nineties: Casual sex happens—a lot. It occurs on first dates, during one-night stands and in the absence of rubbers and dental dams. Finally, PLAYBOY lays bare the unprotected truth in *The Return of Casual Sex*. Detroit TV producer **Lori Weiss** asks ten men and women to describe how far they'll go in pursuit of pleasure. (The illustration is by **Jane E. Fisher.**)

Joe Eszterhas has scripted hits such as *Flashdance* and *Basic Instinct*, feuded with the world's most powerful agent and, despite clunkers such as *Showgirls*, still receives millions for a screenplay. As the subject of the *Playboy Interview*, conducted by **Michael Fleming** of *Daily Variety*, he details director Paul Verhoeven's weirdest erotic experience and reveals for the first time the origins of the memo that rocked Hollywood (and embarrassed Mike Ovitz). What a perfect setup for this month's short story, with its cinematic blend of sex and tension. *An Innocent Bystander*, by **Gary Krist** (with artwork by **Pat Andrea**), is about the perils of befriending a Long Island Lolita.

In the wee hours of the American century, the impact of Frank Sinatra on three generations of clydes and dames has become increasingly clear. We asked **David Halberstam,** one of the nation's premiere cultural voices in print, to demystify the best voice on tape in an appreciation titled *Sinatra at Sunset* (illustrated by **Herb Davidson**). Then Music Editor **Barbara Nellis** finds the true song lines in *The Year in Music* (the opening artwork is by **David Cowles**). We also welcome Johnny Cash into *Playboy's Music Hall of Fame* and deliver some surprising music poll results. Further down the playlist, Nellis and Junior Editor **Alison Lundgren** look ahead to what you'll be listening to, where you'll be listening to it and what you'll be drinking when you do. You'll find it all in *The Buzz*.

Sports calls are tough—that's why they play the game. But it's a safe bet that **Keith Olbermann,** the guy who defined the wry skepticism of ESPN's *Sportscenter*, will succeed with his new gig on MSNBC, *The Big Show With Keith Olbermann*. Recently he faced off with **Warren Kalbacker** for *20 Questions*, in which he nominates Fidel Castro for baseball commissioner and explains the roles of beer and betting in sports.

You won't believe how much you're going to want the things in our 1998 Spring Preview. Fashion femme **Hollis Wayne** demonstrates the versatility of today's gray and beige summer suits in the *Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast*. Speaking of tan, *Here Comes the Sun*, by **Donald Charles Richardson,** will help you cultivate the skin color doctors hate and women love. Then drop the top of Toyota's futuristic Funcoupe, which is just one of the cars **Ken Gross** reviews in *Wheels '99*. Finally, look to the *Electronics '98* tech-toys piece by **David Elrich** for the new 65-inch Toshiba TV. Who says size doesn't matter?

FREYTAG

FACTOR

WEISS

FISHER

FLEMING

KRIST

ANDREA

HALBERSTAM

DAVIDSON

COWLES

LUNDGREN

WAYNE

GROSS

ELRICH

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), April 1998, volume 45, number 4. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Periodicals postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. For subscription-related questions, e-mail circ@ny.playboy.com. Editorial: edit@playboy.com.

WELCOME

TO CIVILIZATION

(YOUR DRINK IS WAITING)

Enjoy Black Label Responsibly

Johnnie Walker® Black Label® Blended Scotch Whisky, Imported 12 Year Old, 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof) ©1997 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

PLAYBOY®

vol. 45, no. 4—april 1998

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
MUSIC		17
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	22
VIDEO		25
WIRED		26
TRAVEL		28
BOOKS		29
HEALTH & FITNESS		30
MEN	ASA BABER	32
MONEY MATTERS	CHRISTOPHER BYRON	34
MANTRACK		37
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		43
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		45
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOE ESZTERHAS—candid conversation		55
THE RETURN OF CASUAL SEX—article	LORI WEISS	66
JODY WATLEY—pictorial		70
SINATRA AT SUNSET—appreciation	DAVID HALBERSTAM	76
SPRING & SUMMER FORECAST—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	80
HERE COMES THE SUN—grooming	DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON	88
PLAYBOY GALLERY: GUIDO ARGENTINI		91
WHEELS '99—cars	KEN GROSS	92
HOLLY BY THE BAY—playboy's playmate of the month		98
PARTY JOKES—humor		110
ELECTRONICS '98—modern living	DAVID ELRICH	112
AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER—fiction	GARY KRIST	116
PLAYMATE REVISITED: MONIQUE ST. PIERRE		121
THE YEAR IN MUSIC		124
THE BUZZ		130
BRAHMS BOMBSHELL—pictorial		134
20 QUESTIONS: KEITH OLBERMANN		146
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		164
PLAYMATE NEWS		171
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		175

Brava, Linda P. 134

Sinatra at Sunset P. 76

A Full Hart P. 98

Playboy Rocks P. 124

COVER STORY

Bravo to Brava. Violin goddess Linda Brava invites readers to discover her passion. "Look into my eyes, see into my soul," she beckons. "Am I a sex symbol? You tell me." Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn and shot by Arny Freytag. Alexis Vogel styled Linda's makeup and hair. The Finnish violinist and our happy Rabbit are perfectly in tune.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: FEBRUARY 1998 CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1998 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 164. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. GEORGE DICKEL AND BLACK VELVET INSERTS BETWEEN PAGES 44-45 AND 158-159. SPATEN INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 44-45 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. COTY INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 16-17 AND FRANKLIN MINT INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 28-29 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARÍA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN TRÁMITE.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PLAYBOY

Got a Light?

Zippos have been the coolest lighters for decades—and our Playboy lighter has got to be the coolest Zippo yet. Etched with our Smoking Rabbit Head, this chrome lighter is windproof and guaranteed for life. It comes in its own collectible tin embossed with the Zippo name and featuring a black-and-white Smoking Rabbit Head silk screen. (Lighter fluid not included.) USA. Lighter dimensions: 1½" x 2".

$24.00 Lighter# QR2114

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494
Most major credit cards accepted. ORDER BY MAIL Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80127, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $4.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents include an additional $3.00 per item. No other foreign orders accepted.

HOT Couture

From the dog days of summer to the dead of winter, these women dress the same—in the sexiest intimate apparel imaginable. The most seductive Playboy Playmates and models slip in and out of their favorite lingerie in the March/April edition of *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. On sale now.
Book# QPFT9803 $6.95

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 80175).

Order By Mail Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80125, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $3.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders.

Now you can subscribe to *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. For just $39.95 ($49.17 in Canada—Inc. $3.22 GST), you'll get six issues delivered to your door. You'll also receive *Playboy's Sexy, Steamy, Sultry* video free with your paid subscription. Order by Phone: Call 1-800-316-4477 and use your credit card. Order by Mail: Send check or money order to *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*, P.O. Box 3266, Harlan, Iowa 51593 (include special code HLD1000). © 1998 Playb

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog/

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* CHIP ROWE *associate editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* DAN HENLEY *assistant;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER, CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO *senior editors;* BARBARA NELLIS *associate editor;* ALISON LUNDGREN *junior editor;* CAROL ACKERBERG, LINDA FEIDELSON, HELEN FRANGOULIS, TERRY GLOVER, CAROL KUBALEK, KATIE NORRIS, HARRIET PEASE, KELLI PHOX, JOYCE WIEGAND-BAVAS *editorial assistants;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* JENNIFER RYAN JONES *asst. editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN, ANNE SHERMAN *asst. editors;* REMA SMITH *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, GEORGE HODAK, LISA ROBBINS *researchers;* MARK DURAN *research librarian;* ANAHEED ALANI, TIM GALVIN, BRETT HUSTON, JOAN MCLAUGHLIN *proofreaders;* JOE CANE *assistant;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, CHRISTOPHER BYRON, JOE DOLCE, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS (*automotive*), CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*)

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* SCOTT ANDERSON *asst. art director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/pasteup;* PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant;* JASON SIMONS *art assistant*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editors;* STEPHANIE BARNETT, PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS, KEVIN KUSTER *associate editors;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* GEORGE GEORGIOU *studio manager—chicago;* BILL WHITE *studio manager—los angeles;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* ELIZABETH GEORGIOU *photo archivist;* GERALD SENN *correspondent—paris*

RICHARD KINSLER *publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* KATHERINE CAMPION, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers;* BARB TEKIELA, DEBBIE TILLOU *typesetters;* BILL BENWAY, LISA COOK, SIMMIE WILLIAMS *prepress*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

JAMES DIMONEKAS, *eastern ad sales manager;* JEFF KIMMEL, *sales development manager;* JOE HOFFER *midwest ad sales manager;* IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* LISA NATALE *research director*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

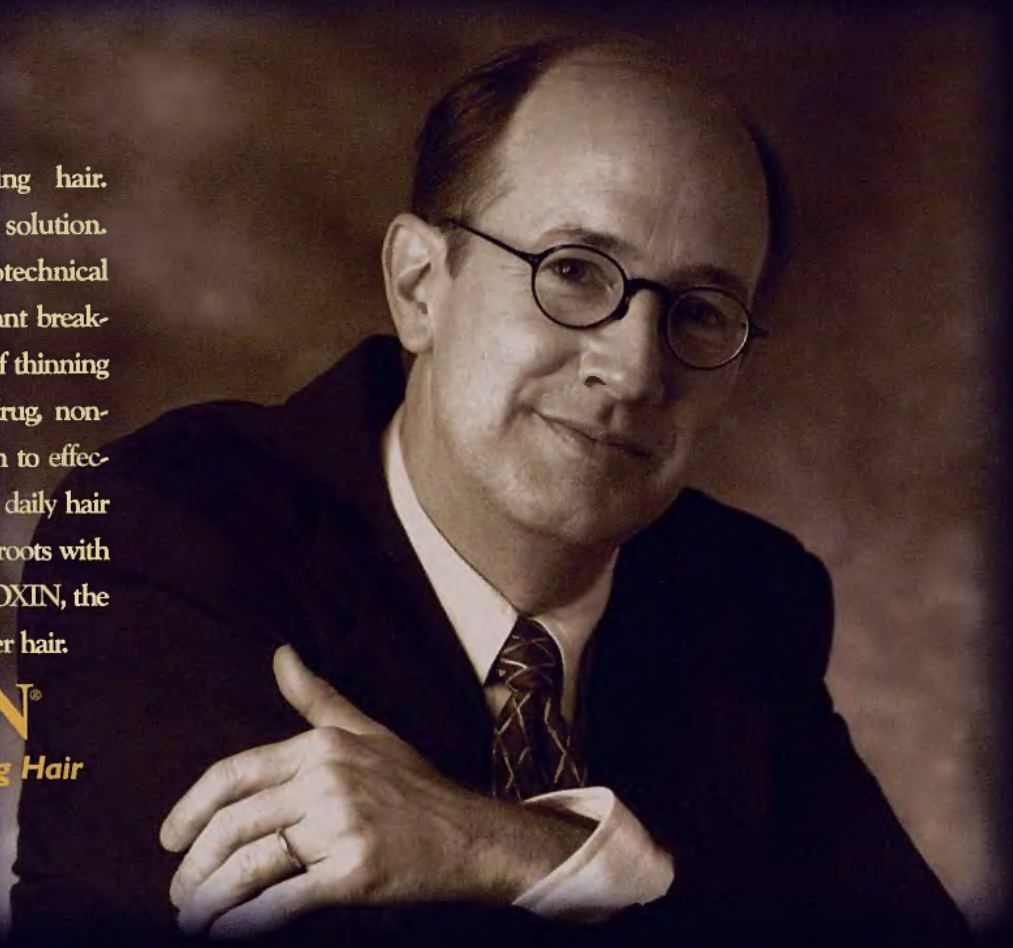
ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions manager*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

When It Comes To Thinning Hair, Like Father, Like Son Doesn't Have To Apply.



You've got thinning hair. We've got the solution. NIOXIN's decade of biotechnical research has led to significant breakthroughs in the treatment of thinning and fine hair. Our non-drug, non-alcohol products are proven to effectively help reduce excessive daily hair loss by nourishing the hair roots with advanced bionutrients. NIOXIN, the solution for thicker, healthier hair.

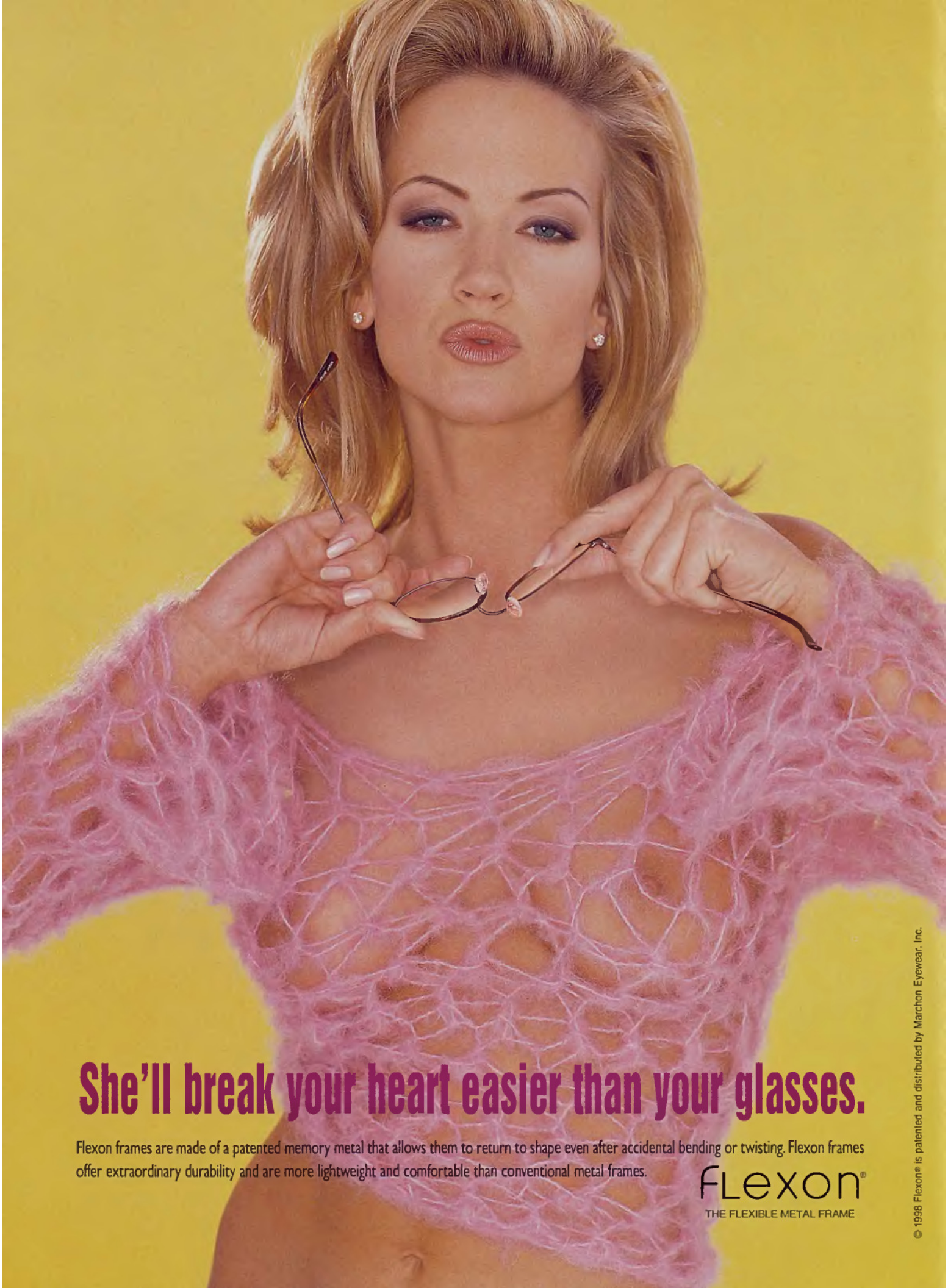
NIOXIN®
The Science of Living Hair

You have a lot in common with your dad, but you don't want his receding hairline or thinning hair. During your young adult years, hair follicles can become permanently damaged because of increased levels of dihydrotestosterone, the leading cause of thinning hair. That's why we've developed FIT. You've got a full head of hair, FIT will help you keep it that way.

FIT™ *The Scalp Fitness Program.*

Men of all ages enjoy fuller, thicker, healthier hair with NIOXIN's Complete Hair Care System. Available at finer salons everywhere. Ask your stylist about NIOXIN and FIT or call 800-628-9890 or 770-944-1308.

©NIOXIN Research Laboratories, Inc. 1997. All rights reserved.


She'll break your heart easier than your glasses.
Flexon frames are made of a patented memory metal that allows them to return to shape even after accidental bending or twisting. Flexon frames offer extraordinary durability and are more lightweight and comfortable than conventional metal frames.
FLEXON®
THE FLEXIBLE METAL FRAME
© 1998 Flexon® is patented and distributed by Marchon Eyewear, Inc.

DEAR PLAYBOY

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER

TOP OF THE HILL

After reading the January *Playboy Interview* with Grant Hill, I copied it for my 11-year-old son. Hill is a great role model for young men—every father should give his son a copy of the interview.

Reggie Oates
Louisville, Kentucky

Hill is a rarity in the world of pro basketball. He proves nice guys finish first.

Thomas Dourgarian
Jersey City, New Jersey

BAD RAP

I am disheartened with Alec Foege (*Rap at the Crossroads*, January), who states that rap "is the only form of popular music today with any real meaning or connection to real life." Very little rap music has ever paralleled my life or had any personal meaning to me. Music—much like the human race—is beautiful in all its flavors and forms.

Brad Towe
Bowling Green, Kentucky

My world didn't end when rappers Tupac Shakur and the Notorious B.I.G.—two guys who lived by the sword—died by the sword. Maybe rap music can rid itself of the "bad rap" it has by eliminating the vulgar, violent and scandalous personae riding its coattails.

William Heyer
Toms River, New Jersey

Foege has done a great job. The only problem I have is with your cover line: "Hip Hop—Can It Step Out From Its Gangsta Past?" The real question is, can it step out from its gangsta label? Rappers who use violent lyrics only portray themselves as gangsters or thugs. Real gangsters don't rap.

Hakeem Pearson
Lawton, Oklahoma

I've been a PLAYBOY subscriber for most of my adult life and have found the articles to be interesting and balanced. However, Foege's statement that rap is the only form of music with any real connection to life is ridiculous. All music reflects the experiences of its listeners—whether it's Garth Brooks' or Barney's tunes. To suggest that only the ideas expressed by the small group of rap artists are valid is to deny the importance of all other music.

James Polichak
Stony Brook, New York

NO JOKE

I always thought PLAYBOY had class, until I read the joke in the January issue about the carpetbagger who propositioned the Southern belle. It appears that PLAYBOY's editors have a low opinion of Southerners. If this joke had been about Native Americans, African Americans or Jews, it would have been politically incorrect. But I guess Southerners are fair game.

William Travillian
Kennesaw, Georgia

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED

I roared with laughter while reading Cynthia Heimel's column about her addiction to the Net (*Internet-a-Go-Go*, January). I'm new to the cyberworld, but I'm already drawn to that damnable PC at the oddest times. It happens when I'm going to work, and even when I'm making love to my husband. I'd like AOL to hook me up to an intravenous Internet drip. Cynthia, I think kicking this addiction means owning up to it first. And I'm not sure I'm ready to put down that mouse yet.

Stacey Andrews
Columbia, South Carolina

MISS JANUARY

Playmate Heather Kozar's pictorial (*Heather Sent*, January) should have been titled *Heaven Sent*. She's an angel.

Aaron Squyres
Fayetteville, Arkansas

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), APRIL 1998, VOLUME 45, NUMBER 4, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: U.S., $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019 (212-261-5000); CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611 (312-751-8000); WEST COAST: SO MEDIA, 2001 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SUITE 200, SANTA MONICA, CA 90403 (310-264-7575); SOUTHEAST: COLEMAN & BENTZ, INC., 4651 ROSWELL ROAD NE, ATLANTA, GA 30342 (404-256-3800); BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109 (617-973-5050). FOR SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES, CALL 800-999-4438.

Playboy Casual Wear

Classic Playboy T-Shirt
For those that like to keep things simple! Our classic Playboy T-shirt is white with the Rabbit Head screen printed in black. 100% cotton. USA. Sizes M, L, XL, XXL.
QT4710 $14.95

Playboy Cotton Knit Lonngepants
The Playboy name and Rabbit Head screen printed on the waistband complete the laid-back look of these loose-fit cotton knit loungepants. They're lightweight and extraordinarily comfortable—the perfect choice for casual wear any time. Elastic waistband. Black. 100% cotton. USA. One size fits all.
QT5714 $29.00

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494 Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 80129)

Order By Mail Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80129, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted. ©1998 Playboy

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog/

I've been reading PLAYBOY ever since I could sneak the magazine out of my father's bathroom. Imagine my surprise when I turned to the January centerfold and saw Heather Kozar. We attended the same school, and my head turned every time she walked by. Seeing Heather again after all these years still makes my head turn.

Mike Pfahl
Green, Ohio

SEINFELD

Thank you for including my two favorite things—beautiful women and *Seinfeld* trivia (*Seinfeld Forever*, January)—in one magazine. However, Greg Gattuso's definition of make-up sex, "eclipsed only by conjugal-visit sex," has a flaw. When George's girlfriend escapes from prison, he discovers the best sex of all: fugitive sex.

Richard Specter
Ann Arbor, Michigan

In Gattuso's excellent piece on *Seinfeld*, he missed an insider's joke in his description of the Keith Hernandez spitting episode. Wayne Knight, who plays Newman, also played an assistant district attorney in the movie *JFK*. He is used by Kevin Costner (portraying D.A. Jim Garrison) as a demonstration dummy to prove there had to be a second shooter in the assassination. Jerry uses Newman, in almost the exact *JFK* dialogue, to prove that Hernandez couldn't have acted alone. And that makes the bit all the funnier.

Al Becker
Waveland, Mississippi

PAGING BETTIE

I read Kevin Cook's *My Story—Bettie Page's Missing Years* (January) with great pleasure and nostalgia. But I am saddened that such a beautiful woman—who has had her share of rough times—is not benefiting financially from her current popularity. It occurs to me that if everyone who appreciated her images of playful, uninhibited sexuality during the repressive Fifties were to give her a dollar, she'd be a millionaire.

Bill Rose
Brooklyn, New York

The whole world loves Bettie. She represents the best and most beautiful aspects of the feminine ideal. Her appeal is alluring without being explicit. But beauty is only skin-deep. She's obviously kind, intelligent and caring, and that's what makes her truly beautiful.

Dex Dillon
Fort Pierce, Florida

I first saw Bettie Page in a color drawing when I was a boy. Years later, I saw a photograph of her and knew she was the stuff dreams are made of. After reading her interview, I'm even more taken with this pin-up dream girl.

Marc Hiesrodt
Tekonsha, Michigan

Page's words reflect what we all saw in her pictures: a radiant woman who took innocent pride in her body and sexuality at a time when being photographed nude was a crime. Bettie, you're as beautiful as ever.

Kim David Hays
Long Beach, California

As a longtime fan and admirer of the most beautiful woman in the world, I enjoyed reading Page's interview. I also admire her strength and courage. Nothing Bettie said shocks me or puts me off. She may think she's a cult figure, but I think she deserves credit for being an original.

Charlie Faege
St. Louis, Missouri

SLING BABE

I have one word to describe Pietra Thornton (January) and another to describe her ex, Billy Bob Thornton. Incredible and idiotic, respectively.

Matthew Puntin
Lee, Massachusetts

After I saw Pietra Thornton on the Academy Awards show, I fantasized

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Cut

the ta

100% tob

©1998 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

about her. Thanks to PLAYBOY, my dream is reality. And Billy Bob Thornton's loss is our gain.

P.J. Corby
Jersey City, New Jersey

MINING THE MUSIC

In January's *Fast Tracks* there's an item about the members of Pearl Jam and Soundgarden purchasing 220 acres of land in Washington to prevent the Cascade Range foothills from being mined. Are these do-gooders oblivious to the fact that the music industry needs the mining industry to manufacture mikes, speakers and soundboards, as well as the highly prized gold and platinum records? If these guys want to shut down mining, they should tell their fellow musicians to stop using anything mined. There's no need to supply if there is no demand.

Yoes Piccinini
Mary Kim Piccinini
Ely, Nevada

SHE'S THE BOSS

Shannon Tweed (*Boss Tweed*, January) can be my boss any time.

N. Chapman
Fort Hood, Texas

When I finish writing this letter, I plan to slather on face paint, lace up my platform boots and spit fake blood. If this is what it takes to lure a babe like Shannon Tweed, then I'll even change my name to Gene Simmons Jr. He's a lucky man.

Michael Moore
Nashville, Tennessee

I'm a Kiss fan and I have admired Shannon Tweed for years. After looking at her pictorial, I have one thing to say: "Gene Simmons, you da man!"

Jon Fisher
Jackson, Mississippi

A CLASSIC FOREVER

Shel Silverstein's delightful *Hamlet as Told on the Street* (January) should be followed by a similar neoclassic treatment of *Richard III*. Please, Mr. Silverstein.

D.O. Staley
Flagstaff, Arizona

January's *Playbill* refers to Shel Silverstein, the author of the song *Never Bite a Naked Woman on the Thigh*, as a neoclassicist. *Au contraire*. The man is a classicist.

Robert Chapman
Roslyn Heights, New York

I'm a senior in high school. In my British lit course, my classmates and I were sidetracked from *Hamlet* by a discussion about PLAYBOY. Our teacher told us about an avid PLAYBOY collector who insisted she could use articles from the magazine in her teaching. She dismissed the idea, saying PLAYBOY has no place at school. She was shocked to discover that Shel Silverstein has been a longtime PLAYBOY contributor. The next day I shared Silverstein's *Hamlet* with my teacher. To my surprise, she invited me to read it to the class. Everyone was in stitches, and best of all, I proved there is a place for PLAYBOY in the classroom.

Jonathan Katz
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS DECORATED BY ANDRÉE PUTMAN.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin 47% alc./vol. (94 Proof). 100% neutral spirits. ©1997 Carillon Importers LTD., Fort Lee, NJ. ©Design Andrée Putman, by Baccarat 1997.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

YALE BAITING

With such alumni as Bill Clinton, you know the vaunted students at Yale University must be a bunch of swingers. According to *U Magazine*, 70 Yale students recently held a vigil for a missing swing. The beloved fanny perch hung in the courtyard at Branford Dorms until a thief swiped it and left two lonely ropes dangling from a tree. A demonstrator in a black veil mournfully told the magazine the reason for such public bereavement: "There are generations of Branfordians who will never get to have sex on the swing."

RAINBOW WARRIOR

An enraged environmentalist is credited with defacing a building in Albany, New York where commercial food additives are manufactured. The graffito read: EAT DYE AND SHIT!

TYPE CASTING

In Japan, singles on the make don't waste time with such small talk as "What's your sign?" Instead, they go straight for your genes with "What blood type are you?" According to social psychology professor Hiroyoshi Ishikawa—and despite a conspicuous lack of evidence—there is "an enduring and mainstream belief" that blood type determines character and personality. Tokyo bartenders report that the topic almost always comes up on a first date and can end that date quickly. For the record, type A's are regarded as uptight nitpickers and B's are considered loud, pushy and uninhibited. O's are compulsive and driven, and AB's are emotional wrecks who are often highly creative. A's routinely shun the company of B's, who in turn mock A's; both are wary of O's and AB's. In America, none of the above matters if you're a PO (Porsche owner).

WORLD ON A STRING

The new book *101 Super Uses for Tampon Applicators* (High Stress Press), by Lori Katz and Barbara Meyer, has a long cotton string stitched into its binding. Among the book's more stimulating ideas are ways to use applicators to build a type of Zen-garden-meets-Stonehenge, or as modern Chinese finger traps or even Foozball replacement players. In sum, the book is a smooth, painless read that is fully functional, yet kind of naughty.

FARRAH ATTRACTION

We love Farrah Fawcett nearly as much as life itself, but our feelings can't match those of Raymond Donahue of New Jersey. Donahue not only has a collection of thousands of Farrah Shampoo bottles, but also had the shampoo's bar code tattooed onto his neck. Raymond must be big fun at fan-club meetings and supermarket checkouts.

DICK AND JANE AND HEATHER'S TWO MOMMIES

Editors of children's books are a beleaguered bunch bombarded with proposals by would-be writers pushing various agendas. *Publishers Weekly* recently polled editors for the oddest submissions they've received. Naturally, the entries that sought to address trendy, contemporary concerns proved to be the most bizarre. For example, *Chaim the Hanukkah Reindeer* features a reindeer whose antlers grow into the shape of a menorah, and *Who's That Peeking in My Window?* is a cautionary tale about Peeping Toms. *Try Not to Stare at the Giants, Honey* addresses the issue of gigantism, while *My Peg-Leg Grandpa* is about a man who does tricks with his artificial leg, then leaves it to his granddaughter when he dies. Our favorite is *Gloria, the Sperm Bank Kid*. Trouble ensues when Gloria realizes that her new boyfriend looks remarkably similar to her. Tubular.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

MIAMI SPICE

The Hotel Astor is a freshly renovated art deco treasure in Miami Beach. All areas of the hotel were operating at a profit except for the minibars, so management began supplementing the Cokes and cashews with disposable cameras and condoms. Sales shot up about 40 percent. "In the middle of the night, you'll pay anything for condoms," explains new owner Karim Masri. "Ours are only two dollars each. I didn't want to take advantage of the circumstances." Makes sense to us—he's merely charging you for tipping the maid.

LUSH TONES

Wine obviously can influence one's taste in music—and vice versa. According to a study in *Nature* magazine, English shoppers overwhelmingly reach for French wines when the *Marseillaise*, can-can or other French music is played in the background. They load up on German wines when shopping to the sounds of polkas or *Biergarten* tunes. Presumably *Louie Louie* would send Thunderbird sales through the roof.

WHEN WITH ROME

It's been almost four years since Jim Rome taunted Jim Everett into attacking him on ESPN2 (he kept calling the Rams quarterback Chris), and Rome still hasn't learned his lesson. Now a syndicated sports-radio host on the West

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"There are three types of men in the world. One type learns from books. One type learns from observation. And one type just has to urinate on the electric fence."—DR. LAURA SCHLESSINGER

PROFITABLE RETURNS

Price that the Internal Revenue Service charged in 1987 for a copy of your tax return: $4.25. Price in 1997: $23.

THE BELL TOLLS FOR FREE

Number of years it took to exhaust the 7.8 million toll-free numbers with an 800 prefix: 29. Rate per week at which companies reserve toll-free numbers with a new 888 prefix: 62,500. Years it will take to exhaust the 888 prefix: 2.5. Next designated toll-free prefix: 877.

AND THEY DON'T TALK!

From *Health*, the height of the average mannequin: 6 feet. Height of the average woman: 5′4″. Dress size of average mannequin: 6. Dress size of average woman: 11. Bust size of average mannequin: 34″. Bust of average woman: 37″. Waist of average mannequin: 23″. Waist of average woman: 29″. Hip size of average mannequin: 34″. Hip of average woman: 40″.

STRONG ARMS

Number of states in which hunting with guns ranks as the most popular sport: 6.

EIGHT BALL IN THE EYE SOCKET

Number of billiards-related injuries treated in U.S. hospitals in 1995: 4484.

BETTER HALVES

According to a survey by Hallmark, percentage of men who say their spouse is the nicest person they know: 30. Percentage of women who say the same thing: 17.

STEVE TURK

CRESCENT ROLL CITY

Percentage of population that is obese in New Orleans, America's fattest city: 37. Percentage of population in Norfolk, Virginia that is obese: 34. San Antonio: 33. Kansas City: 32. Cleveland: 32.

FACT OF THE MONTH

A mind is a terrible thing to waste: By the age of 20, an American has been exposed to 1 million commercials.

INDECENT INVOICE

Cost of the Thierry Mugler dress Demi Moore wore in the film *Indecent Proposal*: $5000. Estimated cost of alterations made on the dress so it would fit Moore: $25,000.

ESPECIALLY IF SHE'S FRENCH

Percentage of Americans who would sacrifice a week's vacation to pay someone to clean up after them for a full year: 21.

SPLIT-UP PERSONALITIES

According to a recent study of Johns Hopkins medical school graduates, rank of psychiatrists among physicians with the highest divorce rate: 1.

GIRLS VS. BOYS

According to a survey in *Conde Nast Women's Sports and Fitness*, percentage of women readers who, if playing their favorite sport with a date, would try to "kick my date's butt": 32. Percentage who would "pretend I'm hurt and suggest we go for margaritas instead": 4.

A DIFFERENT TUNE

At a recent Antiquorum auction in Switzerland, the selling price of a timepiece with an automaton scene featuring a quartet of musicians engaged in sex (circa 1810): $150,000.

—LAURA BILLINGS

Coast, Rome has amassed a fan base of 100,000 listeners around Los Angeles with his scathing nicknames for star athletes. Recently, *Los Angeles Times Magazine* provided a glossary of Rome's trash talk. Here are our favorites. *Brubaker*: a nickname for Tom Osborne, who coached a University of Nebraska football team that was notorious for crime-prone athletes. *Clank-Fu*: Shaquille O'Neal, a horrible free-throw shooter and the endorser of the Shaq-Fu video game. *Serta*: Sleepy-eyed Laker forward Eldon Campbell. *The Pleamaker*: Wide receiver Michael Irvin, who is often in trouble with the law and has the on-field nickname the Playmaker. *The Great White Guppy*: Golfer Greg Norman, who blew a huge lead during the 1996 Masters tournament. Rome doesn't just rip individuals. He'll take on stadiums. His name for fans of the no-longer-mighty Notre Dame sports program? *The Crying Irish*.

GOMORRAH THE MERRIER

According to Bob Smith, comedian and co-author of *Growing Up Gay*, the proper term for a homosexual man is no longer gay or homosexual. Smith's honorific of choice is the history-sensitive Sodom American.

SHADOW GOVERNMENT

Under pressure from conservation-minded members of the House of Representatives, the superintendent of the Rayburn office building in Washington has installed a switch in an aides' men's room that shuts off the light after 30 seconds. (You'll be pleased to know that our elected representatives enjoy the convenience of personal, well-lighted privies.) The building administrator has, however, offered flashlights to members of the reps' support staff. "I hope they're affixed to a miner's hat," an aide told *Roll Call*. "Otherwise it will be difficult to complete the transaction."

M & MILLENNIUM

Even with no discernible connection to the fin de siècle, many commercial outfits are nonetheless declaring their goods "the official [whatever] of the millennium." At least one product has a serendipitous hook. The official-candy-of-the-millennium claim made by M&M's is based on the fact that, in Roman numerals, MM stands for 2000.

HOW TO CURRY FAVOR

File it under "Some like it hot": Hitesh Shah, a 25-year-old engineer, recently told *The New York Times* why he was looking for Ms. Right at a Manhattan singles dance for East Asians. Shah explained, "I want a girl who doesn't think my food smells."

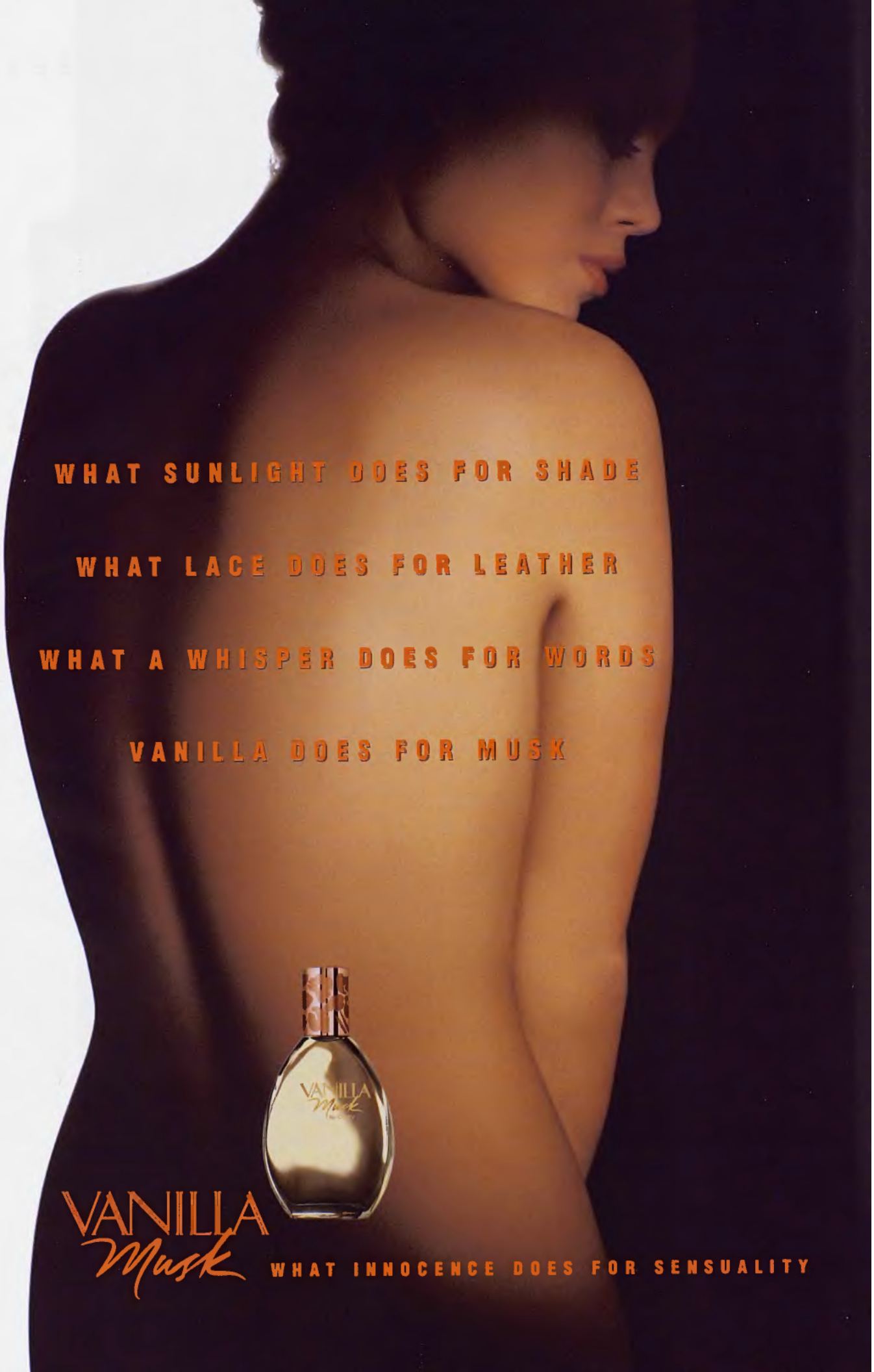
THE FORCE THAT PULLS YOU CLOSER.

◀ LIFT HERE
TO EXPERIENCE
GRAVITY

GRAVITY

FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

©COTY US INC. 1998



FOR A STORE NEAREST YOU PLEASE CALL 1-800-528-7228 © COTY US INC. AVAILABLE IN CANADA

MUSIC

ROCK

ON ***Songs From the Capeman*** (Warner Bros.), Paul Simon chooses for his subject Salvador Agron, a 16-year-old street thug who murdered two people in 1959. Agron dressed like a rock-and-roll outlaw—hence the name Capeman—and was demonized in the press. But he had the good fortune to live in a political era when death sentences were occasionally commuted on the grounds that the perpetrator had been abused as a child. Simon uses the emotional power of music to make Agron understandable. The songs alternate between Fifties doo-wop and Latin styles, and have Simon's trademark charm in the hooks. You have to salute Simon's courage in following his muse rather than the latest musical and political trends. The characters shine in the swift, bold strokes that great songwriting demands. My only reservation is with Simon's decision to sing the lead himself. His voice is well suited to pensive, introverted songs, but it doesn't fit a swaggering teenager caught in the maelstrom of ethnic hatred.

I thought that commercially releasing the kind of vicious parodies that are on Bob Rivers' ***Best of Twisted Tunes Volumes 1 & 2*** (Atlantic) was illegal. Apparently not, and I'm grateful, because both volumes provided me with many gut-busting laughs at the expense of everyone from Barbra Streisand to the Smashing Pumpkins. This is for those who find Weird Al Yankovic tame. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Do you yawn when *We Will Rock You* blasts over the stadium PA, but still feel your bloodlust stirred by the Ramones? Then ***ESPN Presents Slam Jams Volume 1*** (Tommy Boy) is designed to make you cheer: 16 New Wave anthems whose punky beats no longer seem weird to anyone—not even Mike Ditka.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Somebody forgot to tell Pearl Jam that grunge is dead. The feisty Seattle group spent the past few years fighting the star-making machinery that seduced and destroyed so many bands before it. Some people thought its efforts bordered on the paranoid, but Pearl Jam's aim was to hold together. ***Yield*** (Epic), its latest effort, finds the band still determined, but much more relaxed. The band has found a musical balance between the epic sweep of its debut and the scrappy punk of its later work. The spiritual grace of *Given to Fly* and *Low Light* is balanced by the melodic roar of *Brain of J.* and the self-deprecating humor of *Do the Evolution*. Egos are put aside and, for the first time, each member contributes music and lyrics. In the end, *Yield* sounds like the product of one voice. And that's quite a victory.

PAUL MOCH

Simon's *Capeman*.

Latin beats, new Pearl Jam, sweet soul music and funky jazz.

During the Sixties, guitarists played with John Mayall to hone their blues chops, but they joined the Yardbirds to turn their blues licks into catchy pop songs. The Yardbirds were the missing link between the Beatles and Led Zeppelin. Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page all spent time with the band. The Yardbirds' ***BBC Sessions*** (Warner Archives) features more than two dozen energetic radio performances by the group. Hits such as *Shapes of Things* and *Heart Full of Soul* wed searing blues riffs to catchy choruses. Modern blues-rock starts here.

—VIC GARBARINI

R&B

LSG stands for (Gerald) Levert, (Keith) Sweat and (Johnny) Gill—three R&B vocalists who are neither as trendy as Maxwell nor as hip-hop as D'Angelo. Yet over the past decade, as solo artists and as group members, they have built solid careers based on old-fashioned soul wailing over new-jack arrangements. Within the relatively cloistered world of mainstream R&B, LSG is something of a supergroup. Sweat is a legendary whiner. Levert has the working-class masculinity of his father (Eddie Levert of the O'Jays). Gill produces a deep, intense gospel roar. The contrasts among these three voices, along with a slew of guest appearances (from the likes of LL Cool J, Faith Evans and Jermaine Dupri), make ***LSG*** (East/West) an entertaining and occasionally inspired effort. On *My Side of the Bed*, the trio conveys the contradictory emotions of a man being kicked out of the house. The voices play in and out of one another to a bittersweet climax. Using the vocal interplay to achieve a funkier effect are *My Body* and *Door #1*. The best of the up-tempo material is a cover of Midnight Starr's *Curious*, on which LSG is joined by LL Cool J, Busta Rhymes and MC Lyte. The album's 12 tracks are heavy on ballads, and the performances are more about vocal pyrotechnics than real passion. But I hope this group will be a project that Levert, Sweat and Gill return to again and again. —NELSON GEORGE

If you assume that soul music is obliged to drown in Memphis horn charts and gospel chords, you'll be surprised by 24-year-old English Jamaican Alistair Tennant, who calls himself Ali. His ***Crucial*** (Island Black Music) was influenced most directly by Al Green, with goodly dollops of Luther Vandross and Ronald Isley and much respect for his own love-man contemporaries. But Ali distinguishes himself from new-jack crooners with his songwriting skills. *Crazy Don't* and *Wish You Better* are two of his hard-hitting concoctions. Rarely does a black pop album—or any kind of pop album—so successfully avoid filler.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The new, two-disc edition of Curtis Mayfield's masterwork, ***Superfly*** (Rhino), is that rare reissue worth picking up simply for the remastering. The sound has a spaciousness and clarity it never possessed before. Mayfield's ethereal voice gains power by floating through these mixes. —DAVE MARSH

WORLD

The latest world-music trend is no longer Celtic but Latin—especially Cuban—which is why incorrigible musical tourist Ry Cooder recently visited Havana. He intended to come back with two albums, but he couldn't resist a third: ***Introducing Ruben Gonzales*** (World Circuit), which features a revitalized 77-year-old master pianist (and no Ry at all). It's certainly the prize of the three.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

JAZZ

In the World: From Natchez to New York (Atlantic), the first CD by Olu Dara—jazzman and father of rapper Nas—is a carnival of sounds from the African diaspora. It features trumpet, guitar,

Some superhero. He doesn't even know the definition of fearless and courageous.

No x-ray eyes. No fancy-schmancy belt. What's so special about this guy?

PlayStation™

The Sony Computer Entertainment logo is a trademark of Sony Corporation. PlayStation and the PlayStetion logos are tredemerks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. Blasto, Captain Blasto and

Why does this wiseguy get all the glory?

A superhero should eat his protein. Not ride around on it.

What kind of superhero hangs around with floozies?

Free-roaming 3-D gameplay. Fully interactive sound and environments. Hard-core action shooting and open exploration. Classic platform elements. And the occasional intergalactic wedgie.

BLASTO™

the "8" logos are trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. Developed by Sony Interactive Studios America. ©1998 Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. www.playstation.com

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Ali *Crucial*	8	9	7	8	8
LSG	7	7	8	8	7
Olu Dara *In the World*	7	6	8	10	8
Pearl Jam *Yield*	7	9	7	9	7
Paul Simon *Songs From the Capemon*	6	6	6	8	8

IT COULD HAVE BEEN SHARP BUT IT WAS FLAT DEPARTMENT: *The Guinness Book of World Records* clocked **Kenny G** at 45 minutes, 47 seconds for the longest-held note. The note was an E-flat.

REELING AND ROCKING: Sting is starring in a new gangster comedy called *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*. . . . **Flea** is the voice of a four-year-old child on Nickelodeon's *Wild Thornberrys*. . . . **Will Smith** is shooting the film version of the TV series *Wild Wild West*. . . . **Poison's Bret Michaels** is directing *No Code of Honor* with **Martin** and **Charlie Sheen**. . . . **Mark Knopfler,** who scored *Wag the Dog*, is also responsible for the music of the forthcoming *Metroland*. . . . Ex–Guns n' Roses drummer **Matt Sorum** has a part in the independent film *Sound Man*. It will be his film debut.

NEWSBREAKS: Schoolchildren in Washington, D.C. picked **Puff Daddy** to appear on a stamp, but don't hold your breath. To be eligible, one must be dead for at least ten years. . . . According to BMI, **Jimmy Buffett's** *Margaritaville* has been playing somewhere every minute since it was released 21 years ago. . . . **Linda Ronstadt** is recording with **Heartbreakers Mike Campbell** and **Benmont Tench.** The CD is a return to her folk-rock roots. . . . This year marks Motown's 40th anniversary. To celebrate, a weekly variety show is in the works, and in May ABC will present a four-hour prime-time special. . . . **Devo** front men **Mark** and **Bob Mothersbaugh,** who composed the music for TV's *Rugrats*, also scored *Rugrats: A Live Adventure*, now touring the U.S. . . . Concert-hall operators are considering a rating system that will warn parents about performers' language and gestures. By the time all this plays out, rock and roll—never family fare—will take another blow. . . . **Rick James** is working on a tell-all called *Confessions of a Superfreak*. . . . **B.B. King** played for the Pope. What's up at the Vatican, anyway? . . . **Chrissie Hynde** is working on a solo album. . . . A group of performers including **Jim Carrey, Goldie Hawn, Sean Connery, Robin Williams, Celine Dion, Bobby McFerrin, Phil Collins** and **Jeff Beck** have recorded cover versions of **Beatles** songs, produced by the Beatles' own **George Martin.** The album was released in England last month and will be here soon. **Goldie** doing *A Hard Day's Night*—think about it. . . . **Robbie Robertson's** new CD, *Contact From the Underworld of Red Boy*, just came out. It's his first in three years, and includes a guest appearance by imprisoned Native American leader **Leonard Peltier.** . . . Look for **Nanci Griffith** on the **Crickets'** album. They toured with her last year. . . . A portion of the proceeds from a big art show in Pasadena was given to charity. Art Rocks had an original (*Bag One*) from **John Lennon's** estate, along with art from **Jerry Garcia's** estate. Living artists who contributed to the show include **Graham Nash, Grace Slick, John Entwistle** and **Jon Anderson.** Early Beatles' photographer **Astrid Kirchherr's** photos were also displayed. . . . **Brian Wilson's** solo album will be out next month. . . . Christie's auctioned **Elton John's** lyric sheet to *Candle in the Wind 1997*, with proceeds going to charity. . . . Four unreleased **John Lennon** songs have been packaged with his book *A Spaniard in the Works* and released in Sweden with **Yoko's** permission. . . . **Don Was** is producing **Paul Westerberg's** next album. . . . Lastly, **Eddie Van Halen's** hip—you know that, but I mean his real hip—doesn't need to be replaced. See for yourself on **Van Halen's** world tour this year.

—BARBARA NELLIS

drums and a virtual village of voices—none stronger nor more distinct than Dara's own. He trifles with stuff that sounds like reggae, high-life and Miles Davis. But Dara continually brings it all back to the blues and the sources—African, Delta, Caribbean—from which blues sprang. *Okra* distills all this into the cry of a street vendor selling okra and other nutriments—vegetable and cultural—of African origin. *Harlem Country Girl* is a city ballad from Donny Hathaway territory, with a trumpet break right out of *Kind of Blue*. *Rain Shower* offers true, confident, erotic modern blues. *Father Blues* and *Zora* emerge straight out of the Delta, closer to Son House than anything I've heard in years. *Jungle*, a duet with Nas, effortlessly integrates rap into the stew. *In the World* is a work of genius, a lifetime in the making, modern and ancient in the same breath, and fearless in the bonds it forges and the love it expresses. —DAVE MARSH

POP

If you, like me, have always had trouble figuring out why Les Paul is a heroic guitar player (and not just an inventor), ***The Complete Decca Trios Plus (1936–1947)*** will set you straight. Its 50 tracks feature Paul on his own (as Rhubarb Red, fronting his combo) and accompanying pop and blues singers without a hint of the corniness that marks his duets with Mary Ford. —DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

In case you think traditional country is dead, Neko Case and Her Boyfriends will change your mind. ***The Virginian*** (Bloodshot) has been released in America after an acclaimed debut last year on Canada's Mint Records. A 27-year-old native of Alexandria, Virginia, Case is the drummer and vocalist for Mint's punk rockabilly trio Maow, and she brings that energy to *The Virginian*. It doesn't matter if she lends a stressed twang to the original *High on Cruel* or if she redefines the Everly Brothers' *Bowling Green* as power pop. She understands the vocal dynamics of Kitty Wells and Loretta Lynn. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

SPOKEN WORD

Why is the state of Pennsylvania terrified of journalist and black activist Mumia Abu-Jamal? Since you can't hear Mumia on NPR anymore, ***Mumia Abu-Jamal/Man Is the Bastard*** (Alternative Tentacles) will enlighten you. It's not just what Mumia has to say about his own situation and the abuse of poor, powerless people; it's the forceful and seductive way he presents his work. —DAVE MARSH

In a past life I was a mermaid who fell in love with an ancient mariner. I pulled him into the sea to be my husband. I didn't know he couldn't breathe underwater.

Enjoy Finlandia's pure taste responsibly.
Finlandia Vodka 40% ALC./VOL., Imported by Brown-Forman Beverages Worldwide, Louisville, KY ©1997 ALKO GROUP LTD.

It was pure, glacial spring water.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE COEN BROTHERS (director Joel and producer Ethan) work their movie magic again with their blazingly original screenplay for ***The Big Lebowski*** (Gramercy Pictures). A fitting follow-up to their Oscar-winning *Fargo*, it's an all but indescribable comedy starring Jeff Bridges, who makes the most of his bravura role. Bridges is actually another Lebowski, mistaken by some tough guys for a millionaire whose wife has run up lots of debts. Bridges' Lebowski is an unemployed ne'er-do-well who loves bowling and hanging out with his eccentric buddies (John Goodman and Steve Buscemi). Then he gets involved in kidnapping the rich Lebowski's wife. The plot ripens when some unmannerly thugs urinate on his rug. Compensated for the soiled carpet, this Lebowski, in elaborately staged fantasies—some in the shape of movie-musical interludes—gets mixed up with the bigger Lebowski's bizarre, sexy daughter (Julianne Moore). One of the film's many pleasures is a hilarious turn by John Turturro as a rival bowler. *The Big Lebowski* is unlike any other movie you'll see this year. ¥¥¥¥

•

A widowed, reclusive British novelist named Giles (John Hurt) becomes obsessed with an American B-movie star (Jason Priestley). The austere writer happens to see the teen idol, Ronnie Bostock, in a clinker called *Hotpants College II* and soon finds a reason to travel to the Long Island town where Bostock lives with his fiancée, Audrey (Fiona Loewi). Befriending Audrey is Giles' first move, by which he insinuates himself into the young couple's inner circle and almost convinces the eager, gullible actor that he's on the verge of a serious career abroad. That's the outline of debut director Richard Kwientniowski's ***Love and Death on Long Island*** (Cinepix), which might seem flimsy if not for Hurt's exceptional, poignant performance as a middle-aged man with a passionate fixation. ¥¥½

•

Five tennis-playing young men, the kind who have gone to the best prep schools, decide to kidnap a retired mobster in ***Suicide Kings*** (Live Entertainment). Their wily hostage is Christopher Walken, and their goal, presumably, is to use the gangster's clout to free one lad's sister, who has been kidnapped and held for ransom. Henry Thomas, Sean Patrick Flanery, Jay Mohr, Jeremy Sisto and Johnny Galecki are the quintet whose harebrained scheme includes keeping

Bridges and Goodman make it *Big*.

Eager actors challenged, privileged lads at risk, and good women betrayed.

their prisoner bound and gagged in a palatial family home and severing one of his fingers to prove they mean business. Denis Leary, as a wry hit man allied with Walken, steals scene after scene. *Kings*' intricate plot might not stand up to close examination, but the movie's a grabber even so, laced with sardonic humor. Director Peter O'Fallon, given a shaky but arresting screenplay and a solid cast, keeps his actors dancing merrily around any holes in the plot. ¥¥¥

•

Robert Downey Jr. has the key role in ***Two Girls and a Guy*** (Fox Searchlight), writer-director James Toback's quirky comedy about a struggling actor who has convinced two women that each is his one and only. Heather Graham and Natasha Gregson Wagner (Natalie Wood's daughter) swap secrets as the bamboozled women, who both show up at their beau's loft to welcome him home from a trip. When they discover that their main man is the same man, sparks fly—mostly in his direction. Toback's three-way debate about monogamy, lies, lust and loyalty is highlighted by a steamy sexual sequence between Downey and Graham. Otherwise, it's a talkfest with an attractive trio of actors thrashing out the elusive nature of true or untrue love. ¥¥½

•

An ambitious actor named Joe (Matthew Modine) works as a part-time waiter to pay his bills in ***The Real Blonde*** (Paramount). Chronic unemployment complicates his live-in affair with a high-fashion makeup artist (Catherine Keener) in this brittle sex comedy by filmmaker Tom DiCillo. More mainstream than his earlier efforts—*Johnny Suede* and *Living in Oblivion*—DiCillo's latest is a sophisticated tale of beautiful young people at large in Manhattan. The title refers to the sexual obsession of Joe's friend Bob (Maxwell Caulfield), a handsome soap-opera actor who yearns to sleep with a "real" blonde. The quest leads him from Kelly (Daryl Hannah), his co-star on TV, to a top model known as Sahara (Brigette Wilson), whose blonde perfection blankets billboards all over the city. Sly cameos by Kathleen Turner, Marlo Thomas and Buck Henry shore up a tongue-in-cheek portrait of career-driven New Yorkers on the go. ¥¥¥

•

Bill Pullman portrays a reclusive, wildly eccentric private detective named Daryl Zero in ***Zero Effect*** (Castle Rock). Between brilliant Sherlock Holmesian deductions, Zero enjoys recreational drugs and solitude, assigning most one-on-one contacts with clients to his wry, reluctant front man, Steve (Ben Stiller). A testy blackmail victim (Ryan O'Neal) who has lost the keys to his safe-deposit box requires private-eye services, and there's additional intrigue concerning a gorgeous paramedic named Gloria (Kim Dickens). Jake Kasdan (son of director Lawrence) directs it as best he can, but *Zero Effect* ends up a murky mystery with minimal impact. ¥¥

•

Filmed in Spanish (with subtitles) by writer-director-editor John Sayles, ***Men With Guns*** (Sony Classics) is a political drama set in a nameless South American state. Sayles' protagonist is a city doctor named Fuentes (Federico Luppi), who is insulated by wealth and success from the grim realities of life in his country. His awakening begins on a trip to remote regions, where he hopes to meet with medical students he has trained. What he finds instead is death, rape, murder and disillusionment in a rural landscape desolated by gun-toting army men or the guerilla fighters opposing them. En route, Fuentes encounters a defrocked priest, a former soldier and a couple of American tourists (Mandy Patinkin and Kathryn Grody). *Men With Guns* is an absorbing, old-fashioned saga about the doctor's quest for meaning, symbolized by his futile search for a safe place known as Cerca del Cielo, which turns out to be another blighted refugee camp. This heartfelt effort by Sayles is a

CHROME
CHROME
AZZARO
REFLECTIONS OF MEN
MACY'S

Elliott and Bonham-Carter in *Dove*.

With the Rabbit's nod to Bondomania, *Boogie Nights* and a buoyant *Titanic*, here's Bruce Williamson's yea-and-nay list for 1997.

BRUCE'S TEN BEST

***As Good As It Gets*:** At its best, Nicholson and Hunt walk away with it.
***The Boxer*:** Daniel Day-Lewis is in fighting trim as an Irish rebel in love.
***The Full Monty*:** Unemployed Brits find happiness by taking it off.
***Good Will Hunting*:** Moving tale of a street tough touched with genius.
***The Ice Storm*:** Seventies liberation plays hell with suburban mores.
***In & Out*:** Kline and Cusack make antic hay when a schoolteacher is outed on the eve of his marriage.
***L.A. Confidential*:** Highly stylish view of the low life in Hollywood of yore.
***Men in Black*:** A delicious spoof of those forgettable sf epics.
***Ulee's Gold*:** A career high for Peter Fonda as a beekeeper with sting.
***The Wings of the Dove*:** Love, greed and the beautiful Bonham-Carter in an ironic Henry James saga.

AND TEN WORST

***Alien Resurrection*:** Enough already, Sigourney. Just let it die.
***G.I. Jane*:** The latest addition to Demi's collection of disasters.
***In Love and War*:** As Batman's Robin he's OK—but Chris O'Donnell is no Hemingway.
***The Locusts*:** Raunch on the ranch, with Kate Capshaw as the lewd landlady.
***Lost Highway*:** David Lynch should have asked for directions.
***The Postman*:** Action drama that's dead on arrival, from Costner.
***The Saint*:** An unholy mess, and it's Val Kilmer's cross to bear.
***Seven Years in Tibet*:** Photogenic Pitt dazzles the Dalai Lama.
***A Smile Like Yours*:** Get-pregnant gags made unbearable.
***Starship Troopers*:** Teenage sexpots war with monstrous insects. Yuck.

compassionate, provocative movie that pricks one's social conscience. But don't expect to have a lot of fun. ¥¥½

•

From the first read-through to opening night and beyond, ***Moon Over Broadway*** (Artistic License Films) is an inside look at the agonizing process of putting on a show in the big leagues. Carol Burnett, a TV icon returning to the theater after three decades, is the celebrity at center stage in a cogent documentary by D.A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus, whose last joint effort was *The War Room* in 1993. Burnett, co-starring with veteran actor Philip Bosco in playwright Ken Ludwig's *Moon Over Buffalo*, comes across both valiant and funny, whether struggling through new pages of dialogue or straining to maintain her major-star status, while harried director Tom Moore resists his performers' innate urge to improvise. Finally, Burnett and Bosco, portraying a team of ham actors, earn bouquets from the critics, though their semihit stayed on the boards a mere nine months. *Moon Over Broadway* should last much longer. ¥¥¥

•

There are two parallel stories in ***Sliding Doors*** (Miramax/Paramount). Gwyneth Paltrow, the girl of the moment in international cinema, once more sports an English accent as a London-based woman whose future is determined by whether or not she catches her subway train on schedule. In one part of writer-director Peter Howitt's offbeat romantic comedy, she makes the train and then discovers her live-in boyfriend (John Lynch) abed with another woman (Jeanne Tripplehorn). She breaks up with that lout and eventually meets another man (John Hannah). Her life takes a different direction when she misses her train and continues with beau number one right up to the movie's tricky conclusion. Both options are followed without straining the seams of Howitt's clever screenplay, with Paltrow changing jobs, attitude and hairdos as she moves along. In such a what-if love story, far less confusing than it sounds, it would be hard to imagine a more sympathetic and credible heroine. ¥¥¥½

•

Kathy Burke won the Best Actress prize at last year's Cannes Film Festival portraying a battered working-class wife in ***Nil by Mouth*** (Sony Classics). British actor Gary Oldman wrote and directed the film, presumably drawing on observations he made while growing up in South London. Oldman can't be faulted for the quality of his work behind the camera, yet he makes modern England look like a seedy, blue-collar hell. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The Big Lebowski (See review) The Coen brothers score again in a comedy knockout. ¥¥¥¥
Dangerous Beauty (Reviewed 2/98) Vintage view of life among Venetian whores d'oeuvres. ¥¥¥
Deconstructing Harry (2/98) Woody's women throw his books at him. ¥¥¥½
Desperate Measures (2/98) Michael Keaton is a psycho with bone marrow needed by a cop's kid. ¥¥½
Fallen (3/98) Denzel Washington leads the old struggle between good and evil. ¥¥½
Four Days in September (2/98) The U.S. ambassador to Brazil kidnapped by terrorists. ¥¥¥
The Gingerbread Man (3/98) More Grisham suspense, with Branagh directed by Altman. ¥¥¥
Hard Rain (3/98) Thieves fall out in a flood-ravaged Indiana town. ¥¥½
Jackie Brown (3/98) Elmore Leonard's tale, done just passably by Quentin Tarantino. ¥¥½
Kundun (3/98) Another long, eye-filling take on the Dalai Lama, directed by Scorsese. ¥¥½
The Leading Man (2/98) Played by Jon Bon Jovi, as a womanizing movie star in London. ¥¥¥
Love and Death on Long Island (See review) John Hurt is outed as a widower in love. ¥¥½
Men With Guns (See review) South American political saga (with subtitles) by John Sayles. ¥¥½
Moon Over Broadway (See review) A show in rehearsal, starring Carol Burnett. ¥¥¥
Nil by Mouth (See review) Gary Oldman's long, hard look at life in England today. ¥¥
The Real Blonde (See review) Young New Yorkers making merry. ¥¥¥
Sliding Doors (See review) That's Gwyneth Paltrow, as a girl who has it both ways. ¥¥¥½
Suicide Kings (See review) Kids kidnap a top mobster, to their regret. ¥¥¥
Titanic (2/98) Overboard love story, lifesaving special effects. ¥¥¥¥
Tomorrow Never Dies (3/98) Neither does 007, with Pierce Brosnan very much in charge. ¥¥¥½
Two Girls and a Guy (See review) A swinger's bedmates meet. ¥¥½
Wag the Dog (2/98) Droll damage control for a sexually rambunctious U.S. president. ¥¥¥
Zero Effect (See review) A private eye unlike any heretofore seen on the big screen. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Una cerveza de primera elaborada en Mazatlán México, desde 1900. Imported by Barton Beers, Chicago, IL. ©1997

August 1995

August 1990

July 1995

October 1990

September 1991

Febaruary 1991

PLAYBOY PRESENTS
CLASSIC PLAYBOY MAGAZINES

Just because an issue of Playboy magazine leaves the newsstands doesn't mean it's gone forever! Now you can buy virtually any Nineties edition of Playboy magazine—just call us at 800-423-9494 to order one of the editions on this page. We also have a wide selection of issues from the Sixties through the Eighties. Fax us at 630-775-3355 or write to: Playboy Customer Service, P.O. Box 809, Itasca, IL 60143-0809. We can help you search for any issue from the past 30 years! Don't miss this chance to add to your collection and revisit some of the greatest years of Playboy magazine. Supplies are limited.

ITEM	ISSUE	PLAYMATE	PRICE
1990			
NLBI9003	Mar/1990	Deborah Driggs	$35
NLBI9005	May/1990	Tina Bockrath	$20
NLBI9008	Aug/1990	Melissa Evridge	$10
NLBI9009	Sept/1990	Kerri Kendall	$10
NLBI9010	Oct/1990	Brittany York	$20
NLBI9011	Nov/1990	Lorraine Olivia	$10
NLBI9012	Dec/1990	Morgan Fox	$75
1991			
NLBI9101	Jan/1991	Stacy Arthur	$10
NLBI9102	Feb/1991	Cristy Thom	$10
NLBI9104	Apr/1991	Christina Leardini	$35
NLBI9105	May/1991	Carrie Yazel	$10
NLBI9106	June/1991	Saskia Linssen	$10
NLBI9107	July/1991	Wendy Kaye	$10
NLBI9108	Aug/1991	Corinna Harney	$10
NLBI9109	Sept/1991	Samantha Dorman	$10
NLBI9110	Oct/1991	Cheryl Bachman	$10
NLBI9111	Nov/1991	Tonja Christensen	$10
1992			
NLBI9201	Jan/1992	Suzi Simpson	$25
NLBI9202	Feb/1992	Tanya Beyer	$10
NLBI9203	Mar/1992	Tylyn John	$10
NLBI9204	Apr/1992	Cady Cantrell	$10
NLBI9206	June/1992	Angela Melini	$10
NLBI9208	Aug/1992	Ashley Allen	$10
NLBI9209	Sept/1992	Morena Corwin	$10
NLBI9210	Oct/1992	Tiffany Sloan	$10
NLBI9211	Nov/1992	Stephanie Adams	$10
NLBI9212	Dec/1992	Barbara Moore	$25
1993			
NLBI9301	Jan/1993	Echo Johnson	$10
NLBI9302	Feb/1993	Jennifer LeRoy	$10
NLBI9303	Mar/1993	Kimberly Donley	$10
NLBI9304	Apr/1993	Nicole Wood	$10
NLBI9305	May/1993	Elke Jeinsen	$10
NLBI9306	June/1993	Alesha Oreskovich	$10
NLBI9307	July/1993	Leisa Sheridan	$10
NLBI9308	Aug/1993	Jennifer Lavoie	$10
NLBI9309	Sept/1993	Carrie Westcott	$10
NLBI9311	Nov/1993	Julianna Young	$10
NLBI9312	Dec/1993	Arlene Baxter	$10
1994			
NLBI9401	Jan/1994	Anna-Marie Goddard	$10
NLBI9402	Feb/1994	Julie Lynn Cialini	$10
NLBI9403	Mar/1994	Neriah Davis	$15
NLBI9404	Apr/1994	Becky DelosSantos	$10
NLBI9405	May/1994	Shae Marks	$10
NLBI9407	July/1994	Traci Adell	$10
NLBI9408	Aug/1994	Maria Checa	$10
NLBI9409	Sept/1994	Kelly Gallagher	$10
NLBI9410	Oct/1994	Victoria Zdrok	$10
NLBI9411	Nov/1994	Donna Perry	$10
NLBI9412	Dec/1994	Elisa Bridges	$10
1995			
NLBI9501	Jan/1995	Melissa Holliday	$10
NLBI9502	Feb/1995	Lisa Marie Scott	$10
NLBI9504	Apr/1995	Danelle Folta	$10
NLBI9505	May/1995	Cynthia Brown	$10
NLBI9506	June/1995	Rhonda Adams	$10
NLBI9507	July/1995	Heidi Mark	$35
NLBI9508	Aug/1995	Rachel Jean Marteen	$10
NLBI9509	Sept/1995	Donna D'Errico	$35
NLBI9510	Oct/1995	Alicia Rickter	$10
NLBI9511	Nov/1995	Holly Witt	$10
NLBI9512	Dec/1995	Samantha Torres	$35
1996			
NLBI9601	Jan/1996	Victoria Fuller	$10
NLBI9602	Feb/1996	Kona Carmack	$10
NLBI9603	Mar/1996	Priscilla Lee Taylor	$10
NLBI9604	Apr/1996	Gillian Bonner	$10
NLBI9606	June/1996	Karin Taylor	$35
NLBI9607	July/1996	Angel Boris	$10
NLBI9608	Aug/1996	Jessica Lee	$10
NLBI9609	Sept/1996	Jennifer Allan	$10
NLBI9610	Oct/1996	Nadine Chanz	$10
NLBI9611	Nov/1996	Ulrika Ericsson	$10
NLBI9612	Dec/1996	Victoria Silvstedt	$10
1997			
NLBI9701	Jan/1997	Jami Ferrell	$10
NLBI9702	Feb/1997	Kimber West	$10
NLBI9703	Mar/1997	Jennifer Miriam	$10
NLBI9704	Apr/1997	Kelly Monaco	$10
NLBI9705	May/1997	Lynn Thomas	$10
NLBI9706	June/1997	Carrie Stevens	$10
NLBI9707	July/1997	Daphnee Duplaix	$10
NLBI9707S	July/1997	(Farrah Fawcett Bubble Wrap Cover)	$25
NLBI9708	Aug/1997	Kalin Olson	$10
NLBI9709	Sept/1997	Nikki Schieler	$10
NLBI9710	Oct/1997	Layla Harvest Roberts	$10
NLBI9711	Nov/1997	Inga Drozdova	$10
NLBI9712	Dec/1997	Karen McDougal	$10

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Please specify title and item number when ordering. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code 70392)

ORDER BY MAIL

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 70392, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Payment must be in U.S. currency. Sorry, no other foreign orders. Allow 3-5 business days for your mail order to reach us. All P.O. Boxes APO/FPO and U.S. Possessions are shipped U.S. Parcel Post.

We reserve the right to limit quantities. ©1998 Playboy. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE and RABBIT HEAD DESIGN are trademarks of Playboy.

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

As a supermodel, she was pouty; in the title role of TV's *Suddenly Susan*, she's a goofball. But as a couch potato, **Brooke Shields** is all sap. "To say that *Howards End* and *Sense and Sensibility* move me is an understatement," confesses Brooke. "*Shadowlands* is of a different time, but it's still within that romantic realm and one of my all-time favorites." Brooke says she studied film noir in college and is familiar with the screwball comedies of the Forties. But when it comes to heartstrings, she remains a sucker for a good Brit romance. "I just saw *Carrington* and was mesmerized. I love the pace of the film, and the fact that the story is about both unrequited and pure love. It has so much to say on so many levels. I tell you, I could watch period pieces all day long." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

Did you know most snakebites are accidental or defensive? That great apes have 3D vision? That, sexually speaking, looks matter to a lioness? Turn your den into an animal house with Discovery Channel's ***The Ultimate Guide*** series, the cable network's acclaimed lineup of hour-long documentaries on the world's wild kingdom. Included in the current menagerie: lessons on snakes, elephants, dogs, sharks, big cats, birds of prey and T-rexes. Each tape is $19.95 (call 800-678-3343). . . . They're back, just in time for their big-screen sequel. ***The Blues Brothers*** (Universal) returns to home video with a couple of nice surprises. Featured on the special rerelease of the 1980 Aykroyd–Belushi musical romp: behind-the-scenes footage, interviews with the cast and crew and ten-minute making-of documentaries on both the original film and *Blues Brothers 2000*.

GOING BUGGY

Starship Troopers wasn't the first movie to feature rampaging insects as villains. *The Troublesome Fly* did it way back in 1902. Get out the Raid for this bugfest:

Them! (1954): Ants in your pants? You'd need some hefty Levi's for these gigantic arthropods. Look for pre-Spock Leonard Nimoy as the anxious telex operator.

The Monster That Challenged the World (1957): Undersea quake releases enormous mutant mollusks into California water system. Escargot, anyone?

Ticks (1993): In this romp, pot growers use steroids on their plants, accidentally spawning an army of huge bloodsuckers. Should have just said no.

Beginning of the End (1957): Government scientists develop jumbo grasshoppers that attack Chicago while the hapless military tries a cover-up. Cold War paranoia at its campiest.

The Deadly Mantis (1957): Spindly green menace scales the Washington Monument before risking certain death by taxi in NYC's Holland Tunnel. Credits identify "rock songs" by Henry Mancini.

Mothra (1962): A megacaterpillar turns into a gentle, giant moth that saves twin princesses while reducing Tokyo to rubble. Isn't this Godzilla's territory?

Joe's Apartment (1996): Jerry O'Connell wakes up to belligerent cockroaches pulling at his eyelashes. Then they sing and dance. This is called comedy.

Arachnophobia (1990): Nutso exterminator John Goodman saves the day (and steals the show) in this creeper about vengeful arachnids the size of Frisbees.

The Fly (1958): David Hedison scrambles his molecules with a housefly's, only to swap heads. The original George Langelaan short story appeared in the June 1957 PLAYBOY.

Tarantula (1955): It's 100 feet high, it's hairy, it has eight legs and it's coming your way! But don't worry: That's Clint Eastwood leading the jet squadron for the climactic aerial attack.

They Came From Within (1975): Off-center director David Cronenberg hatched this weird concept: Killer parasites act as deadly aphrodisiacs after crawling into human orifices. Talk about getting under your skin. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

O'VIDEO O' THE MONTH

Upgrade your St. Patty's Day partying with Buena Vista's ***The Irish in America: Long Journey Home*** (four tapes, $80), the acclaimed six-hour chronicle that premiered on PBS in January. Tracking the Irish ascension in the States—from the immigration desk to the White House—the program includes interviews, rare photos and music from Elvis Costello, Sinéad D'Connor and the Chieftains.

LASER FARE

If discs were chicks, here's a deal that would be absolutely shag-a-delic, baby. New Line has released special editions of ***Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery*** on laser disc ($40) and DVD ($25). Both versions of the groovy spy spoof include deleted scenes, alternate endings and running commentary by writer-star Mike Myers and director Jay Roach. DVD has the edge with sharper colors; it also features an option for pan-and-scan playback. Dig it. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
CRIME STORY	***L.A. Confidential*** (Basinger sizzles in noir tale of odious cops, Hollywood hookers and scandal-sheet hocks; sinful delight), ***City of Industry*** (seasoned thug Harvey Keitel hunts down creep who killed his brother; dark and bloody).
COMEDY	***The Full Monty*** (brosh, on-the-dole Brits take it all off; 1997's sassiest crowd pleoser), ***In & Out*** (Oscar winner's speech outs small-town teacher Kevin Kline, who says it ain't so; predictable but sotisfying).
ACTION	***The Game*** (rich guy Michael Douglas lured into life-or-deoth mind fuck; kafkaesque nightmare by Seven director David Fincher), ***The Peacemaker*** (GI George Clooney and scientist Nicole Kidman seek loose nukes; uninspired but slick).
DRAMA	***The Ice Storm*** (Kline agoin, as a Yankee Wosp dad caught up in swell of Seventies sexuol liberation; moody nostalgia), ***Soul Food*** (Grandmo's Sunday dinners save family bond; fine cost survives TV-movie clichés).
SLEEPER	***The Edge*** (Alaskan plane crosh strands Anthony Hopkins with wife's suspected lover, Alec Baldwin; Mamet's script melts the tundra), ***Royal Deceit*** (prince Christian Bale offs treacherous uncle; based on Danish story that inspired *Hamlet*).

MAKES SCENTS TO US

Virtual Scentsations kiosks build on the idea that the best way to entertain people is to lead them around by the nose. The new technology by Arizona-based Digital Tech Frontier looks like a typical arcade-style video game with a 3D display and surround stereo. But while you're enjoying one of three virtual adventures—a trip through a forest and a canyon, a time-travel tour of ancient Egypt or a futuristic slot-car race—familiar odors are emitted to make the experience hyperrealistic. For example, the scents of trees accent the wilderness excursion, and that pleasant aroma of burning rubber makes you think of Indy. For $3, you can enjoy ten minutes of Virtual Scentsations on First American Railways' Fun Trains, which run between Orlando and Miami. Digital Tech Frontier also plans to place its "scents-u-round" kiosks at resorts, where vacationers can experience activities such as scuba diving or jet skiing without getting wet.

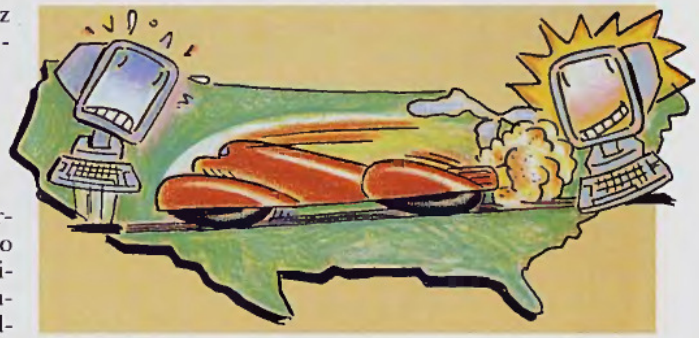
MITCH O'CONNELL

MIXED MEDIUMS

If space is at a premium, you should consider streamlining your home entertainment system with components that perform double and triple duties. Panasonic has introduced the first rear-projection television with a built-in DVD player. Priced at $5000, the PT-61XF70 has a 61-inch screen that's capable of reproducing 750 lines of resolution—perfect for viewing a DVD's superb picture. Panasonic's TV-DVD also comes with a Dolby Digital processor. Sony's SLV-AV100 teams a Dolby Pro Logic Surround sound receiver with a four-head stereo VCR ($700). The AM-FM Dolby Pro Logic receiver in Magnavox' $500 MX963AHT Home Audio Theater includes a seven-disc CD changer. And the mother of all combination systems is Philips' DVX8000 Multimedia Home Theater. It includes a digital tuner, a high-end line doubler, a DVD player and a 233-megahertz computer for Net surfing, number crunching, word processing and more. The price: $5000, including a wireless keyboard and the Marantz RC2000 universal remote control.

SPRINTING IN CYBERSPACE

When Buick's engineering team decided to go online to create an animated highway of the future, it faced a big roadblock: The Internet was too jammed for the kind of work its far-flung digital artists needed to accomplish. Enter Sprint Drums, the world's first dedicated multimedia communications network. Drums was originally designed to allow moviemakers to complete film projects (such as *Dante's Peak* and *Mortal Kombat II: Annihilation*) from a variety of locations. Using high-speed phone connections, subscribers participate in online video conferences, editing film and animation projects as well as trading notes and ideas as though everyone were in the same room. Buick is the first carmaker to take advantage of Drums' power, but Sprint expects a variety of industries to tap into the network. "Physicians could team up online to share patient histories and to confirm courses of treatment," says a Sprint spokesman. "They could even use the full-motion-video capabilities to observe surgeries."



CARL ROCH

WILD THINGS

Today's top notebook computers are impressive, with color monitors, jumbo hard drives and built-in CD-ROM spinners. But it's hard to justify paying $3000-plus to own one when all you really want is a basic system for Net surfing and word processing. Enter the GeoBook. This five-pound "personal digital notebook" from Brother performs all the essential functions of a portable computer yet costs only $600. What makes the GeoBook so budget friendly? It has a black-and-white monitor and runs its own software on a proprietary operating system. Fortunately, Brother made it eosy to transfer GeoBook files to a PC (but not a Moc). Other features include a 33.6-kbps modem, a Type II PC card slot and a 1.44-megabyte disk drive. A color GeoBook (pictured here) is available for an additional $200.

- For those who already own a notebook computer but would prefer to travel lighter, there's the QuickPad. This one-pound PC peripheral, which looks like a PC keyboard with a one-line LCD, functions as a stand-alone word processor. You can store up to 70 pages of text as well as your schedule and 500 phone numbers on the QuickPad. Plus all documents can be transferred to your PC via a wireless link or a standard keyboard cable. The price: $200.
- If your home office is set up to receive faxes on your computer, you no longer have to leave the machine running when you're not home. Panasonic's PC/Fox Store holds up to 80 pages in memory. When you're ready to read them, the device downloads the documents to your computer for viewing. The price: about $200.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

PLAYBOY

The Listening Lounge

RHINO

www.playboy.com

BIG JOE TURNER *THE VERY BEST OF*

The big, bad, and blue sound of the legendary shouter on 16 tracks, including "Shake Rattle And Roll," "Honey Hush," and "Corrine Corrina."

CHARLIE MINGUS *BLUES AND ROOTS*

Remastered and expanded, our special edition of this classic Mingus session includes the complete original album plus four alternate takes.

JOHN COLTRANE *GIANT STEPS*

Considered among the most important recordings in modern jazz, Trane's landmark work has been remastered and expanded to include 8 additional tracks from the same sessions.

PERCY SLEDGE *THE VERY BEST OF*

Yearnin', burnin' soul including "When A Man Loves A Woman" and 15 other classic pleas, all taken from the original single master tapes from his first hit to his 1996 Grammy®-nominated comeback record.

RHINO

The only record label worth looking for.

HEAR WHAT'S MISSING FROM YOUR RECORD COLLECTION AT ALL TOWER RECORDS LOCATIONS

TOWER RECORDS • VIDEO • BOOKS

TOWER

TRAVEL

ROLLING PLUNDER

Taking a taxi abroad can give new meaning to the expression highway robbery. Except for in London, where cabbies are rigorously schooled in "the knowledge" (of the streets), the shortest distance between two points may be an unsolicited sight-seeing tour at an exorbitant rate. In cities such as Prague and Budapest, where four-wheel thievery is notorious, the national tourist offices recommend that you have your hotel order the cab for you, making sure the cab has a meter. Prague taxi drivers must abide by regulations that set maximum fares, but some meters are rigged. In Budapest, the drivers often switch rates en route. In Moscow, it's wise not only to negotiate your fare in advance but also to have your destination (and the name of your hotel) written in Russian. Take the same precautions in Hong Kong, where the knowledge of English doesn't seem to extend to cabbies. Other tips: Roman cabs take extra passengers for free, but each piece of luggage costs 2000 lire. In Amsterdam, the streets in some areas are so narrow that you're better off walking or borrowing a bicycle than cabbing it. Museums in Vienna will call a cab for you rather than send you out to hail one. If you phone for a taxi in Paris, the meter starts ticking when the cab sets out to get you, not when you climb aboard. And drivers can be nasty about very short trips. In Istanbul, rates go up 50 percent after midnight. Whatever you do, don't take a taxi from Tokyo's Narita Airport into town. The trip will cost you about $200.

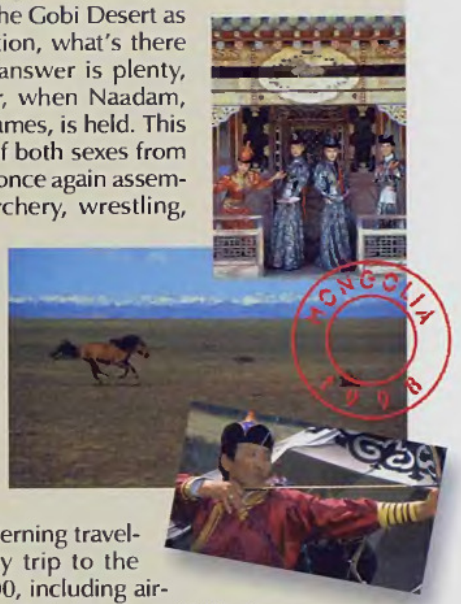
NIGHT MOVES: PARIS

April in Paris—aah, the stuff of romance. Start your evening barside at ultrahip Barfly (49–51 Avenue George V), a red-and-black tribute to Charles Bukowski. (FYI: A branch has recently opened in Los Angeles.) Or head to the new Buddha Bar (8 Rue Boissy D'Anglas), a 10,000-square-foot Pan-Asian restaurant with a dramatic dragon bar and cozy seating for cocktails on the balcony. The bilevel L'Appart (9 Rue du Colisée), just off the Champs-Élysée, is an affordable and fun bistro decorated like a Parisian bachelor's apartment—complete with a wood-paneled library. Dinner for two served by waitresses in very-French little black dresses will cost about $70 without wine. (Try the veal steak with mustard sauce and the apple tart.) On the Left Bank, two-storied Tan Dinh (60 Rue de Verneuil) serves such refined Vietnamese dishes as smoked-goose dumplings and succulent lamb curry. But what distinguishes Tan Dinh from the competition is its enormous wine list—one of the best in town. Of the newest clubs, Villa Barclay (3 Avenue Matignon) draws stars such as Richard Gere and Bruce Springsteen for drinks in comfortable, couch-furnished lounges, dinner in its smart little restaurant and dancing downstairs in a disco that opens at midnight. More showbiz stars—ascending and descending—and paparazzi are packing the basement disco Le Bash (57 Rue Pierre Charron), but the drinks are overpriced, the VIP room is cramped and the staff can be rude (it's Paris, of course, so deal with it). More enjoyable is the small-scale show at Le Cabaret, across the street at number 68. It's the red-velvet art nouveau incarnation of the Milliardaire, where Edith Piaf once sang.

GREAT ESCAPE

NAADAM FESTIVAL

Mongolia seemed to us a "can't get there from here" kind of place. With a capital, Ulan Bator, that sounds like the name of a crater and the Gobi Desert as a major tourist attraction, what's there to see anyway? The answer is plenty, especially in summer, when Naadam, Mongolia's national games, is held. This July 11–12, warriors of both sexes from all over Mongolia will once again assemble to compete in archery, wrestling, horseback riding and other tests of courage, strength and daring. You can get there from here by calling Nomadic Expeditions, a company in New Jersey that specializes in "explorations of Mongolia, Russia and China for the discerning traveler." It offers a 16-day trip to the games for about $5500, including airfare and a number of side trips. If you'd like to see more of the country, the same outfit puts together a ten-day 1000-mile trek via Land Rover Defender from the Gobi Desert in the south to Lake Hövsgöl (known as the "dark blue pearl of Mongolia") in the north. It's about $5800, including airfare. Call Nomadic Expeditions at 800-998-6634 or send e-mail to nomadicexp@aol.com.



ROAD STUFF

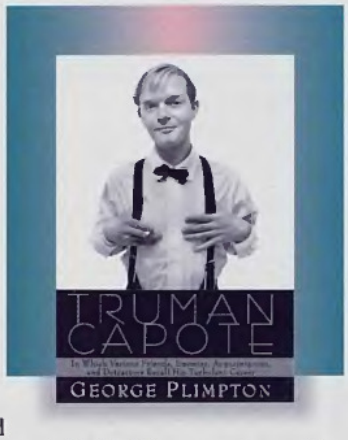
To help preserve your sanity on planes, trains and buses, Kenwood has introduced the DPC-981 portable CD player fitted with headphones that block out unwanted noise. The player (pictured below) features a 20-second antiskip buffer, a credit card–sized wireless remote, optional minispeakers and the capacity to run for about 40 hours on four AA batteries. Price: $200. • Buckwheat hulls have been a traditional pillow filling in Asia for hundreds of years because they cradle body contours and thus promote tranquility. Seattle's Bucky Products offers several variations for travel, including a 6″x 15″ back-and-neck roll ($29) and a U-shaped pillow ($24.95). • First it was instant images. Now Polaroid offers the PolaPulse flashlight, a sleek, wallet-sized gizmo that throws a bright beam and takes up little space. It's about $7 and is sold in food stores, drugstores and convenience stores. • Last, don't leave home without the *World Shopping Guide*, a $14.95 softcover from the British Diplomatic Spouses Association. More than 200 cities and countries, from Afghanistan to Zimbabwe, are listed.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

BOOKS

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

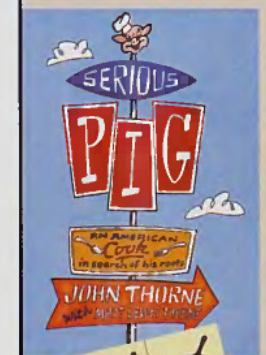
It's hard to imagine two 20th century American writers as different as Truman Capote and Joseph Heller. Still, their work has become part of the American literary landscape and is earnestly studied by college students everywhere. The contrast between them is underscored in George Plimpton's biography ***Truman Capote*** (Nan Talese/Doubleday), published a few months ago, and Heller's new memoir ***Now and Then*** (Knopf). Plimpton does a masterful job of interviewing Capote's friends and enemies in a powerful portrait of the artist as a complete mess. Capote's life began spinning out of control early on, and his long, sad decline into a swamp of drugs and alcohol is remembered by various voices. Heller's memoir proves you don't have to self-destruct to write great fiction. His fond memories of growing up in Coney Island, coming of age during World War Two, the regular jobs he had before *Catch-22* was published and his comfortable life since (except for a scary bout of illness) are the kinds of stories a contented grandfather might tell over a family dinner.

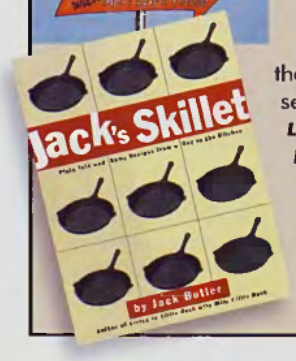


—DAVID STANDISH

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Books about food—and we don't necessarily mean cookbooks—can be good appetizers. An epicurean can enjoy a good food book almost as much as he enjoys a plate of cherrystone clams. These three books about American food will get your juices flowing. In ***Jack's Skillet: Plain Talk and Some Recipes From a Guy in the Kitchen*** (Algonquin), novelist Jack Butler refines cooking to its essence: the black iron skillet. If you don't know anything about cooking, this is a great place to start learning, because the Mississippi-born writer knows his biscuits, catfish and butter beans. He doesn't patronize or oversimplify. John Thorne's ***Serious Pig: An American Cook in Search of His Roots*** (North Point) is a wonderful contemplation of our culinary heritage. He explores the vernacular cooking of Down East New England (lobster stew and baked beans), Louisiana (gumbo, red beans and rice), Texas (chili) and the heartland (white bread and hamburgers). Thorne tells us why we eat the way we do. Lolis Eric Elie takes a serious look at barbecue in ***Smokestack Lightning: Adventures in the Heart of Barbecue Country*** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), sampling snout sandwiches in East St. Louis and *cachete y lenguа* in Brownsville, Texas. Of all the barbecue books, this is easily the best.





—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

STROKE BOOKS

Publishers seem to think people need to be told how to have sex. In fact, sex books have their own lists at Amazon.com, the huge Internet bookstore, and on Barnes & Noble's Web site. But the two lists don't have much in common. We surfed over to Barnes & Noble and ran a search for sex manuals. Eighteen titles turned up, including the riveting ***A Handbook of Insect Pheromones & Sex Attractants*** (CRC Press), the handy ***More Joy: An Advanced Guide to Solo Sex*** (Factor Press) and the bewildering ***A Gender Equity Module*** (Girl Scouts of U.S.A.). Then we stumbled across ***101 Exciting New Uses for Condoms*** (High Stress) by Lori Katz and Barbara Meyer. This paperback is described as "an inventive tongue-in-cheek guide for transforming those beautifully designed little symbols of missed opportunity into fun and practical projects for you and a partner." Does Martha Stewart know about this? Amazon.com takes a more open approach to ranking its sex titles. The first two books in the sex-instruction category are, not surprisingly, Alex Comfort's ***New Joy of Sex*** (Pocket), the 1972 classic updated with new photos and illustrations, and ***Sexual Positions*** (Pocket) in the same *Joy of Sex* series. Number three is a real kick in the behind: ***Anal Pleasure and Health*** (Down There Press) by Jack Morin. It claims to be the only book in any language dedicated to anal sex. One happy customer wrote in to suggest that it "makes a great wedding, anniversary or graduation gift." You'll recognize other books on Amazon.com's sex list, including our own ***365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life: From the Files of the Playboy Advisor*** (Plume), edited by James R. Petersen, and ***Where Did I Come From?*** (Lyle Stuart) by Peter Mayle. But the best-selling sex title overall is ***101 Nights of Great Sex: Secret Sealed Seductions for Fun-Loving Couples*** (Park Avenue) by Laura Corn. What happened to the other 264 nights of the year?

DAN YACCARINO

—DIGBY DIEHL

NEED A LIFT?

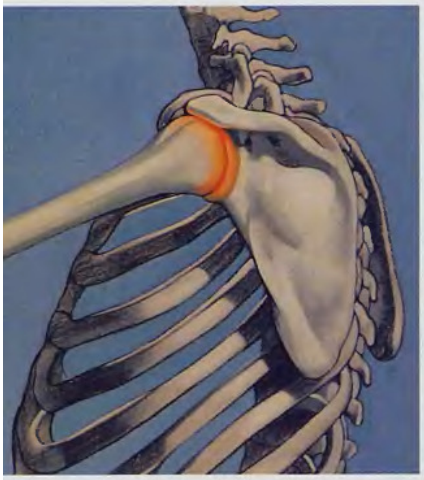
Ladies' undergarments have come a long way since the second millennium B.C., when Cretan women wore corsets that "thrust them outward, spectacular and naked." In ***Support and Seduction*** (Abrams) French journalist Béatrice Fontanel recounts the history of corsets and bras with facts, anecdotes, fashion illustrations, ads and photos. Over the centuries, women's breasts have been compressed and lifted in brassieres and their torsos have been constricted in corsets with steel and whalebone stays. Those days are over, thanks to Lycra and Madonna. Underwear is outerwear—hallelujah!

—HELEN FRANGOULIS

CUFF STUFF

It's not just 90-mph fastballers who injure their rotator cuffs. This crucial group of four muscles holds the shoulder in place and can be hurt in any sport that involves a motion similar to throwing—football, tennis, golf, even bowling. Spring can be especially hazardous for those who leap into these activities without preparation.

Remember, the time to strengthen your rotator cuff muscles is before you need rehabilitation. This will decrease the likelihood of injury and improve performance. The key is to isolate the muscles. "Because these muscles are usually not exercised properly, they are often weak and a source of recurrent shoulder pain," says Michael Schwartz, a Manhattan strength and conditioning specialist. He recommends two exercises:



JANE E. FISHER

(1) Standing with arms at sides, bring your elbows to shoulder height so your upper arms are parallel to the floor and your forearms hang down perpendicular to the floor. This is the "gunfighter ready to draw" position, except with palms facing back. Slowly rotate your upper arms to raise your palms to the "I surrender" position.

(2) Stand with arms at sides, palms facing forward, holding a weight in each hand. Slowly draw the weights up along your sides, keeping your little fingers close to your ribs, elbows straight back.

For all rotator exercises, Schwartz advises, "Use light weights, make sure to maintain good form and do lots of repetitions. You want to build endurance."

NICE BICEPS, BABY!

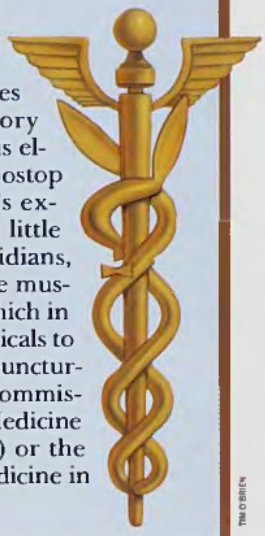
Nope, that's not some rude gym hunk. It's the girl you brought in, the result of a new trend called tandem training. At the Sports Center at Chelsea Piers in New York City, Director Erik Stevens says it's a perfect solution for such problems as tight purse strings or sagging motivation. "We see couples trying harder; they put in that extra effort. It's a combination of flirting, competing, inspiring each other and socializing in a sensual, upbeat atmosphere. Besides, they split the price of a personal trainer for that hour." Tandem trainers come with special credentials (most elite trainers have counseling backgrounds), which come in handy when tempers flare under stress. Most times, though, couples chat, flirt and compete for the approval of their coach.

The staff at the Sports Center will select a partner for you if you're not married or dating steadily. Workout matches are a great way to meet someone—it's easy to swap routines, diets and phone numbers. Of course, there is a downside: "If a couple isn't getting along or breaks up," reports Stevens, "it's a loaded situation, like an office romance." Except you're already getting in shape to meet the next one.

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: Someone told me that acupuncture would really help my back pain, but my doctor doesn't agree. What's the story?

A: If your doctor thinks needles stuck in strange places on your body won't do any good, he's behind the times. Recently interest in acupuncture surged when the usually stodgy National Institutes of Health released a remarkable report concluding that this 2500-year-old Chinese therapy works even better than conventional Western remedies such as aspirin or anti-inflammatory drugs do on such conditions as tennis elbow, nausea, lower-back pain and postop dental pain. What's more, the NIH's experts think they know why: Those little needles, placed correctly along meridians, trigger the release of chemicals in the muscles, the spinal cord and the brain, which in turn trigger the release of other chemicals to control pain. To find a certified acupuncturist, call the National Certification Commission for Acupuncture and Oriental Medicine in Washington, D.C. (202-232-1404) or the American Association of Oriental Medicine in Pennsylvania (610-266-1433).



TIM O'BRIEN

BRAVA JAVA

If you like coffee, you'll love this. After years of warnings about the negative health effects associated with coffee, such as high blood pressure, increased cholesterol counts and even balding, comes a report about the mean bean's possible health benefits. According to Stanley Segall, a professor of food science at Drexel University in Philadelphia, there are at least 400 different antioxidants present in one fresh cup of java, among them aldehydes and ketones that are believed to affect free radicals, cancer cells and cells linked to aging.

RICHARD SALA

As it turns out, the proof is in the pleasing bouquet. When first brewed, a good cup of coffee sends out rich, aromatic cues to the olfactory membranes. Seems the same compounds that activate in the air also attack harmful oxidizing materials within the body. (However, these compounds are soon spent—which is why a pot that sits too long loses its full-bodied flavor and goes from rich to rancid.) "A lot of people have bad things to say about coffee that are not well substantiated," says Segall, a coffee enthusiast himself who has been studying the brew since 1960. "Now there's some good news."

Great Lovers Are Made, Not Born.

When your lover tells you—with a word or a sigh—that *this* is the place to touch, then you have just learned a powerful sexual secret that can be used again and again.

Can you imagine what would happen if you and your lover could discover dozens of such secrets... in the privacy of your own home... by actually watching others having sex?

Imagine no more. The Sinclair Institute—the world's leading creator of sexually-explicit educational videos—brings you the **Better Sex Video Series**. Interspersed with explanations and advice from nationally-recognized sex therapists, each video features explicit sexual scenes of everyday couples sharing their most intimate and passionate moments. Listen to what they say. Watch what they do. And then set off on your own erotic journey.

Mastering the art of sexual love, like any great endeavor, takes practice, an attention to detail, and a willingness to venture beyond the known. At Sinclair, we have enough new ideas to keep you exploring forever. Try us and see.

THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

WARNING: The Better Sex Video Series is highly explicit and is intended for adults over the age of 18 only.

Over One Million Sold!

Plain Packaging Protects Your Privacy

www.bettersex.com

FREE VIDEO OFFER: All orders will receive our new free 30 minute video *Advanced Oral Sex Techniques*. Discover even more creative ways to ignite intense sexual excitement.

For Fastest Service Call:
1-800-955-0888 ext. 8PB51
24 Hours/7 Days

The Sinclair Institute, Dept 8PB51, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

	Orig.	Now	Total
Vol. 1: Better Sex Techniques (#9501)	~~29.95~~	19.95	
Vol. 2: Advanced Sex Techniques (#9502)	~~29.95~~	19.95	
Vol. 3: Making Sex Fun (#9504)	~~29.95~~	19.95	
Buy The 3-Volume Set and Save $10 (#9506)		49.85	
Advanced Oral Sex Techniques (#1521) (Free with Purchase)			FREE
		postage & handling	4.00
		TOTAL	

SPECIAL OFFER! Originally $29.95 Now $19.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 18)

☐ Bank Money Order ☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX

Card# _____ Exp. date _____

NC orders please add 6% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. $5 shipping ■ Tapes are VHS only ■ Sorry – no cash or C.O.D.

MEN

By ASA BABER

ROBERT HOPKOW

SIXTEEN CANDLES

The first *Men* column, "Role Models," was published 16 years ago this month. Sixteen years happens to be an eternity in magazine terms, so let's take off our spurs, belly up to the bar and blow out the candles on my birthday cake, amigos. Because this shooter has been through any number of gunfights at the Writers' and Editors' Corral, and while I may be a little beat-up, I'm still standing.

You might remember 1982. That was the year the Vietnam Veterans Memorial was dedicated in Washington, D.C. Inflation was at six percent, unemployment at 9.7 percent, a Ford Mustang cost $5880 and the Dow had a high of 1070 and a low of 776. John Elway was a college football all-American, and Pat Riley joined the Los Angeles Lakers as head coach. *Tootsie*, *Gandhi* and *48 Hrs.* opened, and *Hill Street Blues* and *Barney Miller* won Emmys.

In retrospect, 1982 was probably both a good year and a bad year. But the times, they were a-changin', and the *Men* column was one of those changes.

When I launched the column onto the scene, I was proud of it and thought it served the magazine well. But its birth wasn't exactly greeted with open arms by my colleagues. The fact that I was surprised by their reactions shows how naive I was at the time.

Consider Bill Brashler's article in the *Chicago Tribune Magazine* about the early days: "The column was something very new for the magazine, and few of its editors knew what to do with it. At a staff retreat in Arizona, several editors lobbied to drop the column. Other staffers wondered about the validity of the column. . . . 'I always thought it was an odd column for a men's magazine. Why make a special case for being male? I never thought an occasional moment of self-indulgence was worthy of the space,' said one editor."

The column has had 16 years of that so-called self-indulgence, and I have a lot of things to celebrate this month, not the least of which is that I'm still asking the kinds of questions I think need to be asked. Should women participate in frontline combat? Should a man who can't pay child support be allowed joint custody of his children? Is sexual harassment in the eye of the accused or that of the accuser? Are all men oppressors and all women victims by genetic definition? Should research of breast cancer and prostate cancer be equally funded? Is the Selective Service Act a fair piece of legislation? Is death row a place of equal-opportunity executions?

I do not claim to possess the total truth about any of these issues, but I write about them from a regular-guy's perspective, sometimes with humor, sometimes seriously. And while I have come close to being fired on a few memorable occasions, I have never considered turning myself into a columnist who wants only to entertain and not to disturb either his editors or his readers. Writing on the edge is the name of my game, and I've stayed with it, even when some powerful people in the publishing world have called for my scalp.

Why have I focused on the more difficult gender questions for the past 16 years? As I said in an interview on the Playboy Cyber Club Web site in November: "I want all of you to know that my readers mean everything to me. When I write my column, I don't think about the editors, marketing specialists or advertising experts. I think about my readers and what I can say that might amuse, help or maybe even educate them."

I'm not here to write advertising copy or political propaganda or sitcom trivia or psychobabble bullshit. I am here basically to say that both the emperor and the empress have no clothes, and until we admit that, we will be stuck in an unproductive cultural gridlock.

I enjoyed my talk with my readers in the Playboy Cyber Club. It was my introduction to a brave new world of instant communication that adds value to the magazine, and it fit me like a glove. To be able to speak directly with my readers in real time with no gatekeepers? To get instant honest feedback? That is heaven on earth for this buckaroo.

During that interview one Playboy Cyber Club member asked, "Has writing the column started to wear on you?"

"The business of being politically incorrect for 20 or 30 years has been wearing and sometimes difficult," I answered. "However, I never forget that it was my choice. I'm a big boy and am responsible for my choices."

Another member asked, "When you were an aspiring young writer, did you ever think or dream about writing for PLAYBOY?"

"Yes," I said. "When I was starting as a writer in the Sixties, PLAYBOY had established a first-rate literary and journalistic reputation." I went on to talk about my career with the magazine, starting in 1969 when it purchased two short stories and a novel of mine "without knowing who I was and without ever having met me." I closed with the truly rewarding side of my publishing life:

"I'm happy and proud to say that about 90 percent of my published work has been in PLAYBOY over these years. That includes fiction and nonfiction.

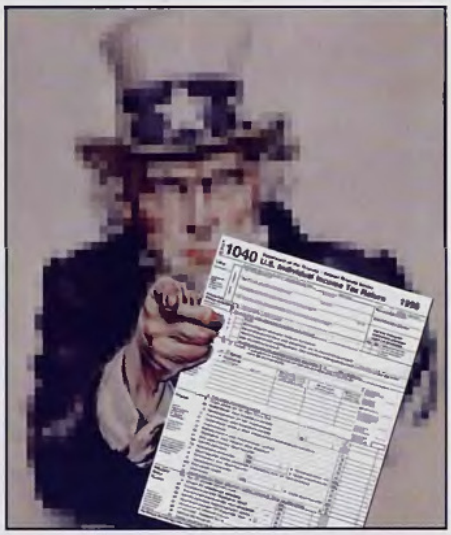
"I suspect that no writer has been better treated by a magazine than I have been by PLAYBOY, and I'm truly grateful for that. Because the hard fact is that if PLAYBOY hadn't published my work, I don't think anyone else would have, given the things I've been writing about and my rather blunt way of writing about them. And when the history of magazines in the last half of the 20th century is written, I think it will be shown that PLAYBOY, which is so condescended to by some people in the academic and publishing worlds, is a truly fine magazine that provides great services to this culture."

The *Men* column is one of those services—or so says this stubborn cowpoke on his 16th birthday.

In a world of avoidable mistakes,
there's always Bass Ale.
Bass
ALE
To see more of the world through the eyes of Bass, visit www.bassale.com
Bass Ale Imported By Guinness Import Company, Stamford, CT. 06901 ©1997
WE ENCOURAGE THINKING WHILE DRINKING.

MONEY MATTERS

By CHRISTOPHER BYRON



ALBERT HEWETT

HAILING TAXES

Paying taxes isn't what you'd call a Mazola party with Heather Locklear, but it gets a little less painful every year. For this we can thank Intuit Inc., and the variety of tax preparation software it produces and sells under the TurboTax name.

The company also produces personal financial management software under the Quicken name. The combination of these product lines has made Intuit the biggest and most successful producer of consumer financial software. So read on for a shamelessly upbeat argument as to why you should (a) use Intuit products—in particular the TurboTax products—and (b) consider buying Intuit stock.

With few exceptions, computer software stocks are junk. The companies behind them too often consist of a handful of computer nerds with an answering machine, a Federal Express account number and a product full of bugs.

Intuit is a rare exception—a 14-year-old company with 2200 employees, more than 10 million customers and an ironclad lock on more than 80 percent of the market for tax and personal finance software. Intuit is, in short, the sort of company that legendary investor Warren Buffett typically looks for when deciding where to park some of his extra billions—what he likes to call a franchise business, meaning one where the company in effect "owns" the market.

This year, Intuit has unfurled a new generation of tax preparation software that is easily the company's best, most user-friendly edition. You can buy it on CD-ROM for $49.95 if you want to spring for the deluxe version discussed here, with video clips and a tax library. The vanilla package, available on floppy disk and CD-ROM, is $34.95.

To use TurboTax, you need more or less coherent records about how you spent your money during the year. To that end, you might consider purchasing Intuit's Quicken 98 software package, which will take most of the complexity out of keeping your daily finances tidy.

Quicken 98 will keep track of how you spend your money, organizing it into categories that have tax consequences. As anyone with a tax-deductible home office knows, this can get frighteningly complicated. Don't worry—just get Quicken 98 to do it for you.

There is other personal finance software on the market, but none is better or easier to use than Quicken 98, and, not surprisingly, none can more easily transfer its data into TurboTax.

TurboTax is so easy to use it almost makes you feel stupid. Little video clips of my first editor in financial journalism almost 25 years ago, Marshall Loeb—the former managing editor of *Money* and *Fortune* magazines—are sprinkled throughout the program. Result: Whenever you want to know the meaning of a financial, accounting or tax term, you just click on the word, and up pops Loeb to explain it to you.

The program leads you as painlessly as possible through such concepts as capital-asset depreciation—a room-emptying topic if there ever was one. And if you want to test the frontiers of semiconsciousness in front of a computer screen, you can explore the fine points of the Alternative Minimum Tax and the filing requirements for Form 6251.

Or—and this is actually the way to go—you can forget all that and let the program ask you the questions it wants to, in plain English, as it fills in the blanks and prepares your return. It's like having a $150-per-hour CPA do your taxes for a flat fee of less than $50. (One of the accounting profession's best-kept secrets is that Intuit makes a version of TurboTax that is the most widely used software program of its kind in tax accounting.) After you're done with answering the questions, click on the REVIEW button and the program will run a thorough check of your return for errors, omissions and potential red flags to IRS auditors.

One nifty aspect of the review feature—new to the program this year—is a nearly line-by-line comparison between your return and national averages for the same thing. Do you think you might be deducting too much for, say, charitable contributions? The program will show you how far out of line you are with the rest of the country.

And finally, there's even a button—also new this year—to help you project and cut down on next year's taxes. This Tax Report feature takes your current tax data and massages them with tax laws and changes that will apply to you next year. It then tells you what to change, and where, in order to achieve savings.

This is very difficult programming for a competitor to duplicate, let alone improve upon. And that's why Intuit is a good investment—especially now. The company took a shellacking on Wall Street not long ago, falling from a high of nearly $90 per share in late 1995 to a low of less than $23 this past summer, as the Internet became a buzzword on Wall Street and investors noticed that Intuit had virtually no Net presence.

Intuit has now begun pouring an absolute pantsload of money into ramping up its presence on the Net, and the company's chairman, Scott Cook, tells me more is to come.

My hunch is that Intuit's Internet investment will take longer to pay off than the company seems to think. But so what? Wall Street thinks it's a good idea, and as a result, investor interest in the stock has revived, helped along by some aggressive cost cutting that is improving the company's bottom line. By mid-January of this year, Intuit's share price had climbed back to nearly $40.

Meanwhile, analysts anticipate a 22 percent growth rate in earnings. Not bad, especially when it comes from selling a product that really does help improve its buyers' quality of life.

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbscoop@aol.com.

© Lancaster Group US LLC, New York, N.Y. 10017
Davidoff
Cool Water
Davidoff
Cool Water
EAU DE
TOILETTE
AVAILABLE AT FINE DEPARTMENT STORES

How can you make two months' salary last forever?

The Diamond Engagement Ring.

When you've found the woman of your dreams, give her the diamond of her dreams. The two months' salary guideline helps you find a diamond of quality, brilliance and breath-taking beauty. For other tips on buying, and the 4Cs—cut, color, clarity and carat weight—consult your jeweler. Or call 1-800-FOREVER for a free diamond buying guide.
www.adiamondisforever.com

A diamond is forever.
De Beers

Silver Futures

To us, the martini never went away. But now that someone has announced its return, all the paraphernalia needed for the cocktail hour is back too. Think Nick and Nora Charles and the crisp clink of ice cubes against the sides of a silver shaker. Antique models that used to turn up at garage sales now cost more than a case of fine gin, and there's even a coffee-table guidebook to vintage barware. Some of the sterling silver necessities for a great bar setup include (from left) an antique Cartier bottle holder (it seems to work best with the bubbly) from Fortunoff ($825); a bottle opener ($365), martini goblet ($750) and corkscrew ($340), all from Asprey; and a vintage cocktail shaker from Bergdorf Goodman ($B25). Gentlemen, the bar is open.

Three for the Road

In 1985, Audi's annual U.S. sales had zoomed to more than 74,000 cars. But questions about unintended acceleration put the brakes on hard, and by 1991 only about 12,000 machines were leaving showrooms annually. Today the company is back. The ward on *die strasse* is that Audis are the best-engineered cars in Germany. Three totally redesigned models, the A4, A6 and A8, are the wheels to own. The A4 is a racy $23,000 alternative to the Honda Accord. The $33,000 A6 is already poaching sales from the BMW 5 series and Mercedes-Benz E-class models, and the $65,000 A8 with all-wheel drive and a 32-valve V8 engine is an excellent alternative to the BMW 740i, the Jaguar XJ8 and the Mercedes-Benz S320/S420. An astonishingly rigid aluminum-framed marvel (produced with Alcoa), the A8 is a lavishly equipped machine that even has rear-seat side air bags. The company's newest concept vehicle (called an "all-road quattro") is a rugged all-wheel-drive station wagon with adjustable ground clearance, a sturdy metal underride protection device and tires with dual-zone treads. No guarantees, but with Audi's penchant for producing daring wheels, let's hope the company goes for it.

Steaking Your Claim

Since it opened in 1977, Smith & Wollensky, the steak house at Third Avenue at 49th Street in New York City, has been acclaimed for its extensive menu, its 50,000-bottle wine cellar and its ambience, which features a vast skylit second floor and some of the most spectacular flower arrangements in the city. As if that weren't enough, Smith & Wollensky has added a gourmet-steak-and-accoutrements store to its digs that sells everything from steaks (four fillets will set you back $100) and steak knives ($50 for a set of four) to T-shirts ($12), caps ($20) and suede jackets ($175). To make reservations, call 212-753-1530. An S&W has just opened in Chicago.

THOMPSON'S Cigar Hall of Fame℠

When In Doubt, Follow The Leaders

The distinguished world-class threesome pictured here have as much as 140 years of success behind them and are still the first choice of cigar smokers the world over who insist upon a first-class smoke.

Each is made of meticulously hand-selected premium long-filler tobaccos carefully aged by the centuries-old Cuban method. Each enjoys an enviable reputation for mildness and flavor earned by years of consistently living up to, and even exceeding, the special expectations of more particular and more knowledgeable smokers, not only in this country, but wherever good cigars are enjoyed.

"A good reputation is worth more than money," said Pubilius Cyrue, a wise old Roman, more than 2,000 years ago. Ask any smoker of these three cigars and see if they don't agree that the reputations of these cigars are right on the money.

My Introductory Offer To New Customers

For just $15.00 you will receive:

2 H. UPMANN LONSDALES • 2 HOYO EXCALIBURS #3
2 LA AURORA ROBUSTOS • **Regular Retail Value $26.00**

Thompson Cigar Company

P.O. Box 31274 • Tampa, FL 33633-0537 • Dept. T701

Send me six Thompson's Cigar Hall of Fame Cigars **(R05275)** for $15.00 + $3.95 shipping. (Florida residents add 6% sales tax + appropriate county tax). ONE ORDER PER CUSTOMER

My Name _____

My Street Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Daytime Phone # _____

❑ $18.95 Enclosed. Charge to my ❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard ❑ AmExpress ❑ Discover

Signed _____

Credit Card No. (Print All Digits) _____ Exp. Date

1•800•246•8221

Dept. T701
Fax: 813•882•4605

© 1997, Thompson & Co., Inc.

OFFER EXPIRES 6/30/98 • OFFER NOT AVAILABLE TO MINORS • OFFER GOOD ONLY IN THE USA

MANTRACK

A Cut Above

Wenger, the Swiss Army Knife company that's been around since 1893, has come out with the Genuine Cigar Cutter Knife featuring a sturdy snipper that can handle any stogie with a ring gauge of up to 52. The knife is also equipped with a corkscrew, a can and bottle opener, a large blade, a nail file, tweezers and a toothpick (for dislodging fine particles of Fuente Opus X or Cohiba Robusto smokes, no doubt). Price: $65. (Call 800-447-7422 for information on who stocks the knife.) Wenger has other knives in the works that combine the cutter with different gizmos, including a brushed chrome luxury model with a leather handle ($120).

DSS: The Next Generation

It's cool being the first guy on the block to own the hottest new electronics, but it also pays to be patient. Witness RCA's third-generation DSS system—the DS5450RB. In addition to grabbing 200 channels of digital television beamed by DirecTV and United States Satellite Broadcasting, this $600 setup has a faster processor (for rapid-fire access to Playboy TV) as well as an antenna on the satellite dish that pulls in local TV programming. (We always thought it odd that users of such a sophisticated system had to resort to rabbit ears to watch the news.) Even more impressive, however, is the DSS receiver's smarts—it features technology that lets you control lights and appliances in your home. Talk about the ultimate bachelor machine: Just before a movie starts, you can press a button on the remote to start the popcorn, and then touch a few more buttons to dim the lights. That'll certainly impress your date.

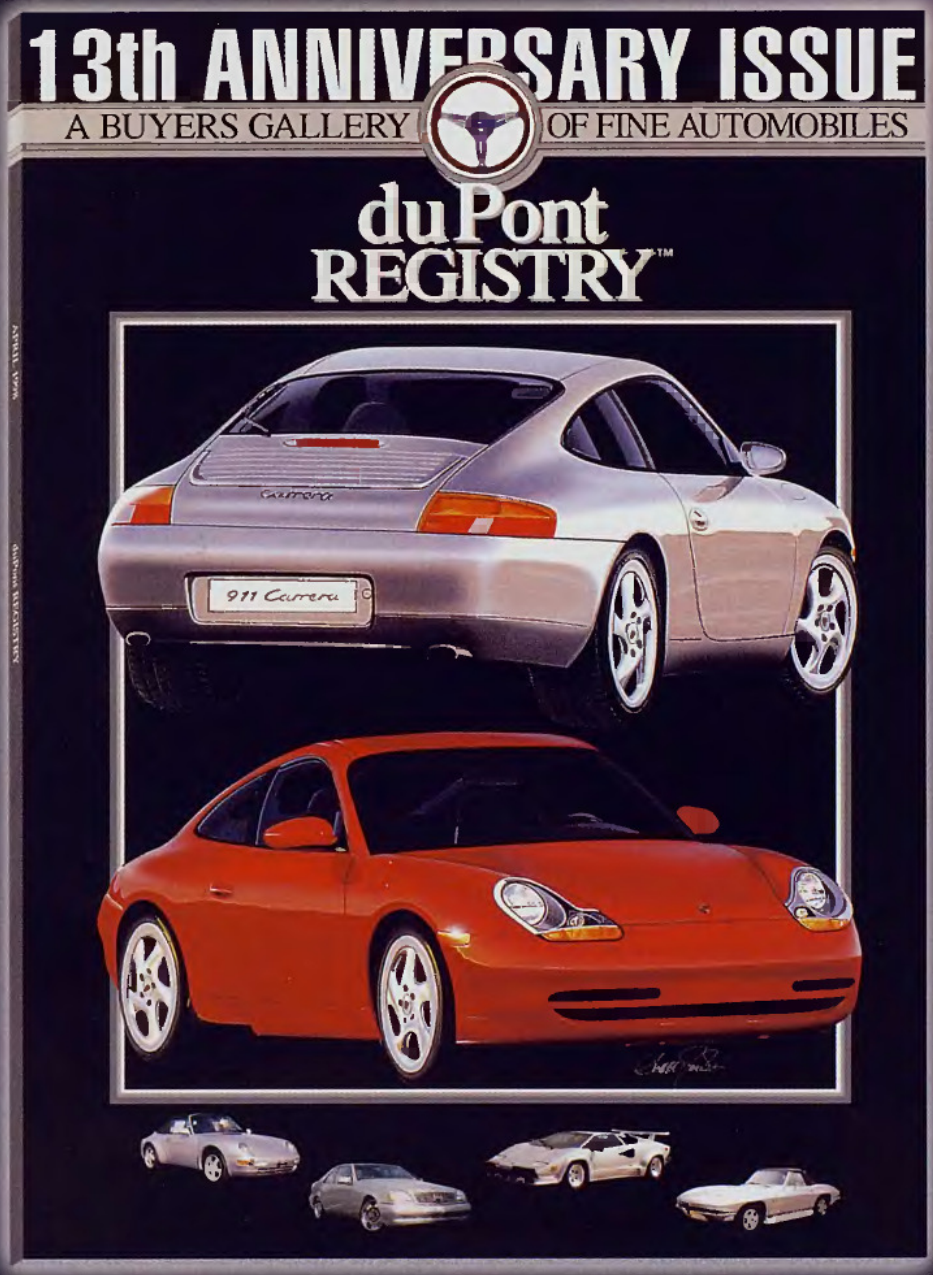
Smoke and Shine

Getting buffed has taken on a whole new meaning in New York. Maxwell's Daily Grind, in the heart of Wall Street at 40 Water Street Plaza, is the city's first shine-and-smoke shop. The shine is on your shoes, often done by a female bootblack using the best polishes and brushes as you relax in an oversize chair. The smokes include more than 50 different cigars as well as imported cigarettes, pipes and pipe tobacco. You are pampered with coffee, tea, pastries, candy, bottled water and soft drinks. Three TVs are set to CNBC, a house necktie is available, sweatshirts and T-shirts featuring the store's name can be purchased, and there are even gift baskets for sale, in case you need a last-minute birthday present.

Tooling Around

If Martha Stewart and Tim Allen were living together, we know which volume would rest on their bedside table: *Smith & Hawken: The Tool Book* by William Bryant Logan, a visually striking 300-page guide to more than 440 gardening products, from pruning knives and saws to a wooden hay rake. Published by Workman, the comprehensive guide is divided into 13 chapters, including "Holding and Hauling," "Clothing and Protection" and the "History of Digging" (with a sidebar on secret gardens). Each tool (the book covers 22 shovels, 21 spades, 12 trowels, 16 hoes, 11 weeders and various knives, axes, hooks, watering cans, shears and scoops) is shown in a color photograph, with a caption exploiting the tool's uses and specifications. Also included are the story of how garden tools evolved, tips on caring for tools and advice on how to keep the garden going in spring, summer and fall. Even if you aren't into gardening, this "indispensable resource that examines the history, beauty and utility of tools" is hard to put down. Price: $40 at any major bookstore.

DREAM WORLD



Over 2000 of the world's most exotic cars, beautifully featured in full color.

Available on Newsstands Worldwide March 24

or call 1-800-233-1731

duPont REGISTRY™

Automobiles • Homes • Boats

• 813-573-9339 •

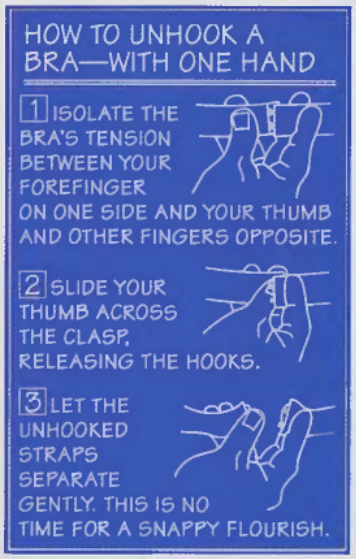
MANTRACK

Hail Caesar!

Caesar Cardini's salad has several variations. Here's one. In a large bowl combine one quarter teaspoon salt with two cloves of peeled, crushed garlic. Add three tablespoons olive oil and one tablespoon lemon juice and whisk rapidly until blended. Add two heads romaine lettuce torn into bite-size pieces. Sprinkle with several tablespoons shredded parmesan cheese and add a drained tin of anchovies and two lightly boiled, chopped eggs. Add a cup of croutons and mix gently. A dash of Worcestershire and Tabasco sauce are optional.

Mr. Bean

Graffeo Coffee sells great coffee beans. Since 1935, its light- and dark-roast blends (the beans are imported from Colombia, Costa Rica and New Guinea) plus a decaf Colombian have been sold by mail order and at select stores and have been served in fine restaurants such as Masa's and Postrio in San Francisco. Most impressive, Graffeo has done it all by word of mouth. Price: $9.50 a pound plus shipping. Call 800-222-6250 or drop by a store in San Francisco, San Rafael, Beverly Hills or Newport Beach.


HOW TO UNHOOK A BRA—WITH ONE HAND
1 ISOLATE THE BRA'S TENSION BETWEEN YOUR FOREFINGER ON ONE SIDE AND YOUR THUMB AND OTHER FINGERS OPPOSITE.
2 SLIDE YOUR THUMB ACROSS THE CLASP, RELEASING THE HOOKS.
3 LET THE UNHOOKED STRAPS SEPARATE GENTLY. THIS IS NO TIME FOR A SNAPPY FLOURISH.

When in a Clinch Make It a Snap

There are enough unexpected challenges facing men these days that we should have firmly at our command those skills we know we will be called on to use. One instance where this is particularly true is when a relationship begins to flourish. A guy needs dexterity. This is critical, especially when ushering in a new level of intimacy. Hence the blueprint at left. This movement should be so fluid that its gracefulness obviates any second thoughts on the woman's part. In fact, it should seem like you're doing her a favor.

Not Just A Woman Thing

Can a woman design a car that turns men on? You bet—as we discovered after testing the new Honda Accord coupe on some of California's twistiest roads. The woman is senior design engineer Laura Minor (left), who led the 17-person, almost-all-male engineering team that worked on the car. ("I grew up in a gender-neutral household where I performed traditional chores as well as tinkered with cars in the garage with my dad.") All the sheet metal on the coupe is newly designed, which was just one of the team's tough challenges. Under the hood of the EX V-6 is a 24-valve 200-hp engine with Honda's variable valve timing. (That's an increase of 30 horsepower over previous models.) Upgraded suspension settings and quicker steering contribute to the car's nimble handling, and its sleek curves and slim proportions help differentiate it from the Accord sedan. Thanks to Minor and company, the Accord, which has a base price of about $18,000, also passed every safety test with flying colors. Ferrari and Lamborghini should take note.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

Hang around
the Playboy Mansion
IN YOUR PAJAMAS. Just like Hef.

Visit the hottest site on the Internet from the comfort of your own home, and tour the Cyber Club.

www.playboy.com

© 1998 PLAYBOY

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What are the latest and greatest sex toys? My wife and I have been using vibrators and cock rings for a number of years and feel we're ready to expand our horizons.—R.T., Tallahassee, Florida

Aren't we all? The staff of the Playboy test bedrooms receives a number of sex toys each month, and a few are so much fun they disappear. (The rest are donated to a program for recovering prudes.) The flavor of the month seems to be clandestine clitoral stimulation. Anne Semans, catalog manager for Good Vibrations (800-289-8423), recommends the Mini Dolphin Vibe. The device is held in place with elastic straps to allow for discreet public arousal or hands-free operation. Semans also expects a shipment of vibrating panties, which have a wireless remote and a strategically placed nub. Imagine the possibilities: You and your wife are at a party, and she's chatting with someone across the room. You reach casually into your pocket. She squirms, then recovers. You smile. Over the course of a few hours, she's on, she's off, she's on, never knowing when it will start or stop. If you're at a wild party, two or three women squirm at once when you hit the remote. If you're at a really wild party, so does the guy you're talking with.

Is there a proper way to throw darts? I just started playing, and I've received conflicting advice. Presently I throw pretty consistently—half into the board and half into the wall.—R.B., Muskogee, Oklahoma

Throw sober. That's our first rule. We asked Rick Osgood, editor of the online magazine Cyber Darts (www.cyberdarts.com), for more-specific pointers. "There are two fundamentals in any target sport: stance and follow-through," he says. "Stand with your feet shoulder-width apart and parallel to the line. Turn the shoulder of your throwing arm to face the board. Raise the dart to eye level. Keep it level as you fully extend your arm and 'place' the dart on the board. Don't throw the dart; guide it to the target. That will force you to follow through." A common mistake is leaning forward, which shortens the distance to the board but puts you off balance. Finally, you should never lunge. You don't need power to throw darts. Cyber Darts offers more guidance, as well as a handy list of excuses for bad throws, including "my hand hit the brim of my cap," "a fly landed on my tip," "bar noise impaired my peripheral hearing" and the classic "I was distracted by my partner's breasts."

My girlfriend and I have been living together for two years. We'd like to try a threesome, but I want two women and she wants two men. I am willing to try what she wants, but she won't fulfill my fantasy. Is there any way to persuade her?—T.M., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Before you try to change her mind, you need to determine why she's reluctant. Is she the jealous type? Perhaps she thinks that inviting another woman will mean she'll have to have sex with her, and she isn't comfortable with that. (You likely won't have sex with the other guy, but two women pleasing each other is a common male fantasy.) Setting boundaries may ease your girlfriend's fears. For example, maybe she wouldn't mind being touched with a vibrator by a woman but has no interest in giving oral sex to anyone but you. These issues can be worked out. Don't forget that your third will bring his or her own fantasies to the encounter—sometimes the biggest problem with threesomes is that they involve three people. In the meantime, break the fantasy standoff and arrange hers. Talk about your boundaries (if you have any) and her expectations. If all goes well, your girlfriend may feel more generous or experimental when the topic comes up again.

Is it impolite to rest your elbows on the table during a meal? My friend says no. I was taught that your elbows should be at your sides unless you're reaching for food.—R.M., Santa Rosa, Texas

Your elbows should be off the table during a meal. That's usually not a problem, since it's otherwise impractical to handle utensils or slip the stuff you don't like to the dog.

During the past two years of my 11-year marriage, my sex life has dwindled to almost nothing. My wife admits she hasn't had any sexual desire for a while. She also told me she doesn't expect to have any interest in the future. She's 28 and I'm 32. I cannot see my sex life stopping now, and I've told her as much. She says marriage is more than sex. I think we should see a counselor or sex therapist. Can you tell me how to choose a good one?—J.P., Peoria, Illinois

The sum of marriage may be more than sex, but the strength of either is nearly always reflected in the other. We doubt your marriage will survive unless you resolve this conflict. Your wife's fading libido may stem from painful intercourse, an inability to reach orgasm or boredom (it happens to everyone). If you're the problem, you need to know that before you waste a lot of time hoping things will improve. Your instinct to get help is a good one. Should your wife refuse, start treatment alone. Dr. Howard Ruppel, executive director of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, recommends that you ask a potential therapist to outline his or her qualifications and experience dealing with couples who have similar problems. For a list of AASECT-certified therapists in your state, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the association at P.O. Box 238, Mount Vernon, Iowa 52314. Good luck.

What's the word on engine additives? Do they work?—W.S., Iowa City, Iowa

We're not sold, and neither are the experts. The Federal Trade Commission came down hard last year on the makers of two popular additives, Slick 50 and Valvoline TM8, for making claims they couldn't support. The companies told consumers that Teflon particles in their products coat engine parts, leading to reduced wear and better gas mileage. David Solomon, editor of the newsletter "Nutz & Boltz" (800-888-0091), has been reporting on Teflon additives for a decade. He considers them "a huge consumer scam." Other additives add extra zinc-d, which Solomon says is overkill and can damage your catalytic converter. A few mail-order additives even hide large amounts of chlorine in their formulas, which leads to corrosion. Rather than additives, Solomon recommends synthetic oil. Research has shown it accomplishes what additives claim to do.

Manicures on women turn me on. My wife has her nails done occasionally to please me. Sometimes she gives me a hand job after visiting the salon. On my birthday she let me pick the color from the manicurist's palette. I was so nervous that I chose something tasteful and subtle rather than what I wanted, which was fire-engine red. Are there other men with similar tastes? Also, how can I get my wife to wear wilder colors?—T.D., San Francisco, California

Signing your letter with red polish was a nice touch. Certainly you're not alone in your fetish. Have you asked your wife if you may do her nails? She could instruct you,

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

and you could choose the colors. If you want to go crazy, do her toes.

During my eight-year marriage and in the relationships prior to it, my partners were on the pill or unable to get pregnant, so I never had to mess with condoms. In the relationships since my divorce three years ago, I've had to use them. To me, wearing a condom is like kissing through a screen door. It deadens sensation to the point that I'm nearly incapable of achieving orgasm and quite often lose my erection. The only condoms I can live with are superthin lambskins, but they're not effective in protecting against sexually transmitted diseases. Short of suggesting a vasectomy, can you give me any guidance?—D.K., Atlanta, Georgia

Don't give up yet. Condoms are essential, but they're also no fun. That's why condom manufacturers are always tinkering with them. There are superthin condoms that protect against STDs, but they aren't always available in drugstores. Condomania (800-926-6366, or www.condomania.com) offers several brands, including latex condoms from Crown of Japan. You might also try X-tra Pleasure by Lifestyles, which features a baggy tip to allow more friction against the head of the penis. Finally, take heart in news from Quebec City's Université Laval. A team led by Dr. Michel Bergeron is developing what he calls an "invisible condom." The product is a nontoxic liquid at room temperature that thickens to a water-soluble gel after being injected with an applicator into the vagina or rectum. It remains effective as a barrier for at least 48 hours. Early studies have shown that the gel can stop the transmission of HIV and herpes. It may also prevent pregnancy, especially if bolstered with spermicides. Dr. Bergeron hopes to have the invisible condom on the market by mid-1999, pending further research and government approval.

Are pink shirts OK on men? My husband looks great in pink, but he says it's not fashionable.—R.E., Los Angeles, California

It's not a color we're wearing this year. But what's fashion for, anyway? If you think he looks desirable in it, a pink shirt is just the right touch when you and he go out together. We suggest a classic pale ice with gray or charcoal trousers.

One of my friends educates teenagers about sex. She tells young men something I don't believe to be true. She claims that anal sex (and any anal play, for that matter) can lead to serious health problems. Most noteworthy is incontinence. Is this true?—R.G., Edinburgh, Scotland

It's not true, and we're afraid to find out what other "lessons" your misinformed friend has for teenagers. The rectum and sphincter are highly flexible and can accommodate a finger, a penis, a dildo. The idea that anal sex leads to incontinence sounds like thinly disguised homophobia. In fact, many gay men never have anal sex, while many straight men and women enjoy anal penetration immensely. Tristan Taormino, author of "The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women" (800-780-2279), notes that anal sex can teach a person to relax and control his or her perineum and sphincter muscles, which in turn can lead to greater bowel control. Further, many people find that anal sex relieves stress. "We carry a lot of tension around in our butts," Taormino says. "If a person can learn to relax so much as to accept a finger or penis or dildo, he or she has those muscles in shape."

My girlfriend and I have been drinking Texas wines for the past two years and have found them as good as or better than some California or French wines. How do the experts think they stack up?—F.W., Arlington, Texas

If you've found something you like, we're not sure it matters what the experts think. Texas wines have risen in stature in recent years, but mostly among Texans. Ninety-six of 100 bottles sold never leave the state. The challenge for Texas' 27 wineries has been producing enough grapes to meet the growing native demand. Since you're a fan of Texas wines, be thankful you live in Texas.

My husband of 26 years is going through a midlife crisis and I feel frustrated. We went from having sex three to four times a week to three to four times a month. Meanwhile, he has a new car and goes to the gym more often. I work in an office where it is just my boss and me. When she was on vacation, I made an appointment with a young, attractive buyer. That day I dressed in a tight blouse and miniskirt. All I wanted to do was tease the guy, but I bent over so much it took a toll. I ended up giving him a blow job as he sat on my desk, then we fucked on the floor of the showroom. We had sex in my office every day that week. I've never acted so perverted before. My question is, am I going through a midlife crisis of my own, or am I just trying to get back at my husband? Please help!—L.T., New York, New York

It doesn't sound like revenge. It sounds like discovery, and that can happen at any age. What will you do with your new knowledge? If you would rather focus your sexual energies on your marriage—and we're assuming you would—take your perverted self straight home. Your husband is looking for new thrills, so show him a few. Talk dirty to him and be specific about what you want. Ask him to meet you for lunch at your office. Put him on your desk. What you do next should stir his imagination.

For me, meeting people has never been easy, but when I ran into a woman I'd seen around the office, I introduced myself. She was wearing a sharp outfit and looked very professional. When I returned to my desk, I kept thinking that I should have complimented her. So I wrote her an e-mail: "We just met in the hallway a few minutes ago. I meant to tell you how nice your outfit is. It was nice to meet you." The next day I was called into a meeting with the human resources director, who told me the woman had filed a sexual harassment complaint! He said I had violated a policy that forbids anyone from creating a "hostile, intimidating or offensive working environment." I tried to explain, but he said, "It's not important what you meant. She took it as sexual harassment." Company policy states that the complaint will be removed in a year. Did I sexually harass this woman? I have seen her around the building since and feel like I should turn and face the wall.—R.T., Cleveland, Ohio

Welcome to the jungle. It wasn't harassment, just naivete, but nowadays that hardly matters. You may have read about the case of the woman who decided she had been harassed because a co-worker discussed an episode of "Seinfeld." The company fired the guy, who then sued for wrongful termination and won $26.6 million. We hoped that ruling might send the pendulum back toward the center. Many women are harassed, but petty complaints only divert attention from legitimate cases. Still, you were foolish to send the message, especially to a stranger. What difference does it make, between two professionals, what you think of her outfit? You could consult a lawyer, but by the time it's all worked out, the notation will be expunged. Keep your head down. When the anniversary of your indiscretion arrives, remind human resources that the complaint must be officially forgotten. Be thankful you're not that woman's boss.

I read recently about a psychological disorder called aphallitosis. The reference said it results from a lack of sex. Can you elaborate?—T.R., Dallas, Texas

We wouldn't know anything about it.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

GUYS ARE GOOD

what we bring to sex

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Men are under assault. A recent stroll past the newsstand showed an avalanche of whining, nagging titles. *Ten Things That Men Don't Get About Women. Ten Secrets of Incredibly Ineffective Lovers. Dumb Things Men Do to Spoil the Mood.*

We got to thinking, Hey, if it weren't for the way men are, there would be no sex at all. Here's a quick list of sterling virtues, right off the top of our head.

We come. Easily. Reliably. Every time. Can you imagine the level of sexual activity if no one came? If it weren't for men, no one would be doing this.

We are interested in sex. We know the ending, but it doesn't matter. We appreciate the style, not the plot.

We support our weight on our elbows and knees. We get the rug burn. We play through the pain. We know sex isn't about comfort. We ignore discomfort to try sex in the backseats of cars, on jungle gyms, in closets. We never say, "Ouch, my hair." Bent-penis syndrome? We'll risk it.

We make the first move. Despite the odds, or the politically correct stance that flirting is a form of sexual harassment, we still make sexual advances. Some women may call that unwanted attention and file lawsuits. We know what it feels like to love someone who doesn't love us. We named it unrequited love and created country-and-western music.

We try to involve the whole person, or at least as many parts of her as we have hands, feet and other moving parts. We spread the energy over her entire body. What girl has ever jammed a finger into her partner's ass, or hung herself in effigy from her partner's nipples?

We can focus. We can treat a woman as more than the sum of her parts, or we can just admire her parts. A nipple can become an entire universe. We can fuck someone's big toe, or the space between her toes. We know how to make a substitute sing. There's another way of saying this: The patent on foreplay is owned by a man.

We never have to pretend, "I haven't done this before." We lead. We teach.

We know the difference between sex and celebrity: Women see Richard Gere fuck a beautiful actress in a shower and they say to themselves, "I want that," meaning Richard Gere. Men say to themselves, "I want that,"

JOHN O'BRIEN

meaning sex in the shower. We keep sex attainable.

We invented the vibrator. And the nipple clamp. And sesame oil. Women invented romance and candlelight, but we popularized hot wax dripped on a partner's body. We always go from the visual to the tactile.

We think with our dicks. Our sexual acts are predicated on desire and physiological honesty. We know what turns us on. A famous study revealed that men's minds and bodies are in tune 90 percent of the time. We know when we are aroused. If you plug a woman into something that measures genital arousal, show her erotica and ask her if she is aroused, half the time she will say no while her body says yes. We can't lie.

We believe in the here and now. We are aware of the sexual potential of a moment long before there is a moment. We do it on impulse, on beaches, in elevators, in restrooms and in closets.

We taught the opposite sex to talk dirty. The conversations we have in locker rooms, when repeated in bed, raise the temperature.

Everything reminds us of sex. It is the benchmark for all comparisons. Golf is almost as good as sex. Windsurfing is just like sex only wetter. The list is endless. We are excitable boys. Consider Kinsey's list of the things that excite young men to their first arousal: sitting at a desk. Sitting in a classroom. Lying still on the floor. Lying still in bed. Sliding down a banister. Chinning on a bar. Climbing a tree, pole or rope. Wrestling with a female. Wrestling with a male. Riding in an automobile. Reading a book. Walking down a street. Milking a cow. Reciting in front of the class. Injury in a car wreck.

Just think: Kinsey created this list in the Fifties, before VCRs, the Internet, *Baywatch*, exercise videos and Nascar.

We call it pussy and worship it. They call it "down there."

Name a sex trick invented by a woman. Hey, guys thought up fellatio, and some liked it so much they stuck to their own sex for centuries.

We like to watch.

We get turned on by tits *and* ass. And collarbones. And sacral dimples.

Need we say more?

GOING DOWN DOWN SOUTH

fighting absurd sex laws

By CHUCK SHEPHERD

If Howard Fletcher, co-founder of the National Sexual Rights Council, has his way, spring-breakers will want to stay out of Florida this year. Too dangerous. Maybe they should head to Iowa. Or South Dakota. Surf's lame, but at least those states aren't weighed down by 19th century sex laws that turn sexually active tourists (and residents) into criminals.

Florida laws prohibit living together, sex outside of marriage and sodomy (defined as "any unnatural and lascivious act"). The sodomy statute also notes, inexplicably, that "a mother's breast-feeding of her baby does not violate this section."

The fact that the state of Florida included this exception suggests that any combination of mouth and breast not involving an infant violates the code. One wonders what law-abiding citizens do for foreplay in Florida.

Sodomy laws in Florida and in many other states are notoriously vague, a sign of the generally uptight demeanor of sexually challenged lawmakers. An exception was the code in the District of Columbia, which showed the dangers of being too specific. Until recently it stipulated that carnal copulation was forbidden not only in the mouth and anus but in any opening of the body other than the vagina. So much for nostril sex or for inserting anything but a Q-Tip into your ear. Was such behavior a serious problem in the capital?

A more important question is: Do the punishments fit the crimes?

If convicted under Florida's antisex laws, which treat cohabitation, fornication and sodomy as misdemeanors, you could face up to 60 days in jail. By some standards, that's progressive. Thirteen states still consider sodomy a felony; some call it an "abominable and detestable crime against nature." Go down on your date in Michigan and you could spend 15 years up the river.

Howard Fletcher thinks all such laws are ridiculous. He could have chosen to make his case in any of the states that criminalize sodomy and fornication, but he chose Florida. If you are willing to go to jail for sex, better to do it in a state that can lock you up for only two months.

Last November, aided by a grant from Hugh Hefner, Fletcher flew from his hometown of Juneau, Alaska to Boca Raton. There he checked into a single-bed hotel suite with a female friend and performed with her a pleasurable variation of lewd and lascivious lovemaking. They broke all three antiquated laws almost before Fletcher's credit card number had cleared the hotel's computer.

(Full disclosure: About the time Fletcher and friend were slam-dunking those three laws, so were yours truly and his primary love unit, in a nearby hotel. Our illegal tryst, of course, was conducted purely in the interest of professional journalism.)

On his third day in Boca Raton, Fletcher held a press conference. No, the sex hadn't been that newsworthy—or at least Fletcher would not go into detail beyond specifying that oral sex took place. Instead he told invited members of the press that he was going to turn himself in to the local police, which he proceeded to do. (Yours truly did not.)

Despite Fletcher's full, written confession and several nonexplicit photographs he made available, the Boca Raton police department said it would have to "conduct further investigation" before the state's attorney could decide whether to file charges. So far, no charges have been filed.

Actually, recalls Fletcher, the presiding detective, Guy DiBenedetto, was a "real professional." In the midst of a Kennedy-worthy array of local television cameras, "he kept a straight face and treated the entire process with dignity and respect. And he also said he'd have to be careful how he behaved with his wife."

The sleep-in became a teach-in. Fletcher carried out his act of civil disobedience self-effacingly, befitting his status as a 66-year-old great-grandfather who genially admits that he is occasionally unable, tumescently, to break as many consensual-sex laws as he would like.

His latest marriage is now almost 20 years running, and it's secure enough, he said, that his wife heartily approved of his Boca Raton tour de force.

With the National Sexual Rights Council, Fletcher has targeted the religious right as the source and defender of repressive sex laws. He describes the enemy as "bigoted, self-righteous, holier-than-thou, hypocritical, narrow-minded, power-hungry, inflexible, anal-retentive, prurient, nosy, reactionary, totally unchristian political terrorists."

Joining Fletcher at his postcoital news conference was the other half of the NSRC leadership, West Palm Beach attorney Elliot Shaw. As passionate on the topic as Fletcher is, Shaw warms to the subject of archaic sex laws.

These statutes "make criminals out of nearly everyone," Shaw told reporters. "Even you," he shouted at a female journalist who had confessed that she lives with her boyfriend. "The laws are based on the double-standard, Madonna/whore complex," he went on, "and they're simply not valid now, if they ever were." The steam in the room was palpable as Shaw plowed through a rack of Masters and Johnson statistics, evolutionary psychology theory ("We are programmed with a massive sex drive") and biblical history ("When Eve stretched out for knowledge beyond the garden, God gave her pain, enmity and total subservience"). He ended his rant sounding like he had just cooked up another agenda item: "These laws are almost something we should report to the human-rights people."

At the press conference, Fletcher explained why the council had chosen Florida. The sleep-in was the opening salvo of a three-pronged attack. Although Fletcher wasn't arrested, he and Shaw say they used his standing as an admitted criminal to file a federal lawsuit to prevent the state from prosecuting him (or anyone else on the same charges). In the suit they demand that the statutes be invalidated as violating the constitutional right of privacy. They hope to take their case to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The suit also seeks an order requiring the state to protect naive visitors, such as those spring-breakers, who may hop into bed unaware that they are breaking the law.

You have to love these guys.

On a second front, the NSRC is attempting to gather almost 500,000

signatures to place its Right of Intimate Privacy Initiative on a statewide ballot this year. The initiative would amend the state constitution to read: "No act of sexual intimacy committed in private between consenting persons above the age of majority shall be prohibited by law." That's a polite way of telling the state to butt out.

As its third initiative, the NSRC is pushing for repeal of the antisex statutes in the state legislature. The group is now lobbying to bring lawmakers on board. The NSRC counts on at least one of these three courses of action to succeed.

When it comes to sex crimes, Florida seems to be the geographic expression of a confused psychopath. Even on good days the police-blotter columns of the state's newspapers are filled with a disproportionately large number of paraphiliacs, both creative and mundane.

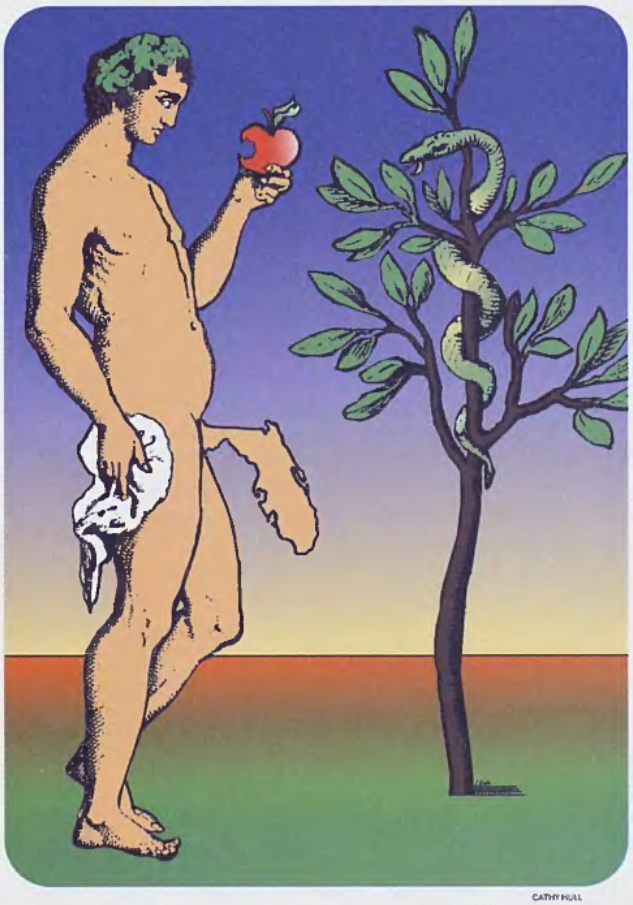
But just when observers realize that the best thing for the state might be for it to admit itself en masse to the Betty Ford Clinic, along come Fletcher and Shaw to reveal that Florida has even more perverts (hundreds of thousands, in fact), than previously known. It's not just the spring-breakers but also the senior citizens who buddy up out of convenience and occasional wildness. The criminal class includes swingers on baseball's world champion Marlins, and even the Goldie Hawns and Kurt Russells who drop in at Disney World or South Beach. (We have no idea if Goldie and Kurt have ever violated the laws of Florida. But if they bunk down in the same hotel room, they're at least guilty of cohabitation.)

For a nation whose church and state are supposed to have been separated, biblical admonitions and religious doctrine saturate our sex laws. Florida's fornication law, says Fletcher, originates with the notion that a daughter is the property of her father until marriage. (The government acts as if someone has broken into Dad's garage and ruined his power saw.) Similarly, allowing only marriage partners to have government-approved sex is based on biblical teachings that a woman escapes from her father's bonds only by becoming the chattel of her husband. Any man who slept with another man's wife, says Fletcher, "was in fact committing theft, much as joyriding is grand theft auto."

Despite Florida's take on it, the predominant view among Americans holds that marriage is merely a civil contract under which the parties are free, but not legally required, to commit to sexual exclusivity.

Prevention of sodomy—that abominable and detestable crime against nature—has a biblical basis as well, but Fletcher says it may also be grounded in the need for one tribe to outpopulate another. Hence, there can be no wasted seed. But Fletcher believes that the amount of thrill-ride sex today outstrips procreative sex by at least 1000 to 1 (which is good, if you believe the anti–population growth activists).

To be valid, according to the U.S. Supreme Court's familiar test of constitutionality, a law must serve a "legitimate" government interest, and if it infringes on a fundamental right, such as the right of privacy in intimate relations, it must have "compelling" justification. The NSRC says the three Florida laws that Fletcher violated and similar ones on the books in dozens of other states fail this "legitimate and compelling interest" test.



CATHY HULL

In fact, the only justification the government might muster is that it somehow has a duty to make everyone a biblically good citizen, just as some public high schools have SAT preparation courses to help students get into college, a lawmaker might argue, the purpose of these laws is to help people get into heaven. But it is done, in most cases, against our wills.

OK, the laws are stupid, but how big a priority is eliminating them? After all, asked one reporter, how often are they enforced?

"Every day," says Shaw.

He admits that the newspapers aren't filled with accounts of police officers breaking down doors to arrest fornicators. But the laws often crop up in other legal actions. Marv Albert was accused of forcible sodomy, but even had he proved that the act was consensual, he could still have faced up to five years in jail for it.

Most of the time the laws do damage in ways that are far more subtle. Last summer in Texas, for instance, a child-welfare official removed a baby from his foster mother's care because the woman was living in sin with another woman. The official contended that, as the state's sodomy laws criminalize homosexual sex, the foster mother was involved in an ongoing crime.

Lawmakers are notoriously unenlightened when it comes to revising sex laws. Letting the people decide through a referendum is a compelling idea. But getting on the ballot won't be easy. The NSRC will need those half a million signatures.

Still, says Shaw, the NSRC's campaign is a lot more realistic than waiting until a majority of Florida's lawmakers stand in the legislature to praise shacking up and lactation-free breast kissing.

So far, the demand for warnings to out-of-staters is the NSRC's most intriguing idea. The legislature might have to call on the good people of Sheraton and Hyatt and their stockholders to warn their guests and, more onerously, to check proof of matrimony before allowing two people to share a room.

Imagine if the state were compelled to display this warning at its borders: WELCOME TO FLORIDA. SPEED LIMIT 65 MPH. CONJUGAL SEX ONLY. (WE ID.)

(Reach the NSRC at www.sexrights.org or toll-free at 1-888-247-9413.)

SENTENCING BACKLASH

I applaud PLAYBOY for James Bovard's article on drug sentences. "Time Out for Justice" (*The Playboy Forum*, December) shows clearly the incongruity of our country's criminal-sentencing guidelines. I question the morality of a drug policy that categorizes drug users as more dangerous than murderers. People should have an inalienable right to do whatever we like to ourselves. Criminalizing drug use is like prohibiting bungee jumping. The sport can have fatal consequences, but you can't make it a crime to take the risk. Bovard's account of Will Foster's conviction is all the more disturbing because Foster harmed nobody by growing marijuana in his home. He wasn't even taking a life risk (unless, of course, you take into account his 93-year sentence). I hope similar editorial treatment of the drug war catastrophe will encourage a more humane approach.

Joel Johnson
San Jose, California

It's good to see a publication express the truth with regard to our war on drugs. We have let this ridiculous campaign practically eradicate our Fourth Amendment rights via random drug testing in the workplace, absurd search-and-seizure laws and forced disclosure of private medical information. Other countries have proved that chemical McCarthyism does not work, leaving the U.S. government to answer an important question: How long can it keep the truth from the American people?

George Atterberry
Oakford, Illinois

Hats off to PLAYBOY and Bovard for addressing issues most mainstream media studiously ignore. As libertarians have long suspected, drugs don't create crime; drug laws create crime. But there's more to the phenomenon than just a misallocation of criminal justice system resources. Bovard is right to call on us to protect ourselves from our protectors. They have made our streets less safe and trashed the Constitution—all to protect us from ingesting, injecting or inhaling the substances of our choice. Chicago's former mayor Richard J. Daley's slip of the tongue never rang so true: "The police are not here to create disorder. They are here to preserve disorder."

Tony Pivetta
Royal Oak, Michigan

Disturbing as the stories are in Bovard's article, they represent the reality behind the delusional rhetoric of drug warriors. As more people learn what's really happening, our leaders may be forced to abandon these destructive and counterproductive policies.

Steve Young
Roselle, Illinois

Thank you for helping us to see beyond the darkness of the war on drugs. Marijuana has ripped this country apart, from the Supreme Court justice who said he would not get in the way of a war on drugs to a crippled Will Foster getting a 93-year prison sentence for growing marijuana for medicinal use. It's refreshing to see enlightened media tackle the tough issues for a change.

William Hamlin
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

On the heels of Bovard's article comes a study of the prison population in Massachusetts, conducted by assistant attorney general William Brownsberger. The study reveals that almost half of 1175 drug offenders sentenced to long mandatory prison terms have no record of violent crime. Further study of 151 of those inmates found that only one third had ever been convicted of a violent crime, and only one in 12 had been convicted of a crime such as assault with intent to kill.

Brownsberger rightly sums

FOR THE RECORD

THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE

"Ambrose banished the thought and reached for a condom. Yasmin grinned and writhed on the bed, arching her back, making a noise somewhere between a beached seal and a police siren. And then he was there. Slowly at first, dead slow—she liked that, he knew. Then speeding up gradually to gain a rhythm until he was punching smoothly in and out of her like a sewing machine. Her noises increased in volume until she was producing a throaty ululation. He sensed that unmistakable stirring common to all men, that loosening, as he liked to think of it, of the bow ropes on the big white submarine."

—*The Matter of the Heart* BY NICHOLAS ROYLE

"And he plunges into me with his iron stalk, touching my womb again and again until I weep tears of joy. At last he ejaculates, shuddering and growling, making the noises of a seal baying at the Arctic moon."

—*Of Blessed Memory* BY ERICA JONG

"She unbuttoned her shirt. They stood there. Skin to skin. Her nut-brown breasts (that wouldn't support a toothbrush) against his smooth ebony chest. His hands were on her haunches (that could support a whole array of toothbrushes), pulling her hips against his to let her know how much he wanted her."

—*The God of Small Things* BY ARUNDHATI ROY

The winner and two of the nominees, respectively, of the "Literary Review" 1997 Grand Booby Prize for Bad Sex in the English Novel, one of the UK's most dreaded literary awards.

RESPONSE

up the situation: "We have to respond to drug dealing forcibly, and incarceration is often an appropriate response. But today we are going too far."

Mandatory sentences are a major cause of overcrowded prisons, budgetary excesses and outright injustice, especially when a nonviolent drug offender serves more time than someone convicted of manslaughter. Drop the mandatory sentences and let judges weigh each case on its own merit.

Doug Watkins
Boston, Massachusetts

Trevor Coleman, a columnist for the *Detroit Free Press*, must have been on the same wavelength as Bovard when Coleman ran a piece on the case of Mindy Brass, a California resident who was extradited to Michigan in 1992 and convicted of conspiracy to distribute cocaine. In fact, Brass had never set foot in Michigan but was caught up in a sting that lured two guys she had secured coke for to Michigan. They were busted for trafficking and gave up Brass as a co-conspirator. Under Michigan's "650 lifer law" anyone convicted of delivery or conspiracy to deliver 650 grams or more of any mixture containing heroin or cocaine is sentenced automatically to life without parole. In California, she would have served two years for the same crime.

The kicker about Brass' case is the fact that, at the age of 39, she is in need of a heart transplant, which has been refused because of her life sentence.

When you read about cases such as Brass' and Foster's, you have to wonder when the absurdity is going to stop. Please continue to do everything you can to expose these extreme sentences.

Donna Troy
Detroit, Michigan

Eight years ago, when I decided to put a stop to the illicit drug business, I feared for my safety. Taking the profit out of the drug trade by handing out free drugs was clearly the answer. As a hopeful candidate for Cook County state's attorney, I outlined my plan to have the U.S. government buy drugs (for peanuts) from drug-producing countries. As time passed and my ideas for a dramatic change in drug policy proved to be entirely unpalatable to the powers that be, I came to realize why my arsenic recipe for drug dealers never endangered my personal safety. The dealers already knew what I was still learning—that in America drug tolerance in any form is intolerable.

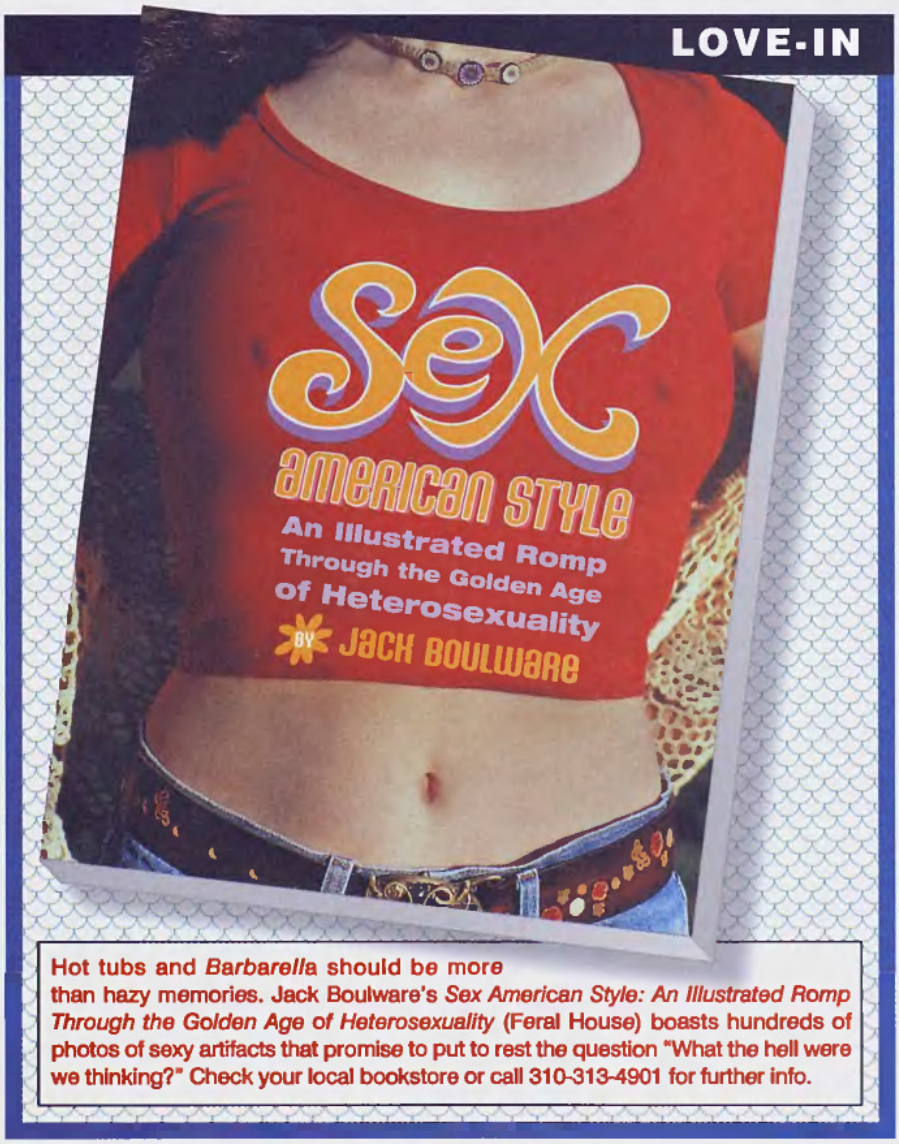
I still shake my head in amazement when I recall law-enforcement officers' burning confiscated drug contraband while government officials would knowingly, intentionally and willfully maneuver to keep drug prices high. Perhaps the campaign to put a stop to this nonsense lacks a snappy slogan that would help the idea catch on. How about "Take a snort out of crime—end the war on drugs"?

James Gierach
Oak Lawn, Illinois

Thank you for "Time Out for Justice." It's time the public learn about the draconian sentences being given to nonviolent first-time drug offenders in the U.S. while true criminals are free to walk the streets.

I am one of your horror stories, a first-time nonviolent offender who is serving a life sentence without the possibility of parole, convicted of conspiracy to possess and intent to distribute cocaine. Unlike my traitorous friend who turned out to be an FBI informant, I had nothing to offer the government, so I was given life. But a life sentence wasn't enough. The government came with a civil forfeiture against my assets, and I had to agree to a 50-50 split or I would have lost it all. Before my arrest I was employed as a commercial pilot by Eastern Airlines and had never been in trouble with

LOVE-IN



Hot tubs and *Barbarella* should be more than hazy memories. Jack Boulware's *Sex American Style: An Illustrated Romp Through the Golden Age of Heterosexuality* (Feral House) boasts hundreds of photos of sexy artifacts that promise to put to rest the question "What the hell were we thinking?" Check your local bookstore or call 310-313-4901 for further info.

the law. I do not have answers, but I know that something is very wrong with our justice system when people who could be productive, tax-paying members of society are in prison for life while cold-blooded murderers are on their way home.

David Correa
Coleman, Florida

It pains me to see that a murderer can be out on parole while a man who grows marijuana for his own medicinal use is in prison for life with no possibility for parole. Please stop this insanity and, as Bovard says, save us from our saviors.

Jeremy Cranfill
Salt Lake City, Utah

It seems that the war on drugs has escalated since the passage of federal forfeiture laws and other financial incentives designed to induce local law enforcement to act against drug offenders. While the idea of legalizing hard drugs such as cocaine and heroin is of debatable merit, we should decriminalize marijuana. Because drug legalization is unlikely to happen any time soon, other measures should be taken to lessen the impact of this immoral war.

Federal forfeiture laws ought to be abolished, as they make it too appealing for police agencies to abuse the law. We should also do away with mandatory minimums, which make it impossible for a judge to consider extenuating circumstances or the relative gravity of each crime.

Brian Rodgers
Grove City, Ohio

WEB SITES

Thanks for your features "Web Sites of the Weird," parts one and two (*The Playboy Forum*, April 1997 and January). I have accessed some of these sites and have even managed to get Focus on the Family to send me a monthly newsletter. I have never seen so many bigots in one place. I say it always helps to know what your enemies are up to.

Nick Wride
Hawthorne, Nevada

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum @playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

THY WILL BE DONE

hospital mergers leave no choice

By STEPHEN RAE

She is a 19-year-old single welfare mother, struggling to finish community college. She had been getting free birth control shots at Leonard Hospital, in her hometown of Troy, New York. But recently, Leonard merged with St. Mary's Hospital and became part of the Catholic-run Seton Health System. When she showed up for her Depo-Provera she was told, "We don't do that here anymore."

In rural California, a rape victim made her way to her community hospital's emergency room. That hospital also changed some of its policies after it merged with a Catholic institution. In the ER, the woman was neither given nor told about the morning-after pill, a large dose of oral contraceptives that can prevent pregnancy up to 72 hours after intercourse. She got the pills in the parking lot, in a paper bag, in the dark—standard operating procedure so long as the bishop doesn't find out.

If single anecdotes don't shock you, consider these numbers from Catholics for a Free Choice: In a single year 14 of 16 Catholic hospitals in the Chicago area refused to offer morning-after pills to more than 1000 rape victims.

When Catholic and non-Catholic hospitals merge, morality can take a grim toll. The battle for a woman's right to choose has been fought and won in court. But that right is being eroded not only by fanatics bombing clinics or madmen killing doctors but also by the big business of health care.

"The focus of our work has always been making sure the laws stay as prochoice as they are now," says Lois Uttley, director of Merger Watch, a reproductive rights project. "But a couple of years ago, much to our surprise and dismay, we discovered that the women's health services we were trying to protect through law were being lost through changes in the health care industry." It is not solely a Catholic problem. Mergers involving Adventist and Southern Baptist hospitals have also resulted in restricted access to family-planning services.

In reality, 83 percent of the sectarian hospitals in this country are Catholic, no other faith having made health care for the poor such a significant part of its mission. The problem isn't the Catholic faith—it's Catholicism instilled into what should be comprehensive and nonjudgmental medical care. Besides their obvious conflict with abortion services, Catholic-run hospitals don't deal with the most basic reproductive technologies: tubal ligations, vasectomies, contraceptive prescriptions and in vitro fertilizations. All are banned by the *Ethical and Religious Directives for Catholic Health Care Services*, a 70-point guideline issued by the National Conference of Catholic Bishops. A woman who wants to have her tubes tied when she gives birth—as many do to avoid the expense and risk of undergoing a second operation—may be refused. Specifically, the *Directives* state: "Direct sterilization of either men or women, whether permanent or temporary, is not permitted in a Catholic health care institution when

its sole immediate effect is to prevent conception."

As for acceptable forms of conception, the *Directives* have those covered too: "When the marital act of sexual intercourse is not able to attain its procreative purpose, assistance that does not separate the unitive and procreative ends of the act, and does not substitute for the marital act itself, may be used to help married couples conceive." Similarly, if someone contracts HIV, a Catholic hospital may treat the person, but it will not teach safe sex even if it means protecting the life of that person's partner(s).

In 1996 nearly 15 percent of the nation's independent hospitals were involved in mergers, acquisitions or joint ventures. To stay open in the face of government cutbacks and increased competition from for-profit chains, nonprofit hospitals are uniting to consolidate their services.

Catholic hospitals aren't immune to pressures. Indeed, the size of the Catholic health care system—some 600 hospitals (about ten percent of the nation's total)—makes it a force in the market. In 1996 the two most active purchasers of hospitals were Catholic Healthcare West, which controlled 32 hospitals, and the Sisters of the Sorrowful Mother–U.S. Health System, which ran 22. While the Church prefers to merge within the fold, a study by the Kaiser Family Foundation found that more than three quarters of 131 formal affiliations entered into by Catholic hospitals between 1990 and 1996 involved non-Catholic partners.

Too often, a condition of these unions is that the formerly independent institution adhere to Catholic dogma on "morally and spiritually harmful" health care practices. To wit, directive number eight: "Because of the ecclesial nature of this relationship, the relevant requirements of canon law will be observed with regard to the foundation of a new Catholic institution; the substantial revision of the mission of an institution; and the sale, sponsorship transfer or closure of an existing institution."

That means hospitals placed under the *Directives* will no longer honor your living will concerning withdrawal of life support if the will conflicts with Catholic moral teachings. While physician-assisted suicide is legal only in Oregon, doctors everywhere prescribe drugs that can ease and hasten a patient's death; they cannot do so under the *Directives*. If the choice is between unbearable agony and death, the bishops counsel that "the patient should be helped to appreciate the Christian understanding of redemptive suffering."

Mergers between public and religious hospitals often take a community by surprise. One day last fall, citizens of Cumberland, Maryland learned that a planned merger of the town's two hospitals—Catholic-run Sacred Heart and nonsectarian Memorial—would relocate all births, surgeries and acute-care services to Sacred Heart, a hospital with a crucifix in every room and prayers piped over the loudspeakers. Many residents protested that the merger would violate the spirit of religious freedom, or, rather, freedom from religion. Sacred Heart offered to remove a crucifix if a patient requested it. As if sick people don't have enough to worry about.

Government has little say over which services are provided by private hospitals. In the wake of *Roe vs. Wade*, many states passed broad conscience clauses that give health care providers the freedom to bar services that conflict with their moral views. You might complain about the cross hanging on the wall, but no secular individual can change the bishops' *Directives*.

There are solutions. In some mergers doctors have provided reproductive services in a legally autonomous, separately funded on-site facility. One merger located abortion and other reproductive-health services at an independent facility endowed as part of the agreement. In another, two hospitals that merged in Battle Creek, Michigan and agreed to follow the *Directives* continue to provide sterilization in a "condominium hospital" (with its own corporate structure, financing, board and staff) on the top floor of the former nonsectarian hospital. A lawsuit eventually forced the merged Leonard–St. Mary's hospitals to provide referral counseling for patients in need of birth control. In Wauwatosa, Wisconsin an affiliation, instead of a merger, left the nonsectarian partner free to perform sterilization and in vitro fertilization. The Catholic-run partner does not share in revenue from those services.

The question "Who decides what kind of health care you will get?" should have one answer: you.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BOOB JOB

SEATTLE—*Police charged an electrician at the Kingdome with trespassing after he installed a hidden camera in the locker room of the Seattle Seahawks cheerleaders.*

Police say the 37-year-old man removed the opaque glass in a light fixture, mounted a video camera, then installed clear glass. One of the cheerleaders spotted the camera and called police, who confiscated the video. According to court documents, "The tape shows the defendant looking up at the ceiling in the changing room and using a remote-control unit. When the defendant thought he was turning on the camera, he apparently ejected the tape. The tape does not show any of the Sea Gals."

SINGING IN CODE

LOS ANGELES—*The National Organization for Women and other groups attacked the British band Prodigy for a song titled "Smack My Bitch Up." The band's producer defended the song, telling the "Los Angeles Times" that the title and sole lyric ("Change my pitch up/Smack my bitch up") are not about hitting women. Rather, "it means doing anything intensely, like being onstage—going for extreme manic energy."*

SUPPLEMENTAL JUSTICE

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA—*During a routine security check at a local hospital, guards found a small bag of powder in a man's pocket. They phoned police, who arrested 27-year-old Malvin Marshall for possession of heroin and sent the evidence to the state crime lab. Marshall protested that the powder wasn't heroin, but he couldn't meet his $100,000 bail so he sat in jail. Six weeks later, the "heroin" turned out to be vitamins that had gone through the washing machine.*

BIBLE LESSONS

KENNA, WEST VIRGINIA—*Despite protests from students and teachers, the school board removed 17 books from high school libraries, including several novels—among them Alice Walker's "The Color Purple"—and "100 Questions and Answers About AIDS." The controversy began when the mother of two students protested that Walker's work and the other books contain profanity and descriptions of rape, molestation and homosexual behavior. School board member Happy Joe Parsons told "The Charleston Gazette" that he knows "The Color Purple" teaches important lessons. But, he added, "I believe it could teach the lessons without the foul language. The Bible does a good job of that."*

DEFENDING SEX

NEW PALTZ, NEW YORK—*A couple who asked to remain anonymous presented the State University of New York at New Paltz with a $350,000 gift in support of free speech after the school came under fire for sponsoring a conference on sexuality. The women's studies department organized the event, titled "Revolting Behavior: The Challenges of Women's Sexual Freedom." It featured a performance artist and panels on sadomasochism, lesbianism, safe sex and "how to get what you want in bed," among other topics. The governor ordered an investigation, while two university trustees asked New Paltz president Roger Bowen to resign because he had offered opening remarks at the daylong event. He refused, saying he would not "give in to the philistines" and make his office "a board of censorship."*

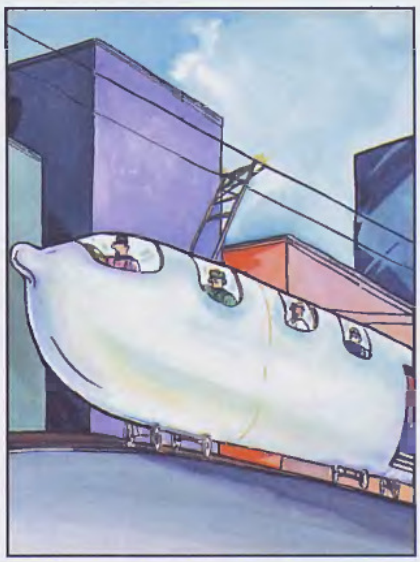
ZEROING OUT

COLORADO SPRINGS—*An elementary school principal suspended a first-grader for passing out lemon drops at school, citing the school district's drug policies. The boy's mother asked for an apology, but school officials refused. "Students reported to the teacher that the boy was handing out something they perceived as a controlled substance," an administrator told reporters. The principal, who wasn't familiar with the brand of candy, which looks somewhat like tablets, phoned the fire department and an ambulance "to be on the safe side." The astonished mother told "The Denver Post": "I can't believe these people are educating our kids."*

THORNTON, COLORADO—*Citing a zero-tolerance policy toward sexual harassment, a principal threatened a fifth-grade girl with suspension after she and a group of girlfriends repeatedly asked a classmate on the playground if he liked any of them. He insisted he did not and notified a teacher.*

TROLLEY VOLLEY

MOSCOW—*Fifty protesters, most of them elderly women, threw eggs at a tram manned by health workers dispensing information about birth control. Some also spray-painted antisex graffiti on the streetcar, which health officials had christened "Desire." According to news reports, one protester shouted, "These people will languish in hell for what they are doing!" while another crossed out "Desire" and wrote "Bordello" in its place. The head of the Russian Family Planning Association,*



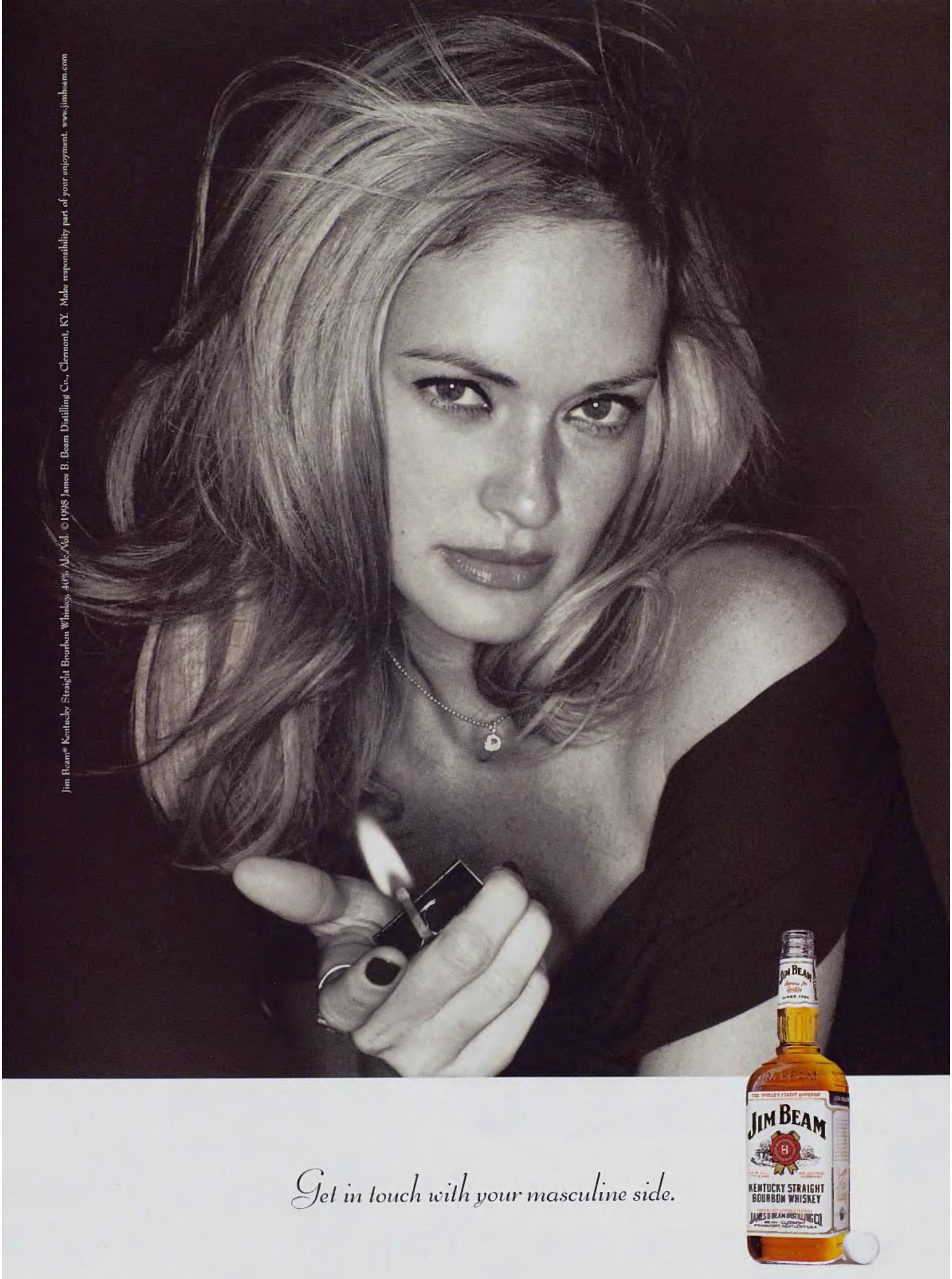
who was aboard the tram, expressed dismay at the protest because so many Russians are ignorant about contraceptives. Three million abortions are performed in Russia each year, about four times the number performed in the U.S.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1998

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.


Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 40% Alc./Vol. ©1998 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY. Make responsibility part of your enjoyment. www.jimbeam.com
JIM BEAM
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
JAMES B BEAM DISTILLING CO.
Get in touch with your masculine side.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOE ESZTERHAS

a candid conversation with hollywood's richest writer about his hits ("basic instinct"), his bombs ("showgirls") and his tough-guy feuds with stallone and ovitz

When Joe Eszterhas speaks about how his famous feud with Michael Ovitz punctured the veneer of Ovitz, then considered the most powerful man in Hollywood, the writer credits his ancestry.

"They say that if a Hungarian walks into a room and there are a hundred people in that room and one has an ingrown toenail, the Hungarian will go right up to the person with the ingrown toenail and jump up and down on it. That situation was clearly Ovitz' ingrown toenail."

The 53-year-old Hungarian immigrant has stomped on many ingrown toenails over the past two decades while becoming Hollywood's highest-paid screenwriter—and its most contentious. He has received an unprecedented $4 million for a script. His film hits—sex-soaked and highly castable sagas such as "Flashdance," "Basic Instinct" and "Jagged Edge"—have grossed more than $1 billion total. Even his strikeouts are memorable, including "Jade," "Sliver" and the critically reviled "Showgirls." And in a world where screenwriters expect their words and plots to be altered at the whim of more powerful directors, producers and stars, Eszterhas refuses to suffer such indignities quietly.

That attitude began with his first movie script, when he challenged Sylvester Stallone to a fistfight after the "Rocky" star rewrote Eszterhas' screenplay "F.I.S.T." and demanded a writing credit. Eszterhas has battled with director Adrian Lyne over the ending of "Flashdance," defied a studio chief on the ending of "Jagged Edge," clashed famously with director Paul Verhoeven and Michael Douglas on "Basic Instinct" and incurred the wrath of feminists everywhere for writing the lap-dance fiasco "Showgirls."

In Hollywood, people still talk about his most potentially lethal confrontation. Eszterhas risked career suicide by leaving Creative Artists Agency and angering its then-chairman, Michael Ovitz. Eszterhas wanted to rejoin his former agent and friend Guy McElwaine, who had returned to agenting at a CAA rival after a stint as a studio president. Eszterhas reveals that when he broke the news to Ovitz during a volatile meeting, Ovitz threatened him, saying, "My foot soldiers who go up and down Wilshire Boulevard each day will blow your brains out."

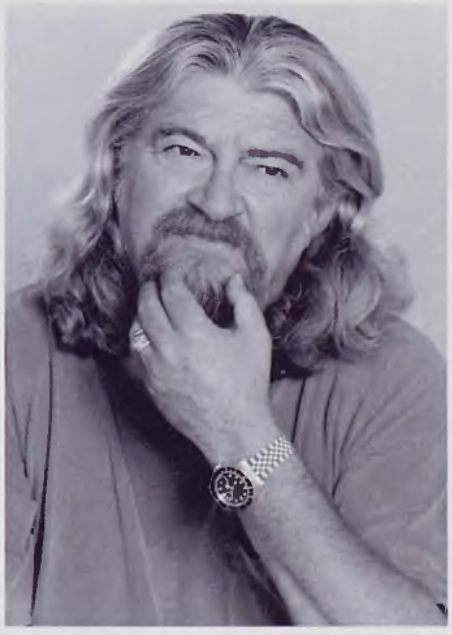
Rather than face those foot soldiers silently, Eszterhas wrote a detailed summation of the meeting, along with his "fuck you" response, and defiantly mailed it off to Ovitz. Within days, it mysteriously became the most widely faxed memo in Hollywood, setting off a media firestorm. (Who actually leaked the memo had been a long-guarded secret—until this interview.) Despite vehement denials from a clearly stunned Ovitz, Eszterhas became a standard-bearer for an industry that felt CAA was becoming too powerful for anyone's good.

Eszterhas was born in 1944 in Hungary, under circumstances that make his defiance and anger understandable. He spent the first six years of his life in refugee camps filled with poverty, despair and suicide, until his family emigrated to the U.S., where they continued to live in poverty. His father, Istvan, worked long hours at a Hungarian-language newspaper and barely had time for his son. Even Eszterhas' close relationship with his mother, Maria, unraveled. Already traumatized by the indignities of the refugee camps, she was diagnosed with schizophrenia and had extended relapses during Eszterhas' early teens. He was a self-conscious boy with a heavy Hungarian accent who tried to fit into a tough neighborhood on Cleveland's West Side by joining a gang. Finally, his rage manifested itself when, at the age of 13, he brained a bully with a baseball bat, nearly killing the boy. Afterward, he retreated into a cocoon that would shape his future as a writer. He read, wrote, and listened to rock and roll and Cleveland Indians games on the radio, diversions that remain passions in his life.

A much different Eszterhas emerged from

"This was 'Rolling Stone,' the hippest place in the country. Hunter Thompson comes in to a party, and out of his bag he pulls the biggest hypodermic needle I've ever seen, sticks it into his navel and shoots it all in."

"I don't think my hassle with Mike Ovitz helped my career. What helped was that six months after that hassle, I sold 'Basic Instinct' for $3 million, and the film did $350 million around the world."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"They gathered about 100 of the toughest Teamsters on the lot, and Michael Eisner got up and said, 'Guys, I'm going to ask you a real simple question. Which of these three women do you want to sleep with?'"

that cocoon in high school and college, when he became a crusading and controversial journalist. Named the country's top collegiate journalist while at Ohio University, he used the acclaim to get a job covering crime at Cleveland's "Plain Dealer." There he flourished, making international headlines when he published photographs that authenticated articles by Seymour Hersh about the massacre of Vietnamese women and children in My Lai. His rise at the paper was short lived, however. Eszterhas was fired in 1971 for writing an article critical of his employers—just as the paper was being sued for a story he wrote. The U.S. Supreme Court upheld a $60,000 judgment for a woman who sued because Eszterhas characterized her as having been a cooperating source in his story when in fact he hadn't spoken with her.

Unfazed, Eszterhas moved to "Rolling Stone" and became, along with the likes of Hunter S. Thompson, a cornerstone of the magazine's gonzo journalism. Covering subjects including motorcycle gangs, Evel Knievel and a remembrance of the Kent State shootings, Eszterhas was soon drawing praise and job offers from Hollywood. He made that transition with his first screenplay, "F.I.S.T."

His films have featured a broad range of characters, from World War Two war criminals ("Music Box") to right-wing extremists ("Betrayed") to hypochondriacal advertising executives ("Checking Out"). But he has made his fortune and reputation writing steamy crime mysteries laced with sex, including "Jagged Edge" and the Paul Verhoeven–directed "Basic Instinct," in which Sharon Stone became an international star simply by uncrossing and crossing her legs. Eszterhas stayed too long in the sex genre, as evidenced by the weighty flops "Showgirls" and "Jade." The failure of those films has prompted him to change course.

As he works on multimillion-dollar script assignments—one is about the Russian mafia; another concerns U.S. militia groups—Eszterhas has two recent movies that he hopes will help him recover.

"Telling Lies in America" is a coming-of-age story about a teenage Hungarian immigrant (Brad Renfro) who latches on to a smooth-talking DJ (Kevin Bacon). That film's gentle tone is offset by the raucous mock documentary "An Alan Smithee Film: Burn Hollywood Burn," in which Stallone, Whoopi Goldberg, Jackie Chan, attorney Robert Shapiro and producer Robert Evans play themselves. The film is about a director named Smithee who makes a $200 million action film from which he wants his name pulled. He can't remove it, however, because when a director pulls his name off a film, the Directors Guild requires that the director's name be replaced by a specific pseudonym—Alan Smithee. Frustrated, the director steals the master print and destroys it.

Even that film couldn't escape controversy, as Eszterhas clashed with its director, Arthur Hiller, former president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. After Eszterhas made his own cut of the film, Hiller abruptly withdrew his name—meaning that "An Alan Smithee Film" became a film directed by Alan Smithee.

There were other feuds as well, especially with agents. Eszterhas left Arnold Rifkin, the William Morris agent who put together "Alan Smithee," even though Rifkin stocked the film with his clients Stallone, Goldberg and Chan. Eszterhas became disenchanted when he dropped his latest spec script, "Male Pattern Baldness," on Rifkin's desk and mentioned that Betty Thomas was ready to direct it. Rifkin told him he wouldn't have time to read it for a week or two. By that time, Eszterhas was being wooed by ICM, the agency that represents Thomas. She will shoot the comedy as her next film.

Though he has always isolated himself from the Hollywood social scene, Eszterhas' personal life became tabloid fodder during the making of "Sliver." The film's co-producer (and Eszterhas' friend) Bill Macdonald fell in love with Sharon Stone and left his wife, Naomi Baka. The emotionally distraught Baka became a fixture in the Eszterhas household. Before long, Eszterhas fell in love with her and left his wife of 24 years, Geri, and their two children.

We both love pushing the envelope, to move people and be provocative. Bring us together, and things can get a little hairy.

One bitter and expensive divorce later, Eszterhas lives happily with Naomi in a two-storied Spanish Mediterranean–style home just past Malibu in Point Dume. Since marrying, Eszterhas and his second wife have had three sons, Joey, Pompi and John Law. His ex-wife still doesn't speak to him, but he has regained closeness with his grown children from that marriage, Steven and Suzanne.

To get to the bottom of the Eszterhas mystique, PLAYBOY *called on* **Michael Fleming,** *a columnist for "Daily Variety" who has chronicled many of the writer's deals and feuds. Fleming reports: "Though I've interviewed him many times, Eszterhas' physical presence is always daunting. He's tall and barrel-chested, and his lion's mane of hair and his beard make him seem as though he could fit in easily with the motorcycle gangs he once wrote about for 'Rolling Stone.' Belying that hard-edged image and his controversial press is the fact that the man is actually gentle, particularly in the company of Naomi and their three sons.*

"The living room of Eszterhas' home features posters from his films and other mementos, including a framed T-shirt that reads CATHERINE DID IT, *with one of the I's pictured as an ice pick. It was the shirt worn by gay protesters who were so angered by 'Basic Instinct' that they tried to publicize the surprise ending.*

"Eszterhas is a journalist's dream. As a former journalist, he's honest about how much money he makes and will come clean on the creative spats common in filmmaking that are hushed up by just about everyone else in Hollywood. It's doubtful that anyone else of his stature would have dared write 'Smithee' or push it into release with such kamikaze ferocity."

PLAYBOY: You've written *Smithee*, a movie that satirizes the filmmaking process. Take us through the task of putting such a movie together.

ESZTERHAS: Naomi was the first person who read it. Next was my agent at the time, Arnold Rifkin. No response for a couple of days. Then Arnold called and said, "Listen, what you should do is put this script in a drawer and not show it to anybody, because it's going to destroy your career and mine." I had put months of work into this—and my heart and soul—and I'd certainly never heard this kind of response from an agent. I was in shock. I said, "You're chickenshit, and that's bullshit. This is a funny script, and that's a chickenshit response." I hung up on him.

Then we arranged a meeting. I walked in with Naomi and the Tanzanian fighting stick that Smithee carries in the movie. Sure enough, Arnold goes right into this rap about how this script is going to destroy my career and his career, how everyone in town is going to be offended by it and how I can't do something like that. Naomi just looked at him and said, "What are you? The poster boy for the industry?"

PLAYBOY: Our sources tell us it was one of the most raucous meetings on record.

ESZTERHAS: When Arnold started talking about the script, I had a feeling, because he was speaking so vaguely, that he may not have read it. In Hollywood, people have their readers read scripts and they get the readers' notes. So I said to him, "You didn't read this, did you?" And he said, "Yeah, right, that's why I stayed up till five in the morning, because I didn't read it." He was being facetious, but I didn't know that at the time. I took the fighting stick and slammed it into the table. I felt like I was going to have a stroke. Naomi started giggling and said, "Oh my God, look at that dent in the table." Now, this was a big, ornate mahogany conference-room table, and there was a dent in it. And Arnold is now feeling the dent and trying to make it go away with his hand. So Naomi and I walked out thinking we had real problems because the agency that represents us isn't behind our script, and our agent thinks it's going to destroy our careers. What could we do?

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

ESZTERHAS: We Xeroxed the thing and two days later sent out 250 copies to everyone in town. We started getting very positive responses. Steven Spielberg wrote me a letter that said, "I think this is really funny, wicked but not mean." Sherry Lansing loved the script, and Ronnie Meyer loved it, and they let Rifkin know how they felt about it. Rifkin starts thinking, Well, wait a minute. All these heavy people like the piece. So he begins putting it together. The script had originally called for Schwarzenegger, Willis and Stallone to play themselves. The big breakthrough was Stallone. I got a call from Sly. He said, "This thing is hilarious. You've clearly gotten much crazier in the years I have known you. This is very funny."

I said, "Are you going to do it?" And he said, "Well, after all the good things that have happened to me in 25 years in this business, if I can't laugh at myself, then who can?" So we had Sly. I heard Willis was out. Schwarzenegger didn't really respond. And then Whoopi Goldberg heard about the project and called Rifkin, who was also her agent. We got on a conference call and Whoopi said to Rifkin, "If I'm not in this project by the end of the day, you are fired." Suddenly we had Sly and Whoopi, but we needed to get one more superstar. Rifkin worked hard to get Jackie Chan into it. And once Jackie agreed, we had a go movie.

PLAYBOY: Although Smithee is a director who steals his movie because it has been ruined by controlling stars and studio executives, he seems more like a typical screenwriter, who generally has little control over his scripts.

ESZTERHAS: Bob Rafelson said he very much wanted to direct it, but he wanted to make Smithee a screenwriter, because that's the way it happens in Hollywood. I said, "By God, Bob, I've spent my career fighting that. I'm not going to do a movie about yet another screenwriter getting fucked over."

PLAYBOY: When you cash a seven-figure check for one of your scripts, aren't you obliged to bow to the whims of financiers, directors or stars?

ESZTERHAS: This is a collaborative process, but that doesn't mean taking orders and dictation. Collaboration isn't what one of my colleagues, Ron Bass, says it is. Ron says he's there to serve the director's vision. I disagree. The vision belongs to the writer. Realizing the vision on-screen is what the director does. Too many screenwriters hurt themselves by destroying what they've written because they've been told to.

PLAYBOY: How willing are you to change your writing?

ESZTERHAS: I always go over the script with a director, scene by scene, line by line. With Paul Verhoeven that was always an interesting experience because he would draw on his copy of my script. Sometimes the drawings would be so startling that it would bring us to an absolute stop. The one I remember from *Showgirls* was a dialogue scene between two people. I looked at his drawing and said, "What is that?" And Paul said, "That's a pussy." And I said, "What's a pussy doing in this scene?" He said, "Well, you have to have something in the background."

PLAYBOY: *Smithee* director Arthur Hiller walked away when you recut *Smithee*, meaning that *An Alan Smithee Film* was actually directed by Alan Smithee. Explain how that happened.

ESZTERHAS: When Arthur pulled his name off, he looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and said, "Everyone's going to think it's a publicity stunt." Arthur directed this movie brilliantly. He shot every single word of the script as written. That was the problem. This is a talking-heads documentary. His cut was a river of words that drowned us. The mistake was mine. I overwrote the script to the point where I'd put people to sleep. All I did was admit that and correct it. Also, Arthur didn't think the piece needed music. I took out 22 minutes and put in music.

PLAYBOY: This came after a loud exchange between you and Hiller following a test screening?

ESZTERHAS: After my cut was screened and the backers decided that's what they were going with, he was upset. And that upset me. I said, "Listen, what you really should do is kiss my ass in Times Square." Arthur smiled and said, "You know, I've already called Mayor Giuliani and we're setting up the time." That's why I was so surprised the next afternoon when he informed us he was taking his name off the project.

PLAYBOY: You're best-known for blockbuster movies. Have your high-profile deals helped redefine the way screenwriters are regarded?

ESZTERHAS: I'd like to think so. If you look closely at this, even in terms of the numbers, the truth is that there are maybe two or three other guys who make $3 million to $4 million a script. Screenwriters want to be viewed with respect, as creative entities, so they should care more about what they've written and not shmooze three different script ideas to different studio heads. Faulkner and Robert Benchley and Dorothy Parker came out here for the money while they wrote "serious" novels on the side. The only screenwriter who defied that and put every ounce of his being into what he wrote and then fought to preserve it on-screen was Paddy Chayefsky—and it ultimately killed him. Screenwriters need to be more like Paddy and less like William Goldman. There's a story in Goldman's *Hype and Glory* that is emblematic of the kind of screenwriter not to be. He describes sitting in a meeting with a producer, who is coming up with ideas Goldman thinks are really lame. But Goldman pretends to listen and take

New SOLO!
WINNER
CAR AND DRIVER
Cordless radar detector test
May 1997
The world's best radar detector
The all-new cordless SOLO® radar and laser detector is a revolutionary new design – and now you can test drive SOLO for 30 days at no risk.
MORE PERFORMANCE
Unlike ordinary detectors, ultra-compact SOLO provides a remarkable combination of long range warning on all radar bands and laser, with minimized false alarms. The secret is Digital Signal Processing, one of dozens of patented technologies we've developed at ESCORT.
MORE FEATURES
Powered by 2 AA batteries (or an optional power cord), SOLO is the first detector that lets you customize its operation. In June 1997, Motor Trend exclaimed "Solo wins big points for having the industry's first onboard computer."
TAKE A TEST DRIVE
New SOLO is the most advanced cordless detector in the world. Try SOLO in your car for 30 days with a money-back guarantee. Call today.
Also Available
If you prefer a corded detector, our full-featured PASSPORT 4600 is an incredible value at $179.95
Call Toll-Free
1-800-433-3487
ESCORT
5440 West Chester Road • West Chester OH 45069
Department 200738
SOLO $199.95
Optional Power Cord $29.95
Plus shipping and handling
OH residents add 5.5% sales tax
30-day Money Back Guarantee
©1998 Escort Inc.

serious notes so the producer will think he's listening—because Goldman wants the money. That's not the way to be a screenwriter who demands the level of respect paid to novelists or playwrights. There is no honor in hooking. The Faulkners, the Fitzgeralds and the Parkers who came here were proud of hooking because they were making money to support their serious writing. My contention is that if you're hooking, you're hooking.

PLAYBOY: Although you have helped up script prices, you're not beloved by screenwriters.

ESZTERHAS: Of course there is resentment. But I feel terrific warmth from young writers who are coming up. I get 50 to 100 fan letters every month from them. Writers have always been a resentful breed. I understand that these colossal numbers for scripts have put a gigantic bull's-eye on my back. Hey, I'll take it.

PLAYBOY: Screenwriters usually don't get blamed for the big bombs. Because of your high profile, you do. Do you wish you could blend into the woodwork when a picture doesn't work?

ESZTERHAS: No. If I've been saying publicly for years that the screenwriter deserves as much attention as the director, then it's only fair to share the blame. Of course I mind getting terrible reviews. *Showgirls* left me reeling in pain.

PLAYBOY: It also brought you the wrath of every critic in the country, it seemed. What's it like to work so hard creating something that becomes a national joke?

ESZTERHAS: The artistic criticism you grin and bear. But some of it got very personal. There were descriptions of the way I look, the way I carry myself, things that were really vicious. It's painful when that happens. But you go on.

PLAYBOY: In the weeks before *Showgirls* opened, you made some startling claims. We'd like you to interpret each of them.

ESZTERHAS: I know what's coming. They were silly. Go on.

PLAYBOY: Even though women were protesting the film, you said Nomi Malone, the lap-dancing character, is all about female empowerment.

ESZTERHAS: Where did I say that? I think what I meant was that at the end of the movie she turns her back on Vegas and goes off and leads her own life. She is a star. We see the billboard as she leaves, and she doesn't want that stardom or to pay the price of fame. That's what I meant.

PLAYBOY: You recommended that underage kids get fake IDs so they could get into the film, which is rated NC-17.

ESZTERHAS: I said that kids who have the fake IDs should use them to get into the movie. Lots of kids of a certain age—and they are not under 15—have fake IDs. My grown kids had them, everybody had them. If you have to take only seven seconds out to push the movie from NC-17 to R, is there anything kids can't see? Anything that would corrupt 15-year-olds, anything that they haven't heard about? Come on, this is the Nineties. When they're 11, kids are talking about stuff that is mind-boggling. I was responding to the taboo NC-17 rating. The movie shouldn't have been NC-17. I thought that the NC-17 rating was silly to begin with.

PLAYBOY: You described the film as a spiritual message that is delivered on a personal level.

ESZTERHAS: In retrospect, it was a godawful stupid thing to say. I think the religious right in this country has a straitjacketing, chilling effect on artistic expression. I was sort of thumbing my nose at the whole thing in what I considered to be an impish way. But it was a stupid thing to do. People took it literally.

PLAYBOY: That included Hollywood's head lobbyist, Jack Valenti, who questioned your sanity and debated you on the *Today* show. If your statements were designed to draw attention to the film, he certainly took the bait by appearing on TV with you.

ESZTERHAS: There was a wonderful moment when we were debating. Jack said to me, "You're just here promoting your movie." And I said to him, "Jack, you're here with me. You're promoting my movie too."

PLAYBOY: The hype didn't help. What went wrong with *Showgirls*?

ESZTERHAS: Paul Verhoeven and I had come off *Basic Instinct*. We thumbed our noses at the negative reviews when the movie went on to do $350 million around the world. That created a certain hubris on our part. Looking back on *Showgirls*, I would start with the script. When Paul and I first went over it, we laughed out loud at a certain kind of sardonic, nearly surreal humor exemplified by a line like, "How does it feel not to have anyone coming on you anymore?" There was a surrealism we thought was organic to the savage Vegas underside we were trying to put on-screen. That didn't work, and the humor was seen as inadvertent at best. And the rape scene was a deadly mistake. In retrospect, we should have taken Molly into that room but never gone in there with the camera and showed what happened. It was the final nail for people watching it. The fact that it went out with an NC-17 rating instead of an R put a 20,000-watt glare on the movie that it couldn't withstand. And Paul had to take out only seven seconds to make it an R for video. Originally, the tag line was going to be "the musical that rocked the world." But the musical aspect was forgettable and got lost. And then, of course, there were mistakes in casting. I guess I don't want to say anything more than that.

PLAYBOY: Well, without trashing anybody, Elizabeth Berkley was clearly in over her head. Didn't Drew Barrymore want that role, while Madonna wanted the role of Cristal?

ESZTERHAS: Paul went to see Drew in Seattle and felt she couldn't dance well enough for the part. Madonna had problems with the script and wanted to have a lengthy discussion about it. Paul, God bless him, said he liked the script very much and didn't want to indulge in those discussions.

PLAYBOY: Many of the moviegoers rebelled against what they considered to be gratuitous nudity.

ESZTERHAS: We were trying to show this seedy, squalid underside of Vegas, where nudity is ever present. I don't think Paul put so much nudity on-screen because he wanted to titillate people. He did it because every dressing room and every lap-dancing place we were in was filled with nudity. In my mind the nudity was boring and so ever present that you were left almost crying out for people to put on their clothes.

PLAYBOY: You and Paul share an affinity for this kind of steamy material, but you seem to clash creatively all the way through. What is the dynamic between Paul and you?

ESZTERHAS: He is my evil twin.

PLAYBOY: How are you different?

ESZTERHAS: Paul told me that the most sexually enjoyable woman he had ever been with was one who defecated at the same time she had an orgasm. I'm not into that. We're very different in some ways. I've changed a lot of diapers in my time and it's a different context for me. But we both love pushing the envelope, to move people and be provocative. Bring us together, and things can get a little hairy.

PLAYBOY: *Showgirls* was immediately followed by *Jade*, another bomb.

ESZTERHAS: Three weeks after *Showgirls*, *Jade* never had a chance. I was relatively happy with the movie. Billy Friedkin did a brilliant directing job. We had serious problems with David Caruso insisting on a different ending and reinterpreting scenes that were in the movie.

PLAYBOY: What scenes did Caruso want to change?

ESZTERHAS: One was a love scene. The underlying dynamic had to do with a genuinely passionate and blazing affair between David and Linda Fiorentino. David didn't want that; he wanted to be cool. Without that passionate underpinning I don't think people would have understood the level to which they cared about each other. David also wanted to change the ending.

PLAYBOY: All your films seem to entail some sort of off-camera conflict. You sold *Basic Instinct* for a record $3 million in 1990, only to exit the film after your first creative meeting with Paul Verhoeven and Michael Douglas, the film's star.

ESZTERHAS: At the meeting it became clear very fast there were serious problems with the script. Michael is militant

PLAYBOY WINTER FEST

PLAYBOY WINTERFEST 1998

Snow Summit
California
February 6-8, 1998

Squaw Valley
California
February 20-22, 1998

Aspen
Colorado
February 27-March 1, 1998

Boyne
Michigan
March 6-8, 1998

Mt. Snow
Vermont
March 27-29, 1998

- Go Big in the Smirnoff Citrus Twist/Haz-Mat Snowboard Competition
- Get Twisted during Smirnoff Citrus Twist Aprés-Ski and Playboy After Dark Parties
- Meet Team Citrus Twist Riders and World Pro Snow-boarding Tour Champs
- Playmates, Raffles for Hi Tec Boots and More!

Presented by

SMIRNOFF CITRUS TWIST

HIGH PERFORMANCE HAZ-MAT SNOWBOARDS

HI-TEC

SPORTS EXTRA!

PlayStation

Smirnoff © CITRUS TWIST VODKA 35% Alc. by Vol., produced from premium grain.
© 1997 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fils (Division of Heublein) Hartford, CT. Made in U.S.A.

© 1998 Playboy

MENTHOL

What you're looking for.
CAMEL
LIGHTS
MENTHOL
10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
© 1997 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

that his character is one-upped by Sharon's character all the way through, that he's used, that there is no redemption, that she gets away with it and, metaphorically, that evil isn't punished. And the ending he wants is that he kill Sharon. Paul doesn't disagree with that, but he insists that we need more sex. At the low point of the meeting, I'm arguing with Paul and he finally says, "I'm the director, yah? You're the screenwriter, yah? You do what I tell you to do." And I said to Paul, "Listen, if you come across this table at me again like that, I'm going to hit you."

Then Paul brought in Gary Goldman, with whom he'd worked on *Total Recall*. Gary did four drafts. I thought that I wouldn't recognize the movie, so I put it out of my head. But a friend called me one day and said he'd had lunch with Paul and that Paul said he was shooting my first draft.

PLAYBOY: So you patched up the relationship but had an even bigger feud later when you sided with gay activists who felt your script was homophobic. Michael Douglas called you an opportunist. What happened there?

ESZTERHAS: I had lived in San Francisco and had friends in the gay community. One day I was told they wanted to meet with Paul because they had problems with the script. Paul felt it was censorship and didn't want to meet. I never wanted to cause pain of any kind with something I'd written. Growing up I was called all kinds of names that gave me an immediate identification with black people, Jewish people, gay people. Some of the things they objected to were easily fixed, like when Michael Douglas' cop friend uses the word dyke. I didn't think any damage would be caused by removing that word. But Paul said no. Paul and Michael felt I had betrayed them. And Paul was even quoted as saying that the reason I did this is that I was physically afraid of the gay community in San Francisco, a comment that was patently absurd.

PLAYBOY: Then you saw his cut and changed your mind again.

ESZTERHAS: The movie came out, the protest was launched and it became clear that the movie was not homophobic. The protest collapsed almost immediately.

PLAYBOY: It was Michael Douglas' movie, but Sharon Stone stole it. Who else was up for her role?

ESZTERHAS: I keep reading comments from various actresses who say they passed on the part. I can't speak for Verhoeven on who was approached. I know Lena Olin was. She passed. In the end, the actresses who wanted to do it were Sharon, Kelly McGillis and Mariel Hemingway. I saw Sharon's test. It was brilliant and it got her the part.

PLAYBOY: Stone's crotch-shot scene is undoubtedly the most famous scene from any of your movies.

ESZTERHAS: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: Sharon Stone and Paul Verhoeven have differing versions of how that scene happened. She says she was duped into flashing the goods. Verhoeven says it was planned. Was it scripted?

ESZTERHAS: No. In the previous scene, before the interrogation began, the script said it should be obvious that she's not wearing underwear. Paul showed that in the interrogation scene. I'd read all this stuff about Sharon saying she was duped into it. I don't know, but I do know that scene had to be lighted.

PLAYBOY: Where did the idea for *Basic Instinct* come from?

ESZTERHAS: I'd done three movies about men manipulating women through the heart. In *Jagged Edge* it was a lawyer betrayed by her client. In *Betrayed* it was an undercover FBI agent who became personally involved with the main person she was investigating. In *Music Box* it was a daughter who loved her father but had to reconsider who the man was. Here, I wanted to do a piece where a sexy woman, who happens to be sociopathic, uses her own brilliance and manipulative abilities to flummox a streetwise, very smart veteran cop.

PLAYBOY: Generally, where do you get your ideas?

ESZTERHAS: I've always said I have a twisted person inside me who decides to do these things whenever he or she—because I do have a strong feminine side—decides to write. Once I get a notion, I kick it around a long time before I start writing. With *Basic*, it was maybe six months to a year before I started to write it. I was playing with the nature of evil, about being so spiritually jaded that killing becomes a thrill. There's a Nathanael West line I've always loved: Some people's palates become so jaded they can't taste oranges anymore. I had that in mind on an inner level. I've always been fascinated by the nature of evil. The greatest evil perpetrated in my lifetime was the Nazi evil and what was done in Europe. I've done a terrific amount of reading on it. I've done research in the course of my journalism career. I've interviewed sociopaths and people who've killed, always trying to answer the greatest mystery of all: How does a human being bring himself to kill another human being?

PLAYBOY: Have you figured it out?

ESZTERHAS: The closest I can figure is compartmentalization. I played with it in *Jagged Edge*, *Music Box* and *Betrayed*. Someone can have a sterling silver front, seem to be a productive and even humane member of society, but in some hidden core, some compartment, there's evil. *Jagged*'s Jack Forrester is a successful, brilliant, charming and educated member of society who kills his wife and a maid simply for his own career advancement. Let's say Glenn Close hadn't found that typewriter. If they'd gotten married, would they have been happy? Would Jack have killed again? My suspicion is no, not unless the same circumstances arose. In *Basic*, Catherine surrounds herself with people who have killed, she gravitates to them. One reason she has an attraction to Nick is that he too has killed. When she asks if Nicky got too close to the flame, she knows exactly what she's talking about. From within the context of her own evil, she knows Nicky knows the thrill she experiences in killing. It's a uniquely dark piece, but under everything it really is a startling and graphic examination of evil. That one Sharon flash scene became so glaringly sensationalized in the media that it obscured what the movie is really about. People didn't go back to see it for that flash of Sharon's itty-bitty little hairs. It was for this startling and frightening girl who, in a dark human sense, fascinated them.

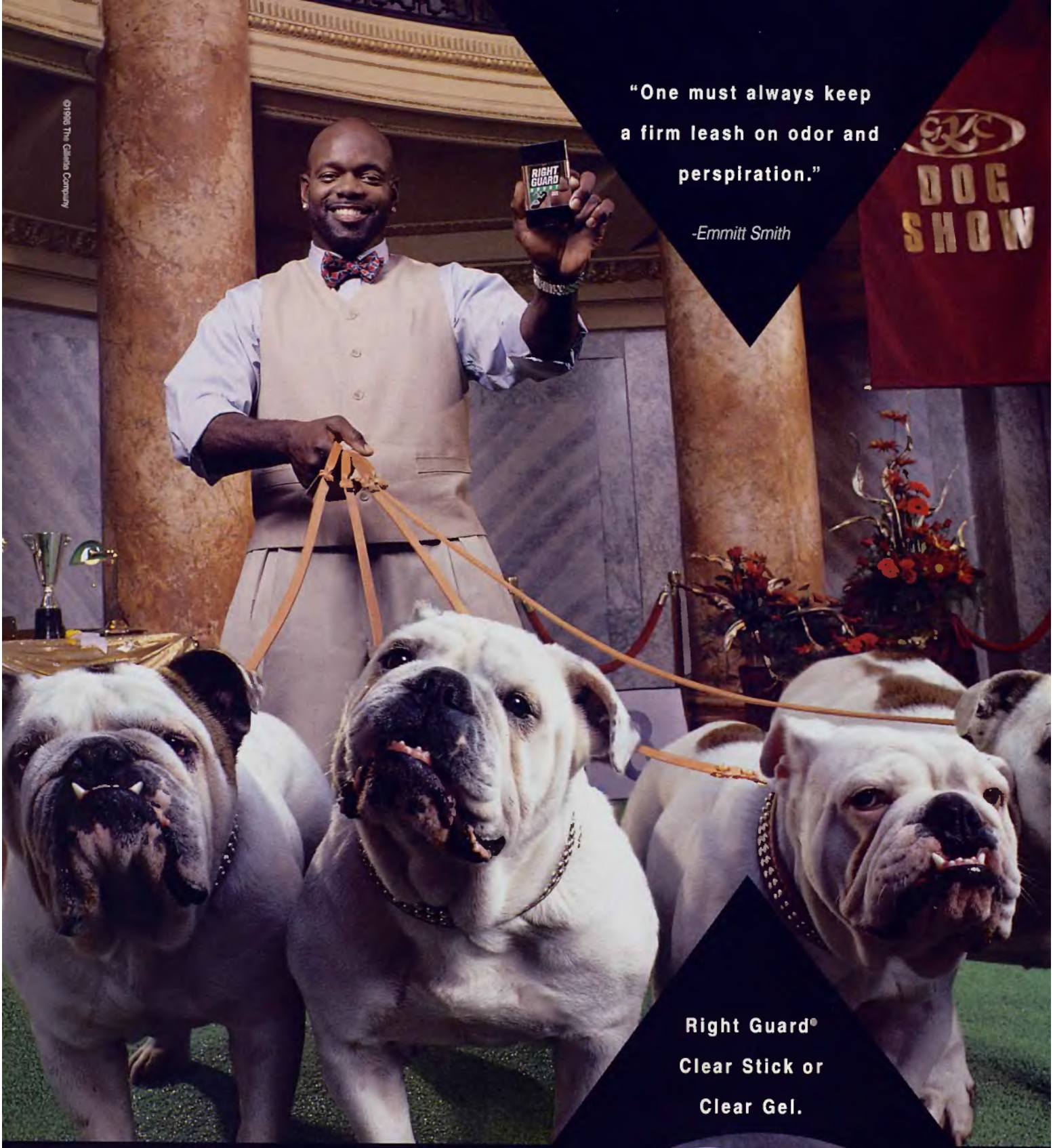
PLAYBOY: Take us through a typical working day.

ESZTERHAS: I like to work from early in the morning until noon—my best writing hours seem to be from six to one. After that I'm pretty burned, and I spend the rest of the day with my family. I like to clear my head with swimming or taking a long walk with Naomi. Before I fall asleep, I usually know roughly where I'm going the next day. If it's really working, sometimes it feels like the characters are talking to me, coming alive and shaping their own destinies, and I'll get up at four to write them down. I feel like I'm taking dictation. I work on a manual typewriter, and use two fingers—my middle fingers. I must hit the keys much harder with my right, because my right middle finger is always blistered. I'm so paranoid and ignorant about technology, I take the material and put it in a briefcase and carry it up to my room and return with it the next day.

PLAYBOY: As a former reporter, do you do a lot of research?

ESZTERHAS: Yes, and I always do it myself. *Betrayed* took a lot of research and I actually went to a neo-Nazi jamboree in Idaho to talk to people. *Music Box* took a lot of time, and I went to Dachau and Mauthausen. Then I went to Jerusalem and Tel Aviv for two weeks, and spent a lot of time at Yad Vashem, the biggest Holocaust museum and historical records site in the world. I researched the events that took place in Hungary. I researched my first film, *F.I.S.T.*, for almost a year, talking to old union guys. *Basic* didn't require any overt research, partly because I had been so fascinated with the theme, and in my journalism, I had spoken to so many people—criminologists, people who've killed. The greatest amount of research I've ever done on a movie was the 23 years of working in Hollywood that I poured into *Alan Smithee*.

PLAYBOY: Your first big original hit was *Jagged Edge*, which hatched a successful



Right Guard®
Clear Stick or
Clear Gel.

Your best defense against odor and wetness? The choice is clear.

Right Guard Clear Stick or Clear Gel. Powerful, long-lasting protection that glides on clear, to make sure odor and perspiration obey.

Anything less would be uncivilized.

formula for you: a violent crime followed by a whodunit laced with hot sex. You made several others, including *Betrayed* and *Music Box*. But you became famous not because of these scripts, but because of a memo. You told your agent at the time, Michael Ovitz at CAA, that you were leaving that agency, and you claim that he threatened to hurt your career. You then recounted the exchange in a letter to Ovitz, which was widely circulated. Did you leak it to the press?

ESZTERHAS: You know how many times I've been asked that question?

PLAYBOY: You've never answered it.

ESZTERHAS: You think I should answer it for PLAYBOY?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

ESZTERHAS: I haven't in the past, but I will now. I knew my best protection would be if this letter went out to the public. I was convinced that Ovitz meant what he said and that he was going to try to put my career into the john. I felt the only way to ward that off was to go public. I didn't want to do that myself. Director Costa-Gavras and I had done two movies together. I wanted him to have a copy of the letter. Costa had gone back to Paris. Instead of sending the letter to his parents' address, I sent it to Costa's agent, John Ptak at William Morris, and asked him to send it to Costa. But I didn't seal the envelope. Ptak showed it to Sue Mengers, and the next day it was all over town. [Ptak, now a CAA agent, confirmed he read the letter at Eszterhas' urging and that he showed it to Mengers. He denied allowing it to be copied and was sure he wasn't the only person who received a copy.]

PLAYBOY: So you didn't actually leak it, but you ensured it would happen.

ESZTERHAS: I did. I felt it was the only way to neutralize the threats that had been made. It was good strategy.

PLAYBOY: The letter proved to be Ovitz' first public embarrassment. Were you shrewd enough to know that this conflict might help your career?

ESZTERHAS: Listen, this was Mike Ovitz, the most powerful guy in the business. I was trying to survive and I was really frightened. There was a 2000-pound gorilla out there whom I'd defied, who could do whatever he wanted to quietly hurt my career. I don't think my hassle with Ovitz helped my career. What helped was that six months after the hassle with Ovitz, I sold *Basic Instinct* for $3 million, and the film did $350 million around the world.

PLAYBOY: At the height of the Ovitz controversy, what was the most memorable response?

ESZTERHAS: The most touching one came from Ray Stark. We had to give up the new house that my ex-wife and my kids were excited about moving into. Ray Stark sent a $2 million check to my agent's office and said, "Send this to Joe, there are no strings. I want him to buy his house." I called Ray, thanked him and said, "Of course I can't accept this, but I'll remember it to the day I die."

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Ovitz' unceremonious exit from Disney?

ESZTERHAS: I hope he has learned. I think what caused the whole thing with me was absolute hubris. I was clearly not the first guy this had happened to. I hope he's learned to be more human and that you can't cause pain to others or injury or make threats and get away with it.

PLAYBOY: Your current wealth is a far cry from the difficult circumstances you grew up in. Describe your childhood.

ESZTERHAS: We were in refugee camps in Austria for six years. I came to this country when I was six years old, in June 1950. We were displaced persons waiting for a country that would allow us in.

PLAYBOY: What were the camps like in Europe?

ESZTERHAS: They were barracks. You'd have eight or ten families living in one barracks, separated by sheets. There were periods when there wasn't any food, and we ate pine-needle soup for six weeks. I was sick a lot. I had rickets and various malnutrition-caused illnesses. I remember some of it. The older kids in the camp would always talk about going out to the railroad tracks, which were at the back of the camp. I think I must have been four. Sometimes people would lie down on the tracks and commit suicide. Especially old people. I went there with a group of kids, waiting for the train to come by. An old woman in a babushka and white clothes went out and lay down on the tracks, and a train was coming. I just ran away, before the train came. There was a pervasive and never-ending fear in the camps. The military presence was always there because the camps were run by soldiers. When we came to this country I remember we were on a troop carrier. My dad tells me that when we approached the New York skyline I turned to him and said, "Papa, what big barracks they have here." I had never seen anything except barracks.

PLAYBOY: How did the hard times affect your parents?

ESZTERHAS: My mother was destroyed by the war and by the refugee camps. She was a very shy, very gentle, very religious woman, withdrawn from the world but not from her family. I can imagine what the war, and the cruel and brutal invasions of privacy in the barracks, must have done to her. When we got to Cleveland we were in dire poverty. She worked in a printshop behind the newspaper office, and my dad worked as a linotype operator. I was 13 and my mother was my life. I was always around her while my father was busy with the paper. And overnight she became a schizophrenic.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

ESZTERHAS: She stopped talking. For a month. She stopped taking me to school. Then she started talking about rays being after her and people watching her. She cemented the windows in the dead of summer because she thought people were trying to get in. Did the same thing to keyholes, would cut the ends off plugs that went into the wall from radios because she said the rays were assaulting her mind. I essentially withdrew from her. I didn't know what was going on. Part of the problem was that she spoke only Hungarian and there were no Hungarian psychiatrists. My father tried to hide it from other people as much as possible. And what was very difficult is that she would go through periods when she was fine, for two weeks. I must have been about 14 when I really put up a wall with her. We went on a family vacation to a little cabin, and the whole thing started again. I just started to run. I ran and ran through fields, jumping fences, till I fell down. I couldn't run anymore, I couldn't walk. I lay there for about an hour and then walked back to the cabin. Something finally changed forever after that.

PLAYBOY: Your father was a writer. Did he steer you in that direction?

ESZTERHAS: My father and I are very different people, and I wasn't particularly close to him. There's this thing that happens when you're an immigrant child and you think your parents are old-country and don't really know what's going on here. All of that was aggravated by seeing my father embarrassed in different ways, being called names, and not doing anything about it. My dad's not a confronter and in situations where he was belittled or, in my eyes, humiliated by someone, he would turn and walk away. I didn't respect his response.

He would urge me to read and I didn't listen. It was a *West Side Story* kind of neighborhood. Everybody was in gangs; it was ducktail haircuts, a pack of cigarettes rolled up in your T-shirt sleeve, black leather motorcycle jackets. We were all split into different gangs by ethnicity with zip guns, knives. I had a thick accent. There was an older kid on the playground who was a bully and who called me Greenhorn, Howdy Doody and Schnozz, because I had a prominent nose. One day when I was 13, we were on the playground and he called me some names. There was a ball game. He was up at bat. I was sitting there with a bunch of kids, watching. And from one moment to the next, I found myself behind this kid with a baseball bat in my hand, and I hit him as hard as I could in the back of the head.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ESZTERHAS: There was no thought process that I can remember. It happened like a reflex, like a sudden explosion of

(continued on page 157)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who plays late. That's because he works hard during the week and takes his weekend fun seriously. PLAYBOY men spent more than $2.5 billion last year on the coolest clothes and colognes—more than the guys who read any other men's magazine. Surprised? Don't be. Close to 2.8 million PLAYBOY men pick bars and clubs for their nightlife—that's more than all readers of GQ, *Esquire* and *Spin* combined. PLAYBOY—it's a lifestyle. (Source: Spring 1997 MRI.)

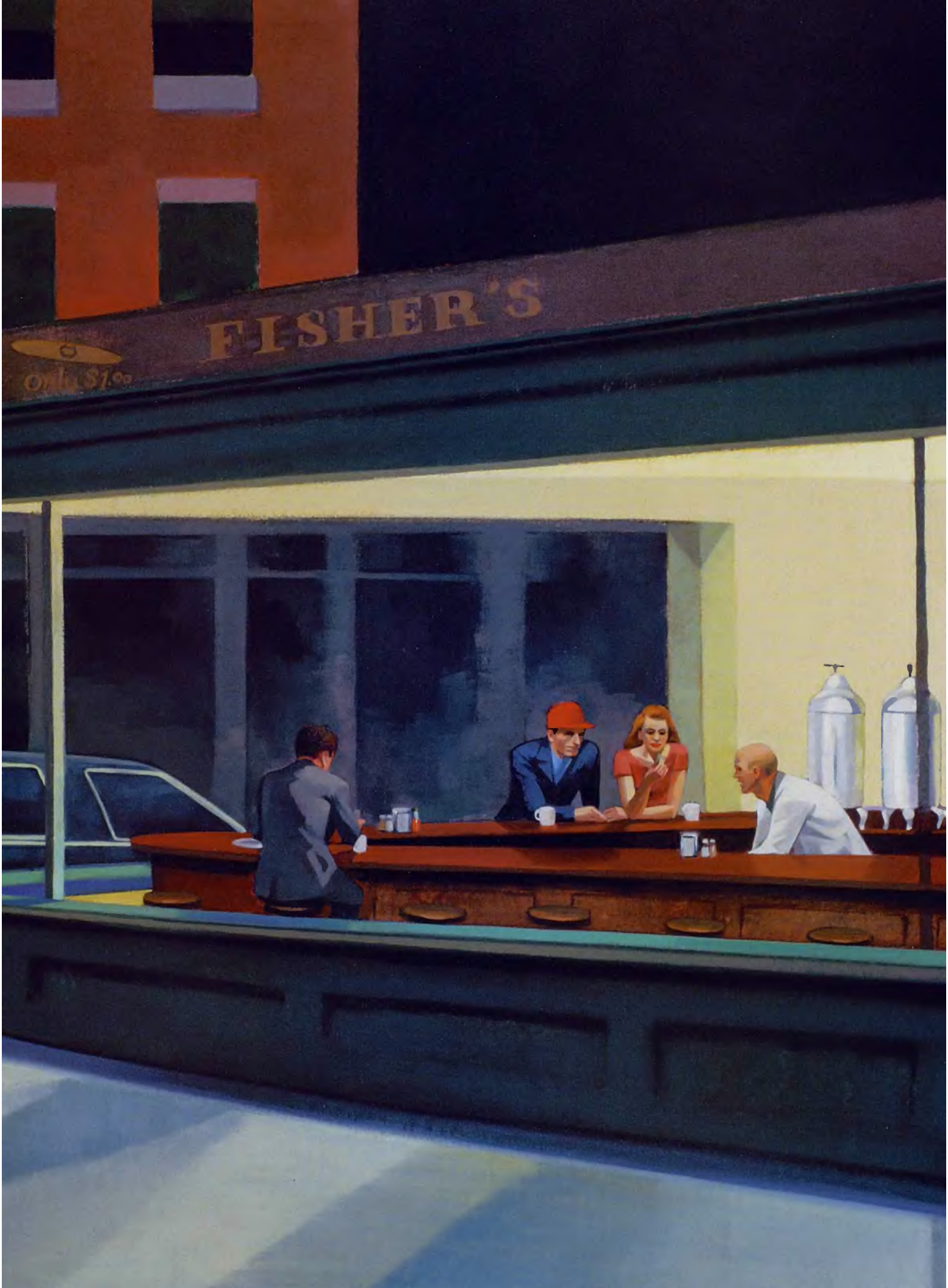
THE RETURN OF CASUAL SEX

despite aids, sex between strangers still goes on. for many people, the dance never stopped

As AIDS rages through Africa and Asia, infecting thousands of people each day, new HIV infections and AIDS deaths in the industrialized West have dropped dramatically. Indeed, years of education and, more recently, new cocktail drug treatments have made AIDS seem more distant, less threatening. This led us to wonder: Do men and women still heed the call to practice safe sex as religiously as they did five or ten years ago? Does foreplay still include caution and discretion?

We asked journalist Lori Weiss, whose previous investigations for PLAYBOY have included roundtables

PAINTING BY JANE E. FISHER


FISHER'S

on female sexuality and male infidelity, to talk with people about their casual sex lives and safe-sex practices. She returned with ten eye-opening conversations. We've changed the names but not the stories.

Kevin, 44, stockbroker, divorced.

When PLAYBOY *asked me to talk with people about casual sex, you were the first person who came to mind. You seem rather proud of that.*

I know a lot about the subject. I started having sex when I was 14 years old.

How do you define casual sex?

Sex without a love interest or even a like interest. Just a physical attraction or passion.

Is it easy to find a partner these days?

Over the past couple years I've seen that people are beginning to have casual sex again, without worrying about AIDS. They may deny this, but they're not going to skip sex because a condom isn't available.

Is that how you feel?

I go with my gut. In the Seventies, life was a real fuckfest for me. I worked at a bar. I was 18 or 19 years old, and women in their early 20s used to wait around to see who I would go home with. They loved that I was younger. They loved that they could teach me things. I learned a lot.

Were you really that in demand?

Oh, yeah. I used to go into a bar and have sex with a woman in the bathroom. Or I'd walk a woman to her car and have sex with her in the backseat. Then I would go back inside, go into the bathroom to clean up, go back out to the bar and get laid again. I would hit on girls while their boyfriends were in the bathroom. I'd slip them my number, and they would go home with their boyfriend, then meet me later.

One time a girl came into the bar and sat down next to me. She had on a leather skirt and a leather vest with nothing underneath. We ended up making out in the disabled stall in the men's room. Guys in the bar knew exactly what was going on. They kept walking in and out, listening through the door. When we were finished, she went to the ladies' room and I walked into the bar. The guys gave me a standing ovation. When she came out, they applauded her too.

What did she do?

She dipped her hand in a thank-you gesture.

Did you screw around while you were married?

No.

Not at all?

Shit, I needed the break. I loved being married. I loved having my kids.

And after the divorce?

After the divorce I was out to prove my masculinity, and I learned that it was still easy to get laid. In the first six months I had sex with every woman in sight. I'd find a girl, sit down and have a drink with her, listen to all her problems, sympathize with her and be the most understanding guy in the world. Finally, she'd think, someone was listening to what she had to say. Then we'd have sex.

Did any of these women become emotionally attached to you?

Sure. But for me, it was more the challenge of the conquest.

Did these women know they were one-night stands?

I'd say to them, "I'm not looking for a commitment, I'm just here to have fun. I'm divorced, and it takes a couple years to regroup." And each one would say, "Oh yeah, I understand," even though each thought she would be the one to change me.

What did you do when they became emotionally attached?

I said, "I'm not interested. I told you that when we met." They'd protest, but they could never say I wasn't straight with them. So I didn't have any guilt. Still, women always hear what they want to hear.

Do you practice safe sex?

Sometimes.

And sometimes not?

Yeah.

What does safe sex mean to you—wearing a condom?

I suppose. I still just go by my gut. How many times have I used a condom? Maybe ten.

In your life?

In my life.

When was the last time you were tested for HIV?

I get tested every six months at a clinic where you're just a number—they don't know your name. It costs 50 bucks.

You say you've used condoms only ten times. Did the women request it?

Mostly. Or the women had them with them. Women, I've found, have condoms more often than men do.

If a woman carries condoms in her purse, does it give you the idea that she's sleeping around?

It gives me the idea that she's ready.

Describe the most recent casual-sex encounter you've had.

I met a girl at a bar not too long ago—great legs, nice body—and she became my challenge. We went to her place and she was all over me, telling me she wanted me to stay. Of course, she gave me the whole "I don't do this on the first date" routine. And I thought, Yeah, right, I'm so special, aren't I? In any case, I spent the night.

How did she persuade you to stay?

She started taking off my clothes.

And that was it?

Dropped right down to her knees. We were at it most of the night. She is one of the most sexual women I have ever been with—and I still go out with her. I wouldn't marry her, though. She's a lot of fun, but she is sort of dense.

And your lack of interest in her has nothing to do with the fact that she slept with you right away?

Look, I was overcome by her sexuality. Sexually, this girl is above average. But under ordinary circumstances, I seldom have any desire to talk with a girl after the first night.

What would make you want to have a relationship?

Some sort of communication. Sex is getting kind of boring. I'm not talking about wanting anything kinky, but I find that younger girls—those who are in their mid-20s—are so inexperienced. It's enough for them to just lie there and let you be on top. The banter that's part of sex, that ability to communicate that comes as you get older, just isn't there.

How else does age play a role in casual sex?

Most women discover that younger guys aren't really interested in what they have to say. All those boys want to do is jump on, get off and go on to the next one. So I make it a point to listen carefully, then I just feed all that back to them. They tell me how understanding I am.

Have you ever had a bad experience with casual sex?

Bad for whom?

You know—maybe a time when you woke up in the morning and had regrets?

Never. Believe me, if I have casual sex with someone, I'm out of there before morning.

You never spend the night?

No. And if they spend the night at my place, I tell them I have an early meeting and make them get up and leave. Sometimes I get dressed and walk out with them, get in my car, watch them drive away. Then I drive around the block, go home and go back to sleep.

Sounds like you have a lot of rules about casual sex.

To me, casual sex means that you enjoy sexual satisfaction for just the amount of time it takes. It's a fuck, not "making love" or "being intimate" or "having a relationship." It's about coming and that's it.

Another rule is: Don't lie. Don't give a woman any false hope. But when you see her again, make sure she doesn't feel used.

How do you do that?

Be polite and say hello.

(continued on page 78)

"Everyone feeling good about themselves?"

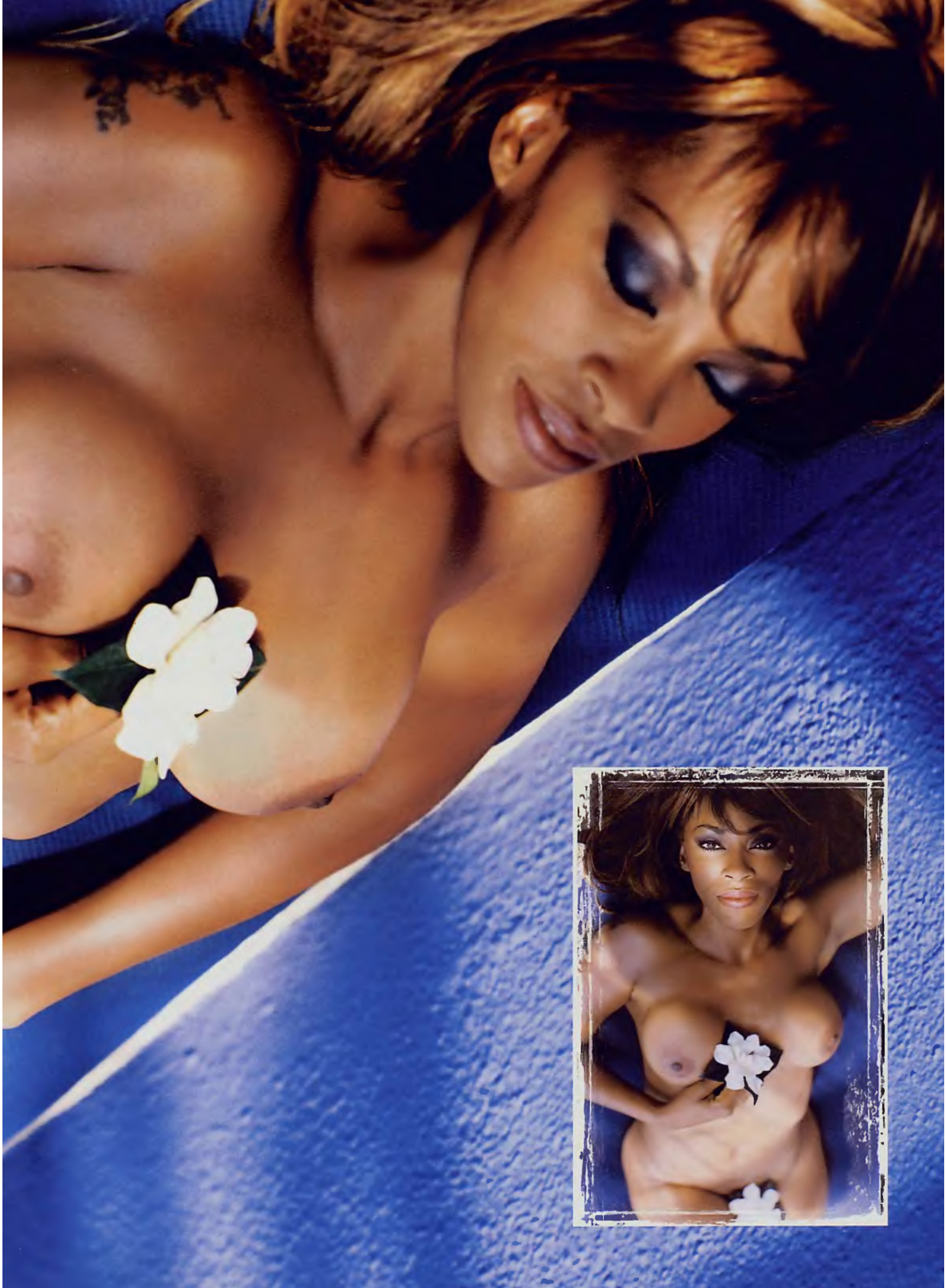
Jody Watley

sexy soul star jody watley has nothing to hide

The time was ripe for "Flower." "The vibe was right," says Jody Watley about the most daring new album of her award-winning career. "The music business is hard on women who are over 22. You really have to prove yourself every time you make a record," she notes. "Are you as vibrant as you used to be? Are you as sexy? So I really want to prove that a woman in her 30s can be all those things and more."

Whether she's filming a new video in a Hollywood studio (above) or relaxing in satiny splendor, sultry Jody Watley is one hot act.

Jody was only 14 when she made her TV debut as a dancer on "Soul Train." "I was still a teenager when I was touring with Shalamar," she recalls. That group sizzled the airwaves with a pair of hit singles before fizzling in the mid-Eighties. By then Jody had gone solo. Her next incarnation was as a dance-music goddess; Jody was the singer and songwriter with the supermodel looks. But that stage was also too limiting for her talents. "I enjoyed it all, but I wasn't satisfied," she says. "I wanted to keep evolving as a recording artist and as a woman." That evolution is the theme of her latest album. "'Flower' is about growing up. It's about moving on, being strong, learning to be fearless. That's very sexy, don't you think?"



I wanted to do PLAYBOY to get across the same ideas I'm singing and writing about these days," Jody says. In her eyes the fiery feminism of her hypnotic new CD and her poses here have the same potent mixture of lust and liberation. "It's all about proving that a woman can defy stereotypes. She can celebrate herself—the peace and confidence of a mature artist, the power of a girl who became a grown-up

(concluded on page 173)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVIS FACTOR

Sinatra At Sunset

crooner, lady-killer, tough guy—no one did it better

Appreciation By David Halberstam

His was the most durable of careers, spanning well more than half the century in a profession known for the meteoric rise and the equally rapid descent of most performers. It began 60 years ago, in the pioneer years of pop culture; he was arguably one of the great figures of its first, or radio, phase. Franklin Roosevelt was in his third term, and Frank Sinatra, then a dedicated liberal, was thrilled when he met the president. More than 40 years later he was back in the White House as a great pal of Ronald and Nancy Reagan's, and he was still singing well into the presidency of William Jefferson Clinton, albeit, on occasion, forgetting the words to some of his favorite songs. That Sinatra did all this in the world of popular music, a place better known for its immediacy than its permanence, is in a way his own unique monument.

In the Fifties, before the full force of television hit us, before the advent of Elvis and rock, Sinatra was the nation's defining vocal talent. It is arguable that, given the remarkable quality of the songs at that time, when so much of America's musical talent was funneled into writing what are called ballads or standards, given the constantly improving quality of the recording process and given Sinatra's arrival at a particularly poignant moment in his life, his work in the early and mid-Fifties constitutes the best—and almost surely the most lasting—shelf ever performed by a popular singer in this country's history. I know there are people who will dispute this, particularly fans of Tony Bennett, whose work I greatly admire. But I think the judgment stands. Whether or not you like Sinatra—and I don't find him very likable as a man—no one has ever done it better.

For those of us who were white American males reaching manhood in the mid-Fifties to late Fifties, there remains a distinguishing quality to his work. Ours was, for better or worse, a more circumspect America. All sorts of forces—political, personal and above all sexual—were constrained. The America we grew up in was pre-television, pre–civil rights movement, pre-Vietnam, pre–sexual revolution and pre–women's movement. Our coming of age was defined by fewer cultural models than our successors'. In literature it was the writing of Ernest Hemingway, with its images of how men should try to display grace under pressure. In the movies it was the shrewd good-guy-gone-slightly-sour iconoclasm of Humphrey Bogart. In sports it was the lonely but majestic figure of Joe DiMaggio, seemingly the Hemingway hero as ballplayer, thrilling the crowd but somehow always apart from it. In music, it was the singing of Frank Sinatra, evoking a haunting, moody loneliness.

I did not particularly like the Frank Sinatra who emerged as a star pop singer *(continued on page 154)*

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

CASUAL SEX (continued from page 68)

My friend hooks up with people, but she doesn't get naked quite as quickly as I do.

Renee, 18, college freshman, single.

You told me you got a late start, that you had sex for the first time last year. Why does that feel late?

I was one of the last of my friends. They all had sex when they were 15 or 16 years old.

What took you so long?

I never liked anyone enough to have sex with him. I didn't even like the first person I had sex with.

Was it just one time?

It happened one weekend, then the next weekend too. I haven't talked to him since.

Did you use condoms?

Not the first time; it wasn't planned. If I had been sober, I never would have slept with him.

The second time?

The second time we had sex, we did use condoms.

Were your friends in high school having casual sex?

I have one friend who still hasn't had sex. I have other friends who have had sex with everybody.

Why did they do that?

I think it was low self-esteem. They were always having sex with their best friends' boyfriends.

You lost your virginity as a high school senior, and here you are, one month into college. How many boys have you been with now?

Four. But not all of them since I've been here. I slept with the one boy I told you about. Then I had a boyfriend and I had sex with him. The night before I left for school I went to a party and saw an old boyfriend. We dated for two years but never had sex, so I had sex with him that night.

Just to find out what it was like?

Because I was leaving. I've also slept with someone I'm seeing here.

And you've been here only a month.

Yeah. I also hooked up with a boy last night and we kissed. I hooked up with another kid and we had oral sex. I call that hooking up too. Hooking up is pretty much anything.

Why did you stop at oral sex?

I had just gotten here. I didn't want everyone thinking I was a little slut.

So if you have oral sex but not intercourse, you're not a slut?

No one thinks twice about it unless you have intercourse.

Do you use a condom or barriers when you have oral sex?

No.

Do you know you can get most of the same diseases from oral sex that you can from intercourse?

I didn't know that.

Especially if you have a cut in your mouth.

I didn't know.

Now that you do know, what does it mean to you?

I'm going to do everything but have intercourse and oral sex [*laughs*].

Seriously, are you——

I'm going to cut down. That scares me. [*Yells to friends: "You can get AIDS through oral sex if you have a cut in your mouth!"*] I do have a cut in my mouth! We thought you had to take in a pint of semen to get AIDS.

I think you'd better go to the health clinic and ask some questions.

I think so too! I haven't had oral sex in two weeks, and I just got this cut a few days ago. Can you believe I hooked up with a boy in an alley?

How did that happen?

This is embarrassing, but I'm going to tell you. We went to a bar and there was a long line for the bathroom. So my friends and I went into the alley. This cute boy walked by, so we talked to him.

Before or after you went to the bathroom?

We'd taken care of our business. I ended up kissing him. We didn't do anything more than that. But he was a random boy in an alley.

I guess you'd call that a random act of kindness.

It was very kind [*laughs*].

How do you pick these guys?

Just by their looks, because I don't want a boyfriend.

Why not?

I'm not good with boyfriends. I always fight with them. Then I get upset.

What's life like on campus?

It's boring. That's probably why I hook up so much—there is nothing else to do. My friend who is here with me doesn't have a boyfriend. She hooks up with people, but she doesn't get naked quite as quickly as I do [*laughs*]. My other friend has kissed maybe one boy since she's been here. I'm probably going the fastest of all of us.

Why do you think you take your clothes off so quickly?

I'm telling you, it's the alcohol. I've been drunk five out of seven nights. When I'm sober I'm very well behaved.

Do you ever have regrets?

Oh, yeah, all the time.

Why?

Because I don't know why I do these things with people I don't even like. I used to not want to have sex until I found someone I really liked. I've already messed up, so it doesn't matter.

What do you mean, you've messed up?

When I had sex the first time—with the kid I didn't really like—it ruined everything. I had always been proud that I hadn't done anything. After that, it was like, Oh, well. . . .

So now it doesn't really matter whom you sleep with?

Yeah, and it kind of sucks. Meanwhile, a male friend has had a girlfriend for five years, and they're not having sex until they get married.

How do you feel about that?

I think it's great. I wish I could be like that.

Why can't you?

It's already over. If there were anything I could change about the first time I had sex, it's that I wouldn't have had sex.

Mitch, 23, law student, single.

How soon do women generally agree to sleep with you?

Two nights.

How quickly do they become attached?

Six weeks.

How do you end it?

I remind them that I said up front that I didn't want a girlfriend.

What happens then?

The crying. The "you bastard" comments. It's upsetting. I'm looking for a kindred spirit, a girl who just wants a physical relationship in which I can have repeated sex.

It sounds like you're talking about friendship sex.

Yes.

What are the rules of the casual-sex game?

No calls the next day. We both want to be alone. No parents being met. She doesn't want to know my friends and I'm not concerned with who her friends are. We just want to interact with each other sexually.

Are these rules ever discussed?

Yes.

When?

After it's over and we're in bed and we start being honest with each other.

So the honesty comes after sex instead of before.

There's mostly bullshit before you have sex. You want to be like Cary Grant—suave and sexy. Honesty sometimes isn't very sexy.

How much risk is involved in casual sex?

I never think about it. Rarely do I reach for a condom if I'm not asked to.

And if you're asked?

I'll put one on. That's not going to

(continued on page 86)

"Her analyst has taught her to be more aggressive."

Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast

this season's soft tones are easy on the eyes— especially hers

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON MOE

To make sure you're looking good, check your reflection in the eyes of a woman. Our ladyfriend at left likes what she sees. A summer suit—particularly this tan and tactile model by Trussardi, $1595—separates the men from the overgrown beach boys. His cotton shirt is by Ermenegildo Zegna, $235. The jacquard tie is by Tommy Hilfiger, $53. If you can draw your attention from the gaze of our almond-eyed beauty on this page, you'll note that her cheeky friend is wearing a three-button suit by Boss Hugo Boss ($875) that's set off by a lively cotton shirt by Thomas Pink ($145) and a textured silk tie by Echo ($48).

Do you see the shirt off your back here? If not, you should. If you buy a subtly toned suit, you will need shirts with visual flair. And be prepared to match textured suits with textured shirts and ties. At top left, we've teamed a heathery linen shirt by Vestimenta ($175) with a silk tie by Boss Hugo Boss ($90). At top right, the Zegna shirt ($225) is paired with a silk tie by Calvin Klein ($90). The textured dress shirt by Joseph Abboud ($125) at bottom left has enough pop to stand on its own.

At first glance, the outfit at right appears to be a blue-and-tan summer classic. But don't be fooled (our sleeping beauty sure wasn't). Monochrome checks offer the opportunity to play with eye-boggling shirt and tie patterns. On top, we have an updated blue jacket with a clean, three-button cut, by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni ($895). Both the blue-and-white tattersall shirt ($225) and the flat-front corded trousers ($250) are by Ermenegildo Zegna. And the silk tie by Boss Hugo Boss ($90) makes girls swoon.

Here's what we call a real summer tan (we're talking the pants and jacket, not her skin). Now is the time when women opt for lighter, even diaphanous, looks, while men can choose informal combinations that wouldn't hold up in colder months. This lucky guy is wearing a textured, three-button sports jacket ($685) and a striped rep tie ($75), both by Joseph Abboud. The cotton shirt (also with nice texture) is by Boss Hugo Boss ($95) and the flat-front khakis are by Trussardi ($195).

This page proves that the way to a guy's heart is a smile, while the way to her heart might easily involve chocolates and a good suit or two. Either way, you'll look great at work in this lightweight wool suit ($1195). It has a three-button jacket and flat-front pants, by Vestimenta. The oxford shirt with moderate-spread collar is by Thomas Pink ($145). The subtle windowpane check in the suit's fabric was begging for the striped tie by Boss Hugo Boss ($90). She wouldn't have it any other way.

WOMEN'S STYLING BY ANTONIO BRANCO FOR TRILISE INC.
HAIR BY DICKEY FOR JOHN FRIEDA SALON
MAKEUP BY RUOY SOTOMAYOR
PROP STYLING BY CHRISTINE MOTTAU FOR JUDY CASEY

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

CASUAL SEX (continued from page 78)

There was absolutely no romance—it was purely physical. I don't think any of us knew her name.

stop anything. I don't feel like my penis won't be hard enough or like the pleasure will be taken away.

Do you keep a list of girls you can call for sex?

There are four here in town, one in D.C. and two in Detroit.

Do these girls know about one another?

A couple might. I tried to arrange an orgy once, but it didn't work out.

What happened?

This girl wanted to have two guys at once. Then she wanted to have two girls. I knew one girl who wanted to be with a girl. But the first girl wasn't attracted to the other girl, so it didn't work out.

How about the two-guys thing? Did that work out?

Yeah.

Do you think you'll still be doing this when you're in your 30s?

We won't be the same people at that point. We'll have careers. We'll have money. And most of these women will want to have families. At 30 I hope to be in love and have beautiful children and a stable home life.

Why do you think women are so willing to have sex with you?

I'm a charmer. I don't have to be intelligent for one-nighters.

Because they're not looking for intellectual stimulation.

Exactly. Here are the rules for the one-night-stand girls: Dancing gets them all the time—you might go home early if you get them tired. You can buy them a drink, maybe even a slice of pizza on the way home. That takes care of everything. After all, if they're not hungry, you can get right to work. I keep contact lens solution in my bathroom. Their contacts are going to dry up and they're going to want to take them out. Some girls don't prepare to spend the night. They have these tiny little purses, if they have a purse at all. So you've got to keep solution and two shot glasses to dump the contacts in. I just want the women to feel comfortable so they won't stress out and want to go back to their places after we've had only one round of sex. I like to have sex all night long while I still can.

Karen, 36, casting director, single.

How well do you have to know someone before you'll have sex with him?

I have no rules. There are times I've brought a guy home and had sex with him immediately. Other times it hasn't felt right. There have even been times when he hasn't wanted to.

What do you get from casual sex that you might not get from sex within a relationship?

I don't know that I'm the best person to ask, because casual sex is all I've had for the past 15 years. I don't know that I've ever had sex with anyone I was in love with. With casual sex, there are positives and negatives. There are no rules, no preset patterns. You can do what you want and change your ways from one guy to the next.

You don't have any inhibitions with someone you don't know?

I think I have fewer inhibitions.

Once you're in a relationship, do you think you'll miss the variety?

I'm glad I've been with many men. A lot of people cheat because they want to know what they're missing.

How do you keep from becoming emotionally involved with a casual-sex partner?

I'm usually not that crazy about the person. It's just physical, you know? It's about feeling good and having fun.

Have you considered having a casual fling with another woman?

Just recently, actually. I have a friend who has a beautiful boyfriend. One night I was out with the two of them and we were playing Truth or Dare, and she kept daring her boyfriend to kiss me. Soon it all got very sexual. Finally he asked me if I'd come home and sleep with the two of them. I said no. I felt like it wouldn't be fair, because in the morning they would have each other and I'd still be by myself.

Do you have any advice for people who are thinking about having a casual liaison?

Don't get caught up in the lust and think it's love. People often operate with a fill-in-the-blanks approach: You meet someone and don't know much about him, so you fill in the blanks the way you want him to be. Then he turns out to be completely different.

Is that why casual sex is sometimes preferable? Because the person you're with can remain a fantasy?

Exactly.

Brett, 27, engineer, single.

Tell me what it's like for a young, single man. Is it easy to get laid?

That depends. I have a brother who is three years younger than me. He's good-looking, but he's introverted when it comes to meeting girls. He lives in Los Angeles, where there are more beautiful women than anywhere else, but I don't think he's gotten laid two times in two years. It's not for lack of desire. I think he's intimidated.

As opposed to your situation.

I suppose I've been lucky.

Have you ever developed a long-term relationship with a woman who slept with you on a first date?

Yes.

There are many men who probably wouldn't answer that way.

I'm sure.

Why do you think you're different?

A lot of people say it's not good to meet your future mate in a bar. But I'm not going to look down on someone I meet at a bar. I mean, I'm in the bar, too. It's the same thing with sex on a first date.

I'm told you've lived out a lot of male fantasies. True?

Yes.

Such as?

I was with identical twins once. We played a game of naked Twister. Another time I met a woman through a friend. She was at my friend's house, and he called me and told me to come over. I did, and we had this group-sex kind of thing.

The three of you?

Actually, three guys and one girl.

What did you find appealing about the situation?

Let me think.

Tough question?

It was like being in a movie. There were other guys around and there was absolutely no romance—it was purely physical. I don't think any of us knew her name.

Is this a woman you would date?

Never.

Why not?

It's hard for me to date a woman my friends have carnal knowledge of. It's a double standard, I know.

Do you want to keep playing, or do you want something serious?

I'd love to find the ultimate goddess—in personality, in intelligence, in beauty, in kindness. I won't settle for less than the best. She also has to be sexually uninhibited.

You're in a relationship now, right?

We've been off-and-on for a year.

Do you miss sex with other women?

Yes.

How much?

Tremendously at times. I don't feel 100 percent content. I don't think I've found the goddess, but I don't want to hurt my girlfriend. I enjoy being committed, and I feel good about not cheating. But I'm still not sure if this is right for me.

Would you go outside the relationship given the right circumstances?

Yes, but I would be honest with her.

(continued on page 161)

"Oh! Oh! Oh! My God! My God! My God!
Now! Now! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT GETTING OUT WITHOUT GETTING FRIED

HERE COMES THE SUN

MODERN LIVING BY DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON

WE COULD bore you with scary statistics about the dangers of sun exposure. But what fun would that be? Unless you're the kind of guy who prefers to get his glow from the glare of a computer screen, you're going to be outdoors, soaking up sun on the beach or on the links. That's why sun-care products top our list of summer essentials. And we're not talking baby oil–and–iodine concoctions. You need a sunscreen to keep your skin in good shape, and there are three types to look for: those that deflect ultraviolet B rays (the type that burn), those that filter out UV-A rays (the ones that make you look like a prune) and sunblocks, which screen out nearly all of both. To avoid looking charbroiled after only a couple hours of fun in the sun, use a lotion or gel with a UV-A–screening ingredient (such as benzophenone or anthranilate) and a sun protection factor of at least 15 for blocking UV-B rays. We like Sun Protection Spray from the Aramis Lab Series, Action Sport Spray Gel from Banana Boat and Neutrogena Sunblock Spray. A sunscreen labeled water-resistant will be effective for about 40 minutes compared with about 80 minutes if it's labeled waterproof. To prevent

Left to right: American Crew Grooming Spray holds hair in place and protects it from UV rays ($9). Sérum Soleil Visage by Orlane is designed for use before and after exposure to the sun ($120). The oil-free Face Moisture Formula from Eternity for Men by Calvin Klein exfoliates and replenishes skin ($18). Cellmen cream contains vitamin E and is recommended for use after shaving to moisturize skin ($160 for 1.7 oz.). The Schick Protector safety razor features microfine wires wrapped around its blades to reduce the chance of cuts and scrapes ($5). Redken's One 2 One spray mist helps control your hair ($12.50). Natur Silk Body Cream from Nature Bissé contains silk amino acids to restore skin after outdoor exposure ($37). The waterproof Sun Protection Spray SPF 15 spray from Lab Series by Aramis provides UV protection for more than 80 minutes ($12). Lanvin's Total Comfort After Shave Balm soothes razor burn ($42.50). The sunglasses at center are Genuine Swiss Army Knife's Special Edition model. They feature a titanium frame and gray lenses ($225).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

Natura Bissé
NATUR SILK
BODY CREAM
LAB SERIES FOR MEN
waterproof
sweatproof
SUN PROTECTION SPRAY
SPF 15
fragrance free
ETERNITY
for men
Calvin Klein
REDKEN
Cellmen
LANVIN
L'HOMME
APRES RASAGE

a sunburn you need to reapply the product.

If you've avoided sunblock preparations containing zinc oxide and titanium dioxide in the past because they were too gooey you'll be glad to know that these substances (which are capable of blocking out virtually all UV-A and UV-B rays) have lightened up. The latest sunblock lotions are easily absorbed and don't show up on your skin. Klaus Heidegger's All-Sport Water-Resistant Skin Protector by Kiehl's absorbs quickly upon application, as do Neutrogena's Sensitive Skin Sunblock, Weather Proof Sun Lotion from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren and California Tan. Other light options include SunBlock Lotion Spray from Estée Lauder, Sun Block with Oat Protein Complex by Kiss My Face and Titania Natural Herbal Sunblock from Aubrey Organics.

FACE FACTS

Because your face rarely gets a break from the sun, it has been the focus of the most interesting innovations in skin care. Several companies offer lotions that block damaging rays and serve as moisturizers. Just Faces from California Tan does double duty with an SPF of 15 and a hypoallergenic, water-resistant moisturizer that softens lines. Dermalogica's Ultra Sensitive FaceBlock is chemical-free and mixes porcelain particles of titanium dioxide (a sunblock) in a refreshing mint base. With ingredients to block both UV-A and UV-B rays, as well as skin softeners, Neutrogena Moisture will give you 12 hours of hydration and protection. Estée Lauder's SunBlock for Face (SPF 25) contains vitamins C and E to help fight the effects of aging. The Natura Bissé Solar Regime includes Hydrating Sun Block, an SPF 30 product with titanium dioxide, vitamins and emollients to mask fine lines. And from Paris, the Orlane line includes moisturizing Crème Solaire Écran Total Spécial Visage (a sunblock cream for the face) and Sérum Soleil Visage, a product designed to perk up skin both before and after sun exposure.

When it comes to saving face, several grooming products are formulated to combat the effects of modern life. One of the most promising, U-Turn Age Defying Formula from the Aramis Lab Series, combines antioxidants, green tea extract and vitamins C and E to protect facial skin from pollution and the sun's wicked rays. Aubrey Organics' Vegacell Herbal Cellular Complex is a concoction that includes St. John's wort (to combat puffiness) and allantoin (to hydrate the skin). And Natura Bissé fights exposure to the elements with the Oxygenating Regime, a collection that includes oxygen cream, oxygen concentrates and oxygen mask, a trio of treatments that purports to boost circulation to keep the skin looking fresh. The Oxygenating Regime is recommended for frequent fliers and for smokers and is most effective when used two to four times a year for a six- to eight-week period.

Guys with thick wallets may want to try Cellmen from the Cellap Laboratoire of Switzerland. Formerly available only through spas, dermatologists and plastic surgeons, this product prevents premature aging by utilizing live cells and tissues derived from bovines. You can now find it at retail shops such as Bergdorf Goodman. The price: about $125 for 1.1 ounces in a pump; $160 for a 1.7-ounce jar.

NICE FAKE TAN

Self-tanning products have come a long way from those tangerine-tinters of the Seventies. In fact, when they're applied properly, it's difficult to distinguish a faux glow from the real thing.

The key to creating a natural look is to exfoliate the skin before applying a self-tanning product. That way the lotion or spray won't appear streaky after it dries. Don't apply the product too thickly at the knees and elbows, which tend to be more absorbent, and always wash the palms of your hands immediately afterward. Otherwise, they'll turn a nice shade of bronze, too.

Products to try include Estée Lauder's Sunless Super Tan (in medium or dark formulas), Summer Illusion Self Tanner from California Tan and Oil-Free Self-Tanning Spray from Polo Sport. Self-tanners with wrinkle-defying antioxidants include Dermalogica Protective Self Tan and Orlance's Self-Tanning Cream. Caveat emptor: Your fake tan won't protect you from the sun. You still need a sunscreen to keep you from getting fried.

BEACH STASH

For guys who prefer to travel light, Aloe Up's Combi Cap is a two-in-one product that teams an ounce of sunscreen with Aloe Up Lip Ice lip balm. Dermalogica offers SunSwipes SPF 15 towelettes, which contain UV-A and UV-B protection as well as moisturizers to soothe the skin. Kiss My Face lip balms, in flavors such as cinnamon, banana and spearmint, protect against both types of damaging rays. And Bio-Sun's Quik Blok, a sunblock spray (SPF 25) that's waterproof and sweatproof, comes in a rapid-fire container that resembles a plant sprayer.

AFTER-SUN SOOTHERS

To give your skin a little postsun TLC, we suggest showering with a moisturizing soap. Kiehl's unscented Non-Soap Moisturizing Cleansing Bar has aloe vera and herbal extracts. The Bar from American Crew contains vitamin E and has a neutral pH. Redken's RK Acid Balanced Cleansing Bar for Men is formulated to protect against dryness. And Vaseline Intensive Care's Moisturizing Body Wash combines skin softeners with deodorants.

If the sun makes your skin turn the vivid shade of a lobster, slather on Estée Lauder's Cool Moisture AfterSun Spray or Insurance from California Tan, a gel with chamomile and cucumber. Other skin soothers include Natura Bissé's Natur Silk Body Cream and Krismark's Body Lotion, which contains avocado oil, vitamin E, aloe vera and shea butter. The last ingredient is a West African oil that has been used for generations to treat dry or irritated skin.

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

We'd just as soon let an ex-girlfriend take a razor to our face as shave a sunburned one. But for those occasions when the latter is unavoidable, there's help in the form of the Schick Protector. Equipped with microfine safety wires around two ultrasharp blades, the Protector was designed to prevent nicks, cuts and irritation while providing a close shave.

If you prefer to remove whiskers with the latest in scientific gadgets, check out the brand-new Q-One Interactive Razor from Norelco. Only available in limited distribution at specialty stores such as Brookstone and Hammacher Schlemmer, this $455 shaver learns your face. Infrared communication between the razor and its "intelligence base" measures shaving pressure, determines the correct position on the face and adjusts the suspension of the razor heads. All you have to do is hold it.

Once you've successfully navigated that tender skin, the last thing you want to do is splash a drying alcohol aftershave on it. Instead, try a shave balm. Polo Sport offers Post Shave Relief Balm, an alcohol-free preparation enriched with sea organics such as kelp and algae. Penhaligon's Blenheim Bouquet After Shave Balm contains witch hazel and aloes. American Crew makes After Shave Moisturizer with antioxidants and natural oils. Eternity for Men by Calvin Klein offers Face Moisture Formula, which is greaseless and absorbs quickly to help your skin stay in shape. Acqua di Gio is a shave balm by Armani, and Lanvin L'Homme's Total Comfort After Shave Balm calms razor burn.

(concluded on page 154)

"I love the composition of this picture," says photographer Guido Argentini. "It reminds me of a beautiful moment in my life." He is referring to 1995, when he met the model, Irini, in Miami Beach. "She is from Russia, and a fantastic pianist. She performed Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2—one of my favorites—in St. Petersburg when she was just 16." Guido plans to include this image in his forthcoming book. We can understand why: It has us bent out of shape too.

WHEELS '99

COMPUTER COMPANIES MAY BE SWEATING THE YEAR 2000, BUT AUTOMAKERS ARE READY WITH MILLENNIUM-TECH CARS THAT CAN EVEN DRIVE THEMSELVES

With 1999 just around the corner, the auto industry is gearing up for futuristic cars and light trucks that will transport us into the 21st century. Although car manufacturers won't reveal exactly what's coming, concept cars provide valuable clues about the wheels of the future. Because a new model costs at least $2 billion to bring to market, carmakers use auto shows as low-risk ways to gauge public reaction. If people love a show car, as they did Dodge's Viper (1990) or Plymouth's Prowler (1995), it may become a production model. If a concept car lays an egg, there's little lost and it is soon forgotten. Manufacturers also use car shows to generate excitement in advance of a new model's launch. Mercedes-Benz' ML320 sport utility, shown to rave reviews in Detroit in 1996, was a close likeness of the popular

(text continued on page 96)

Right: Can't tell whether it's coming or going? Neither can we. Toyota's Funcoupe is a combo car for the millennium. With its chopped roof, high waist, thick center pillar and rubber side moldings, the Funcoupe resembles a four-wheel sneaker married with a wet suit. Flip the attachment hooks on the roof and pop out the targa top ond rear hatch and the Funcoupe becomes a convertible. Don't look for this one too soon.

Right: Subaru's three-door Elten is powered by a 660-cc engine linked to a trio of electric power choices: a manganese-lithium battery, a condenser battery that stores power from the braking system and a roof-mounted solar battery that recharges the manganese-lithium battery. The Elten also features onboard navigation, A/C and a killer sound system, plus four-wheel drive and a continuously variable transmission.

Above: Mercedes-Benz dusted off the once-revered Thirties Maybach nameplate to create this $300,000 retroish Rolls-Royce rival. Fit for a king, the 227-inch-long sedan hos o V12 engine backed by scads of electronics, along with o quintet of headlights in eoch front fender and a sophisticated guidance system. The Maybach's fully reclining rear seats are worthy of a 767; a glass raof changes from clear to translucent, and there's a complete bar, a 20-inch TV and a storage compartment beneath the floor.

By Ken Gross

Above: Honda's J-VX—a stylish, environmentally responsive light sports car for tomorrow—presages future Civics. Its low-emission, one-liter, direct-injection engine is boosted by a small electric motor (called integrated motor assist) that doubles as a city power source. With its continuously variable Honda Multi Matic transmission, the clever front-drive J-VX offers the performance of a 1.5-liter engine plus 70 mpg in a midget package. Four-point air belts perform double duty as seat belts and air bags, making the J-VX both fun and safe.

Right: The sixth in a long series of futuristic Mitsubishi concept cars, the HSR-VI can be conventionally driven or electronically guided, thanks to scads of sensors, perimeter cameras and enough electronic whizbangs to launch a space shuttle. All-wheel drive, active steering and suspension—if this car doesn't have it, it hasn't been invented. For highway motoring in the automated driving mode, for example, primary driving controls retroct into the instrument panel and driving status info is displayed on the center console.

Below: Toyota's MR-S is a delightful little midengined Porsche Boxster copy with a lift-off hard top. Its Corolla-inspired, transverse-mounted, 1.8-liter four has variable valve timing and is backed by a clutchless, sequential-shift gearbox, a floor-mounted shifter and steering-wheel shift switches. It makes the MR-S a rival for the 1999 Mazda Miata.

Top: This elegant Z07 two-seater, a reprise of BMW's classic Fifties 507 roadster, is built on an aluminum space frame and weighs just under 3000 pounds. Motivation comes from the M5 sport sedan's 440-hp V8. That lift-off top is based on a Zagato-bodied 250 Tour de France Ferrari. The estimated price is $120,000.

Below: Volkswagen and Italdesign's Fabrizio Guigiaro teamed up for this sports car shocker, the W12, from the "people's car" company. Its 48-valve, four-camshaft, 12-cylinder engine is a clever side-by-side alignment of two hopped-up VW VR6s netting 5.6 liters and 420 bhp. Power finds its way to all four wheels via a six-speed sequential manual gearbox. VW probably won't build this two-seater, but the compact engine will fit neatly in a future luxury sedan.

1998 production vehicle that appeared late last year.

We recently attended two of the biggest and most predictive automobile shows, in Frankfurt (Germany) and Tokyo. Concept cars at these two venues provide reliable glimpses of what to expect in 1999 and beyond.

THE CARS

BMW Z07: A reprise of BMW's now-classic mid-Fifties 507 sports car, this sleek roadster packs the BMW M-5's powerful 440-horsepower V8. With an estimated zero-to-60 time under five seconds, the featherweight Z07 should be quicker than today's Ferrari F355. It's built on an aluminum space frame with alloy body parts (hence the low weight) and has a striking "double-bubble" lift-off hard top that resembles one featured on the Zagato-designed 250 Tour de France Ferrari 40 years ago. There's a soft top too. And with the top down, a finned headrest fairing behind the driver is revealed. Other nice touches include a four-spoke "banjo" steering wheel, enormous 18-inch magnesium wheels and a center-mounted instrument cluster, as well as a six-speed sequential gearbox.

The success of BMW's current Z-series cars bodes well for a road rocket such as this. With its estimated sticker of $120,000, the Z07 will be a future Mercedes-Benz 500/600SL competitor. Look for it by late 1999. A likely name? BMW Z8 sounds good to us.

MERCEDES-BENZ MAYBACH: Mercedes' archrival, BMW, is in the forefront of companies seeking to buy venerable Rolls-Royce. Not to be outdone, Mercedes has dusted off the Maybach name (a German luxury marque in the Thirties) and presented a flashy Rolls-rival limousine with Hollywood overtones. At cruising speeds, clever electronics let a massive six-liter, 36-valve V12 run on fewer than half a dozen cylinders. An electronic guidance system helps the Maybach maintain the proper interval from fellow travelers, and an advanced body-control system keeps the Maybach stable even in severe crosswinds or during violent maneuvers.

Although the enormous Maybach is nearly two feet longer than the vehicles in Mercedes' flagship S class, its synthetic fiber-reinforced superstructure makes it weigh substantially less. Two well-coddled passengers can enjoy the rear-seat 20-inch TV in recliners that rival those on a 767. There's a complete bar, of course, with hot and cold running water and enough exotic hardwood to outfit a Hatteras. Other essentials for mobile professionals of the future include an electrochromic glass roof, three telephones, a computer and a VCR. The sticker could top $300,000. With high-rolling cars like this one, Germany's message seems to be: Don't sweat the environment. Don't sweat anything!

VOLKSWAGEN W12: VW and Italdesign's Fabrizio Guigiaro (son of the designer of the Lamborghini Miura) teamed up for this head-turning concept sports car. The W12's unique and radical engine is a clever side-by-side alignment of two Volkswagen narrow-angle VR6s producing 5.6 liters and 420 bhp. The result is a compact, powerful 48-valve V12 with an engine package no bigger than that of a V8, and VW's exclusive Synchro all-wheel drive to ensure the W12 gets a grip. If Volkswagen decides to bring this Ferrari-fighter to market with a VW label, it will probably be priced to compete with Acura's NSX.

ISUZU VX-2: The best of several lunar rover–type sport utility vehicles unveiled at the Tokyo show, Isuzu's rugged VX-2 is the same size as the popular Toyota RAV4. However, its complex torque-on-demand all-wheel-drive system and fully independent wishbone suspension make the VX-2 ideal for more serious off-road work. Bold, razor-edged lines, vertical lighting, a full-width slatted grille, 18-inch wheels with wale-like 255/60R18 rubber and exotic treads differentiate the VX-2 from other lozengelike cars. With Isuzu's 3.2-liter V6 for motivation, the VX-2 seemed more like tomorrow than anything else at the show.

MITSUBISHI HSR-VI: Arguably the most technically advanced road machine ever developed, the HSR-VI has an angular, Stealth-like body shape that adapts to high-speed conditions by becoming increasingly aerodynamic. Inside the car there are enough sophisticated electronics to monitor World War Three. Designed to operate with or without a driver's effort, the HSR-VI features perimeter cameras and sensors to monitor fellow travelers; infrastructure car-to-car communications; a fuel-efficient, direct-injection gasoline engine with a continuously variable transmission; plus all-wheel drive and active steering, stability control and electronically controlled suspension.

HONDA J-VX: Who says you'll have to give up sporty looks and handling in an economical, emission-friendly car of the future? Not Honda. The J-VX coupe has a one-liter three-cylinder that's bolstered by a small but powerful electric integrated motor assist. The IMA functions as a performance booster and can power the vehicle at low speeds around town. Superlight, with a continuously variable automatic transmission, the J-VX is the Civic for the year 2010. It provides the performance of a 1.5-liter engine, and gets 70 miles per gallon in a tiny yet safe package. If this is the future—and it's certainly Honda's primary direction—sports car enthusiasts will still be satisfied.

TOYOTA MR-S: This is a fun little mid-engined Porsche Boxster copy with a Corolla-inspired, transverse-mounted, 1.8-liter, 140-hp four-cylinder engine. If it sees production, it will probably make Mazda (which just redesigned its popular Miata) very nervous. Toyota called on an Italian coach builder, Cecomp Carrozzeria of Turin, for help with the MR-S. About six inches shorter than a Miata, with a rakishly slanted windscreen and star-shaped alloy wheels, it uses a Formula 1–type, five-speed, sport-shift transmission controlled by fingertip switches on the steering wheel. The MR-S could easily arrive by the year 2000.

SUBARU: Betting on the continued popularity of sport utility vehicles, Subaru showed the Exiga, a RAV4 challenger that seats six people (with room for luggage) and has driveline electronics for the worst weather. The company's Elten hybrid reprises the old Subaru 360 with full-time all-wheel drive, a four-cylinder engine and a triple-threat electric motor that draws power from a manganese-lithium battery, a regenerative condensing battery and solar energy.

NISSAN: The R'nessa (an adaptation of renaissance) stylishly marries sedan and station wagon with a new shape that could be scaled up or down. Watch how many imitators this car spawns. Nissan also showed the Stylish 6. In addition to featuring a hybrid gas-and-electric power plant, this vehicle takes a page from Subaru's book in its attempt to marry station wagon and SUV.

THE TRENDS

Tokyo 1997 focused on futuristic body shapes, fresh engine types (with an emphasis on direct injection and diesel), hybrid power plants and smaller sport utility vehicles.

There's also a great effort under way to re-create the basic five-passenger sedan. We're hard put to guess if any of these shapes will take hold, but we predict new sedan configurations will replace the class, just as the minivan eclipsed the station wagon. One of the most promising is Toyota's hybrid Prius, the first really practical five-passenger sedan for the 21st century. Diverted engine power charges its electric motor. Toyota also showed the NC250, a sedan that resembles a shrunken Lexus LS400 and comes with several modern conveniences, including a radar-guided cruise-control system that maintains the proper intervals from

(concluded on page 166)

"Don't even think about it, Shirley!"

Holly by the Bay

you won't want to leave this hart in san francisco

College sophomore Holly Joan Hart, an Oakland policeman's daughter, wows student bodies wherever she goes.

Q: You're studying education. Why not be a cop like dad?

A: Too stressful. My dad has been shot at. He once had to shoot a pit bull that clamped on to his leg. Teaching school is safer. I want to teach first grade—to mold uncorrupted lives.

Q: And if the kids' fathers recognize you from PLAYBOY?

A: This is a liberal city. I'm delighted to be Miss April. I want to prove multiethnicity can be beautiful.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG

HENRY MILLER
Tropic of Cancer
GROVE PRESS
HEGEL'S Philosophy of Right
language
introductory readings

"Ever since I was a kid looking at my dad's PLAYBOYs, I've wanted to Playmate," says Holly, coining a new verb. "But when I told him that I was Miss April he got very upset. I said, 'But Dad, I got the idea from you!' He's OK with it now and, of course, I'm ecstatic."

BAR

Q: You're Puerto Rican–French–Irish–Colombian–African American?

A: Right. I'm even more multi than Tiger Woods. America is too obsessed with race. I'm proud to be "all of the above." I'm also proud of surviving a strict Jesuit prep school where the girls had to wear long skirts. Look—no more uniform!

To get closer to Holly Joan Hart, you can call the Playboy Super Hotline. See page 155 for details.

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Holly Joan Hart

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5' 7½ WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 11-10-76 BIRTHPLACE: Fort Hood, TEXAS

AMBITIONS: TO be the best at whatever it is I'm doing at the time — and someday to teach 1st grade.

TURN-ONS: Deep voices, foreign accents, fun dates, guys with the innocence of 1st graders.

TURNOFFS: Cockymen, loud noises, dishonesty.

FAVORITE AUTHORS: CAMUS, F. Scott Fitzgerald, J.D. Salinger.

FAVORITE STIMULANT: Strawberry bubble baths.

SELF-DESCRIPTION: I'm very driven and intuitive — when I have a feeling about something, you can bet I'm going to make it happen.

LOVE HINT: Just because I'm independent doesn't mean I don't want to be treated like a lady. So open that door for me, mister!

ULTIMATE GOAL: To be the 1st Supermodel/1st grade teacher.

Senior Prom '93

Modeling '97

Celeste and me '96

PLAYBOYS PARTY JOKES

Arriving home unexpectedly early from a convention, the tired executive was shocked to discover his wife in bed with his next-door neighbor. "OK, fuckhead, since you're in bed with my wife," the furious man shouted, "I'm going over to sleep with yours!"

"Go right ahead," the man said, shrugging. "The rest will do you good."

How can you spot a redneck at Sea World? He's the guy carrying a fishing pole.

A young husband and wife were sunning on a nude beach when a wasp buzzed into the woman's pussy. The husband covered her with a coat, pulled on his shorts, carried her to the car and made a dash to the hospital.

After examining her, the doctor explained that the wasp was too far in to be reached with forceps. He suggested the husband try to entice it out by putting honey on his penis, penetrating her and withdrawing as soon as he felt the wasp. The man agreed to try, but because he was so nervous, he couldn't rise to the occasion.

"If neither of you objects," the medic said, "I could give it a try." Under the circumstances, both agreed. The doctor quickly undressed, slathered on some honey and mounted the woman. The husband watched with increasing alarm as the doctor's thrusts continued for several long minutes.

"Hey, what the hell is happening?"

"Change of plans," the physician panted. "I'm going to drown the bastard!"

How can you get an Ole Miss grad off your porch? Pay him for the pizza.

An explorer was leading an entourage through the Amazon jungle when they heard the sounds of drums. At the next village, the leader stopped a native and asked him to explain their meaning. "Bad, real bad when drums stop!" he said before running off.

The drum beating continued to pulsate. The safari leader asked another native about it. "Bad, real bad when drums stop!" he said. A few minutes later the drums did stop, and all the expedition members became panicked. The leader grabbed another villager and demanded to know the situation.

"Bad, real bad that drums stop," he blurted. "Now comes bass solo!"

What's trouble? When you're standing in line behind Mother Teresa on Judgment Day and God says to her, "You know, you should have done more."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: After trimming a priest's hair, the barber refused payment, saying, "No, Father. You do God's work." The next morning the barber found a dozen Bibles at the door of his shop.

A few days later a policeman came to the barber for a haircut, and again the barber refused payment, saying, "No, Officer. You serve and protect." The next morning the barber found a dozen jelly doughnuts at the door of his shop.

The next day a lawyer came to the barber for a haircut. Again the barber refused payment, saying, "No, Counselor. You serve the justice system." The next morning the barber found a dozen lawyers at the door of his shop.

The blonde was late for a meeting on her first business trip. Her boss called her hotel room. She apologized for being late but explained that she had a problem. "There are only three doors in my room," she cried. "One's a closet door, another is the bathroom door—and the third has a DO NOT DISTURB sign on it!"

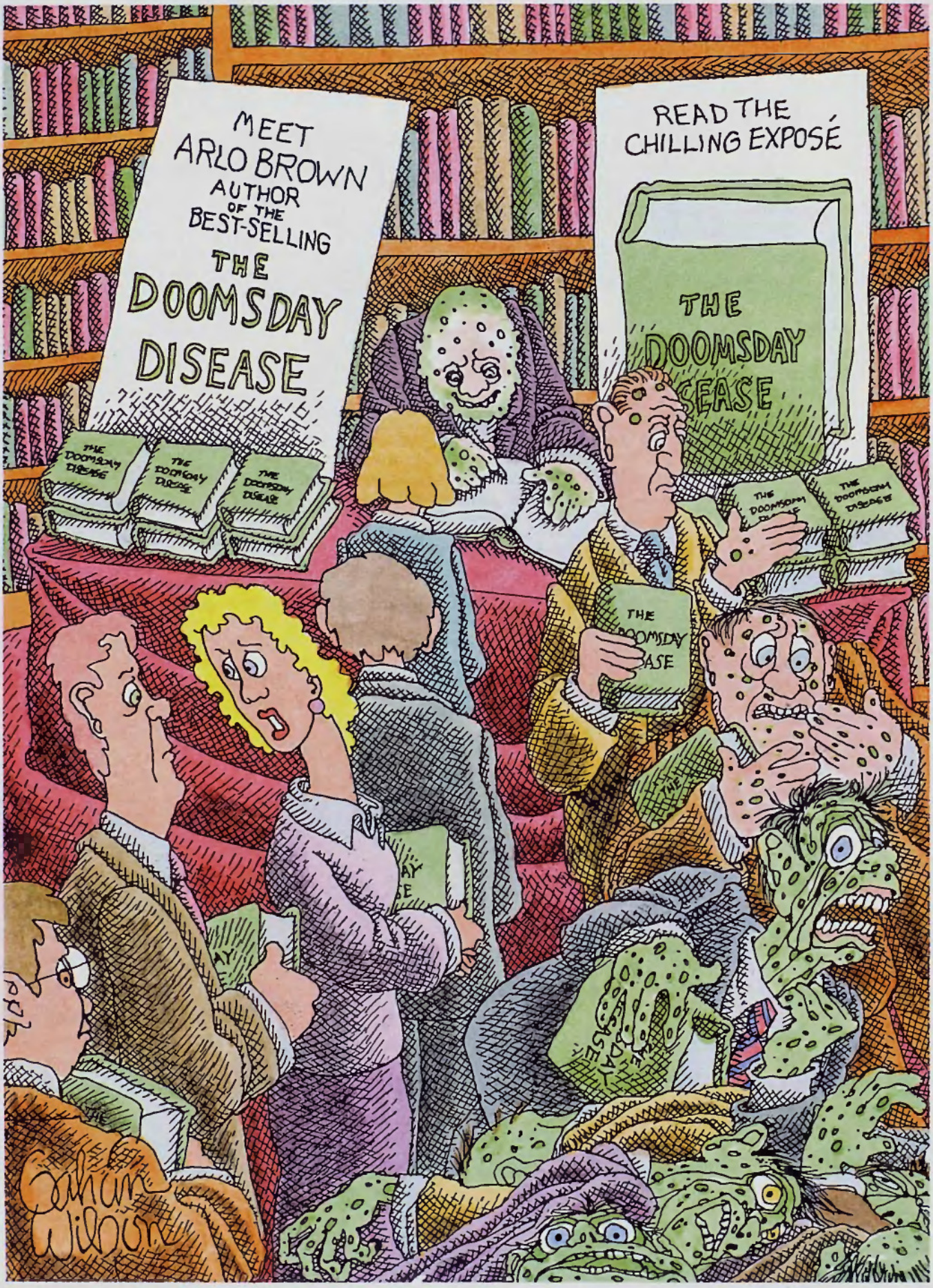
PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A man phoned home from his office. "Honey," he told his wife, "something has just come up. I have a chance to go fishing for a week. It's the opportunity of a lifetime. So would you pack my clothes, my fishing equipment and my blue silk pajamas? I'll be home in an hour to pick them up."

A week later he returned. "Did you have a good trip, dear?" his wife asked.

"It was great, fabulous!" he exclaimed. "But you forgot to pack my blue silk pajamas."

"No I didn't," she replied. "I put them in your tackle box."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*



"I'm stepping out of line!"

ELECTRONICS '98

OUR EXPERTS PICK THE YEAR'S BEST TECH TOYS

Taking it from the top, JVC's GR-DVX digital camcorder fits in your breast pocket but packs a slew of slick features, including a color viewfinder, a 2.5-inch LCD viewscreen, a 100x digital zoom and a built-in flash for lighting digital photographs. This device shoots both full-motion and still images ($2800). The Agfa ePhoto1280 is a digital-still shooter with a two-inch LCD viewscreen and an attached swiveling lens for taking high-res photos from a variety of wild angles ($900). Flip the lens 180 degrees, for example, and you can take your own picture. The price: $900.

Above: Portable gadgets don't get much cooler than Sharp's Digital DJ, an FM radio and stock-quote receiver. Program the device to monitor up to 100 stocks and have the quotes delivered in real time via a $60-per-month service called Wireless Wall Street. You can also receive weather reports, scores and news. The price: $89, including headphones. Aside from its good looks, Compaq's new Presario 4860 is power-packed with the latest Pentium II processor, loads of D-RAM and hard-drive space, a 56-kbps modem and a DVD-ROM drive—all for $2400.

Each January, we pack a pair of comfortable sneakers and a jumbo bottle of Tylenol for our annual trip to the Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas. After four days of walking more than a million square feet of convention floor, we find our heads spinning with enough technology to fill a year of PLAYBOY. To find the best for 1998, we got a little help from our friends David Elrich, Ron Goldberg, Harry Somerfield and Stewart Wolpin, who happen to be ace electronics writers. In addition to contributing to some of the country's top newspapers and magazines, this quartet spends much of the year on the road, testing the latest tech toys for their Web site, E/Town: the Home Electronics Guide (www.e-town.com). We asked them to choose the hottest products across ten categories. Here are their picks.

TV'S: GOING WIDE

If you have the space, Toshiba's 65-inch TW65G80 Theater Wide TV is the ideal way to view today's top video sources (DVD and DSS). A built-in line doubler means the image is the best you'll see from our current video systems. The set is upgradable to HDTV, which will debut late this year or early next. You'll have to connect a set-top box to catch high-definition signals. And though the picture won't be true high-definition quality, it'll be noticeably better than what you are viewing now.

If you want to be the first on your block with the ultimate boy's toy, opt for the AmPro 3600. This HDTV is being used by television stations around the country to demonstrate the new video technology. The picture on its 54-inch screen is spectacular—as well it should *(text continued on page 144)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

With the Oki 1444 Splash Phone, you don't have to run for cover during a downpour. This weather-resistant cell phone has a waterproof casing, an antifog lens and a well-lit keypad for punching in numbers after dark. Other features include caller ID (where available), one-touch emergency dialing, a retractable antenna for improved sound quality and five memory locations for storing frequently dialed numbers. The price: $200.

Above: It looks like Runco is taking DVD seriously. Its SAR 200 stores 200 DVDs and compact discs and features connections that allow you to link up to six units. To keep this collection organized, Runco offers the SAR Controller, a computerized component that can be easily programmed to catalog your DVD and CD collections. Priced at $5000, the SAR Controller comes with an infrared mouse and a wireless keyboard. Opposite: Optimized for viewing DVD movies and digital broadcasts from satellite services such as DSS and the Dish Network, Toshiba's TW65G80 Theater Wide is a rear-projection television with a 65-inch screen ($7300).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.

LEADERS
HOLE
PAR
THRU 17
WOODS
ROCCA
TOSHIBA

An Innocent Bystander

PICKING UP HITCHHIKERS IS RISKY. PICKING UP GIRL HITCHHIKERS CAN BE DOWNRIGHT DANGEROUS

fiction By GARY KRIST

THE GIRL had nothing on her feet. It was the first thing I noticed about her. That and the oval splotches of mud running up one side of her pale leg and onto her short white shorts.

The mud was actually what made me stop. I don't usually pick up hitchhikers, no matter who they are or how unthreatening they look. But the sight of those mud spots was ominous. This girl looked like she was in trouble. As if she'd been running away from something, barefoot, through the mud.

This was a Monday, early October, around twilight, the day after Keszler had given me the boot—"seeking more vigorous representation elsewhere" was how he'd put it. Pompous jerk. I was feeling a little dazed and was driving out to the Island to think things over. Keszler was my biggest client.

Anyway, I'd gotten off the L.I.E. around Nesconset and was taking secondary roads out to the beach house. The weather was warm for October, and there are some beautiful roads back there, where you can pull off and hear the wind in the pines and get the resiny smell of pine sap.

A look of relief broke out on the girl's face when I pulled over.

•

"So was she actually hitchhiking?"

"What do you mean?"

"Did she have her thumb out, or did

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA

you just see her by the road and stop?"

"I'm not sure. I mean, she must have been hitchhiking, right? Why else would I have even thought to stop?"

"You said she looked like she was in trouble. Maybe you just stopped to make sure she was all right."

"No . . . no, she was hitchhiking. Now that I think about it, I can remember seeing her thumb out. She had it out in this defiant way, almost daring me to stop."

"So she *was* hitchhiking."

"Why? Does it make a difference?"

"It might."

•

"Thanks," she said as she climbed into the car. Her long brown hair swung toward me, and then swung back again as she leaned out to pull the door shut. Now that she was in the car, I could see that she was a little younger than I had first thought—17, 18, maybe. She wore an old, oversize work shirt that made her look like a kid.

"You OK?" I asked.

She looked up at me through stringy bangs. "Yeah, are you?" She had an accent, something a little Southern, I thought, but sometimes the locals out on the Island sound Southern to me.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

She hesitated, as if that issue hadn't occurred to her yet. She shifted her legs. They were long for her body. Long and white and spotted with mud. "You going as far as Riverhead?"

"I could go that way," I said. Then I shifted into gear and pulled away. "What happened to your shoes?"

"I threw them at somebody."

"Oh."

We rode for a few minutes in silence. The girl smelled strongly of cigarettes and something else, something like insect repellent. She had her hands folded in her lap and was quietly examining her varnished nails.

"Where in Riverhead do you want to be dropped off?" I asked.

"I'll tell you when we get there."

"But which part of town? So I know which way to go."

She heaved a big sigh and turned away from me, toward the window. "Look, mister," she said, "I just been thrown out of my apartment, OK? And I'm not really sure where I'm going, OK? I have friends in Riverhead, but I'm not sure which ones are home."

I just nodded, a little pissed that this girl was getting impatient with me.

"Sorry," she said after a while.

I nodded again.

Night had set in by this time. I flipped on the headlights, making a white tunnel of the trees ahead of us.

"My name's Maddy," she said then, in a different tone. "Short for Madeleine, my aunt's name." She held out her hand.

"Jack," I said, looking away from the road for a second to shake the offered hand. She was smiling. Nice smile.

"And what do you do, Jack?"

"I'm an agent."

She seemed to think this was a joke. "Like, a secret agent?"

I laughed. "No, no. I represent people. Artists. Writers, mostly."

"You represent them?"

"I negotiate contracts for them. Sell their stuff. Keep them calm."

"You mean writers like Stephen King?" she asked.

"I wish," I said, thinking again about Keszler. "But that's more or less the right idea."

"Shit," she said. "And you do that for a career?"

"Yes, I do. And what do you do for a career?"

"Hah," she said, as if my question had been a worthy retort.

Feeling guilty then, I added: "Well, I guess school is pretty hard work, too."

"I wouldn't know," she said. She dragged her hands through her long hair, lifting it and letting it fall, so that it pattered on the vinyl. "God, I hate fighting with people. Even with assholes like my boyfriend." Then she looked at me, hard. I could feel her eyes on me. "I just bet you're sitting there thinking what it would be like to go to bed with me."

•

"She said that?"

"Her exact words."

"Christ, I'm surprised you didn't drive off the road."

"It took some effort, believe me."

"Incredible! You should have pulled over right then and told her to get out of the car."

"I know."

"It should have served as a warning to you."

"I know."

"So what did you say to her? How do you answer a statement like that?"

"With the truth."

"The real truth?"

"Yes, damn it. The real truth."

•

"I hate to disappoint you," I said after I'd recovered, "but you're absolutely wrong. For one thing, I have a daughter about your age." I eased my foot on the accelerator and brought our speed back down to 50. "I don't know what could have brought on a comment like that, I really don't. I'm trying to help you out here."

"OK, OK, I'm sorry," she said. "It was a stupid thing to say. Let's just forget I said it."

"Because, you know, you don't say things like that. You don't have any idea."

"OK, OK," she said, and then—to my amazement—she started to cry quietly. She wiped her eyes on the tail of her oversize shirt. "I said let's forget it. I say stupid things sometimes, I know that."

We drove on in silence for a while. I looked at my watch. I was supposed to give McManus a call at 8:00—it wasn't going to be a fun call, with the thing about Keszler—but I really didn't want to use the car phone. It's virtually impossible not to look like a self-important asshole with a car phone in your hand.

"OK if I smoke?" Maddy asked after a while. She pulled a crumpled pack of Camels out of the breast pocket of her shirt.

"Sure," I said.

She took one out of the pack, lit it with a white plastic lighter and inhaled deeply, stylishly. She had a self-consciously careless way with a cigarette, something you see in a lot of kids her age. You wonder if they practice all day in front of mirrors.

"So what's your daughter's name?" Maddy asked finally. "The one who's my age?" We'd already passed through Stoat's Hollow. The pines had given way to farms—dark, empty fields of corn stubble on each side of the road.

"Megan. She's 15."

"That's a lot younger than me," she said. "Any other children?"

"No."

"You going to meet up with the family now?"

I hesitated a second. I could have lied, but what I said was, "No, my wife and I have been divorced for eight years. Megan lives with her in Portland. Portland, Oregon."

Maddy nodded. The light of the dashboard threw a green glow over her face. Green smoke seemed to be rising in the dark space of the car. "Everybody's got a sob story these days, I guess."

"Yeah," I said, turning on the air.

Maddy was asleep when we got to the outskirts of Riverhead at 8:30. I pulled into the parking lot of a 7-Eleven near the edge of town. There were some teenagers hanging out next to the Dumpsters at the other end of the lot. Two girls—just younger than Maddy, I guessed—pranced around in ripped jeans and leather jackets, their teased hair floating around them. The boys were grabbing for the lapels of the girls' jackets, laughing and generally acting like goons.

I shook Maddy awake. "We're here," I said.

She jumped when I touched her,

"Where y'from?"

and blinked furiously. "What?"

"We're in Riverhead—I need to know where you want to be dropped off. Where do your friends live?"

She didn't answer right away. She rubbed her eyes, then groped for her pack of Camels. She lit one, took a long pull and exhaled noisily. "Acquaintances, really," she said.

"Do they know you're coming?"

"I didn't get a chance to call." She stared down at the cigarette in her hand. "Look, I was hoping I could maybe stay with you. I mean, now that I know your intentions are honorable and all."

Apparently, her comment about my wanting to sleep with her was some kind of test, and I'd passed. "You can't stay with your parents?" I asked.

She rolled her eyes the way my own daughter does. "Well, if you can find my mom, you should be a detective instead of a secret agent. And my dad's been dead for eight years."

I had to ask then: "Maddy, how old are you?"

"Eighteen," she said. She scratched the edge of her mouth with the pinkie of her cigarette hand. "Look, have you got room in your house? Just for the night? Until I can figure out what to do."

What could I say? Megan's room was empty. She probably wouldn't be needing it until the next summer visit.

"OK," I said. "Just until you figure out what to do."

•

"Let me make sure of this: She asked you if she could stay at your place?"

"Yes."

"You didn't suggest it yourself in any way, verbally or nonverbally?"

"Nonverbally?"

"Use your imagination."

"Jesus, will you stop?"

"You asked for my advice. I'm just asking questions that would be asked. By people who don't know you as well as I do."

"Fine, fine, fine. The answer is no. I didn't say or do anything suggestive in any way."

"Good. Go on."

•

The house was dark when we arrived. The light timers were out of synch somehow, probably from a power failure during the week, but there was a half-moon that night. I pulled into the drive and parked. As we got out of the car, I could smell the damp salt air and hear the roll of surf from behind the dark bulk of the house.

"I'll go ahead and turn on some lights," I said. "Wait here. And watch your bare feet on the gravel."

I walked quickly up the path, opened the front door and went inside, snapping on lights. The house had that thick, stale smell to it. I'd been coming to the house like this—at night, after a long drive—all summer and fall, but it still made me a little uncomfortable. I usually put the stereo on right away, or the television.

I turned on the outside floods and went back to the car. Maddy wasn't there. She'd left the passenger door slightly open, so that the overhead light was on and the warning bell was chiming. "Maddy?" I called. I leaned gently against the door until it clicked shut, then went around and opened the trunk for my suitcase. I grabbed it and a bag of corn and tomatoes I'd picked up at a farm stand on the way out. "Maddy?"

I thought she must have gone around back, so I followed the flagstone path along the side of the house and through the overgrown trellis to the beach. The floods from the house threw huge buttresses of white light toward the water. Maddy was standing at the foot of her long shadow, staring straight out, her arms folded. Something clenched in my chest when I saw her. A few months earlier, my own daughter Megan had stood there, just like that, watching the ocean for hours. Something had seemed wrong, and I asked Megan again and again what the problem was. But she said she just liked to look at the water—she liked to look at something that big and oblivious to everything. I thought there was more to it, so I kept asking until she got pissed off. "You will never understand anything anyway!" she shouted at me on her last night, and then marched into the house. This comment worried me. I mentioned it to her mother on the phone, but Claire told me I was paranoid. "She's an adolescent, Jack," she said. "Adolescents brood. It goes with the territory."

•

"So did she seem depressed?"

"Megan?"

"No, the other girl. Maddy."

"No, not depressed. Pensive, maybe. Thoughtful. But, hell, everybody gets thoughtful staring at the ocean. It's like a fire in a fireplace."

"Was there anyone else on the beach that night? Anyone who might have seen her standing there?"

"No one I could see. The houses are pretty far apart at our end of the beach. And this was a Monday night, a month after Labor Day. Most of the houses on the beach were probably empty."

"You're sure?"

"No, I'm not absolutely sure."

•

"Do you like the ocean?" I asked, coming up behind her.

She turned and looked at me. Her face seemed unbelievably pale and thin in the glare of the floodlights. "Jesus," she said, shading her eyes, "you must do pretty good as an agent to have a house like this."

"I've had it for a long time. My parents bought it. Back when there was nothing out here but fishermen and abstract expressionists."

The comment was lost on her. She just kept staring at me from the shade of her upraised hand. "You must be 40 and something, right? Forty-five?"

"Forty-three," I told her.

She smiled and turned back toward the water. "God, wouldn't Drew be surprised to see me here? He probably thinks I'm spending the night in somebody's car or something."

"Drew is your boyfriend?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said. "Or at least he was." She reached into her pocket for another cigarette.

"Hey, are you hungry?" I asked her. "There's not much in the house, but I stopped for some corn and tomatoes before I picked you up."

"Do you have eggs? And maybe some cheese?" she asked.

I shrugged. "I think so."

"Well then, listen. I'll make omelettes—my famous cheese-and-tomato omelettes." The idea seemed to give her energy. "You just sit back and let me make you some dinner, OK? As my way of thanking you for being such a good guy and putting me up and all?"

"Sounds great," I said. "I have to take a shower anyway. Let's go in and I can show you around the kitchen."

We went in. Maddy looked around the house, clearly impressed, running her hand over the furniture, the vases and ashtrays and books. I found it a little embarrassing. I don't think of myself as particularly rich, but to this girl I guess I was. When I led her into the kitchen, she pulled a couple of copper pans off the hooks and inspected them like they were artifacts from some lost civilization.

"Show me the eggs and where you keep the canned stuff and then go away," she said.

I did, and then went upstairs for my shower. By the time I came back down, dressed in sweatpants and a T-shirt, I could smell onions and cigarette smoke all through the house. The table in the dining room had been beautifully set, and she'd opened the sliders to the deck so that the ocean sounds came in on the breeze. There was a bottle of white wine in the ice bucket, and a

(continued on page 132)

"PLAYBOY has been part of me for so long, I can't imagine life without it," Monique St. Pierre said recently. Born on November 25, 1953, days after PLAYBOY debuted on newsstands, Monique has come of age with the magazine. At the age of 25, she was Miss November 1978. The next year she was the 20th Playmate of the Year. Off camera, she lived at the Mansion ("I went full tilt—I knew I'd never experience anything else like it") and held various jobs at PLAYBOY. Today, Monique is a devoted mother, a clothing designer and a stylist for celebrities. "I'm known for making women look sexy," she says. As you can see, she's a pro.

PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
WELL, EXCUUUUUSE US! SOME SHORT AND CRAZY STORIES BY STEVE MARTIN
Playmate of the Year
AT LAST! THE WINNERS OF PLAYBOY'S FIRST HUMOR CONTEST
IMMORTALITY—IS IT JUST AROUND THE CORNER?
TREASURE HUNTING: A SHARK-INFESTED BUSINESS SCORES BIG

PLAYBOY
MORE GLORIOUS THAN EVER! THE BUNNIES OF '78
THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF SEX IN CINEMA
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GERALDO RIVERA LEARNS HUMILITY
SPECIAL REPORT: WHO KILLED JIMMY HOFFA AND WHY!

After emerging as Miss November 1978 (above), the cover girl from Wiesbaden, Germany wore a Bob Mackie dress ("I still have it") as Playmate of the Year (top). "It was interesting being in the limelight," Monique says. "I didn't realize it was a big deal until it was over."

PLAYMATE REVISITED: *Monique St. Pierre*

our 1979 playmate of the year inspires the stars to shine

"Winning Playmate of the Year was amazing," Monique (above, with her ex-husband, actor Steve Parrish) remembers. Although her prizes included a $32,000 Porsche 928 ("I went to the dealership, signed my name and drove off," she recalls with a laugh), the designer-stylist is no material girl. "Humility is important. I never felt that I was better than anyone else."

PLAYBOY '98 MUSIC

THE WALLFLOWERS SHINED ONE HEADLIGHT, GIRL POWER EMERGED AT LILITH FAIR, PUFF DADDY WENT GLOBAL AND A NEW BRIDGE WAS BUILT TO BABYLON; IT WAS A YEAR TO REMEMBER

Fans of the Spice Girls say it's a Spice World.

An anarchist might counter with Chumbawamba.

LeAnn Rimes and Jonny Lang have heavy teen power. Fleetwood Mac and Bob Dylan have staying power. Music has been all over the map—and that's good for the consumer. Boomers relive their youth, rappers readjust their thinking and Frank Sinatra swims in public affection.

Jewel, who won two PLAYBOY music poll awards, is at the head of a long line of women who made their marks in 1997, including Sarah McLachlan, Meredith Brooks, Paula Cole, Lisa Loeb, Fiona Apple and the poster child for independence, Ani DiFranco. These women don't just sing; they write, play instruments and manage their careers. Beck, Jamiroquai's Jason Kay, Radiohead's Thom Yorke and the Wallflowers' Jakob Dylan countered the female wave with eclectic rock from the male perspective.

Rap was left reeling after the Notorious B.I.G. was gunned down. But the genre's two brightest faces this past year—Puff Daddy and Missy Elliott—took over the charts, visuals and production. Controversy can't camouflage great work, and the return of Wu-Tang Clan proved it. Hip-hop with melody, which took off with the Fugees, reached diva proportions in Erykah Badu's music. She had her fans chanting along from the very start. Incense optional.

So what's with electronica? Is it happening or not? The Chemical Brothers, Prodigy, Moby and the rest have had their moments in the sun, but Prodigy got all the attention. We're watching jungle carefully. Roni Size and his Bristol, UK DJ collective are onto some seriously hot rhythms.

We salute R&B. It's staying alive thanks to Babyface, Luther Vandross, En Vogue, Boyz II Men, Toni Braxton, Maxwell and D'Angelo. But we have to admit, our guilty pleasures in this category are the Ray Charles anniversary box and the *Philly Sound* set, which we play every day. Try not dancing to *Love Train*.

The record companies are making a bundle off of reissues, anthologies and soundtracks, and we applaud. Al Green, Led Zep's *BBC Sessions*, *Pet Sounds*, *Men in Black*, *Soul Food* and, yes, *Mortal Kombat 3: Annihilation*—it's like listening to the best days of radio.

What about radio? The complaints are familiar: not enough variety, too much repetition. This is less true of music videos. Now that MTV is back in

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID COWLES

the music biz, it and its fellow stations, M2, VH1, BET and the Box, will help us find this year's Matchbox 20 and Smash Mouth.

Jazz is all about fusion, no matter what Wynton Marsalis may say. Both Bela Fleck and the Flecktones and Herbie Hancock won in our readers' poll. If you want to hear some extraordinary examples of fusion, listen to recent Cuban jazz or the great Olu Dara, whose band combines blues, jazz, Caribbean sounds and joy, all on one CD. One thing about jazz that stays true is that the singers still sing. From k.d. lang to Diana Krall, from Kurt Elling to Tony Bennett, voices carry songs.

Garth Brooks owns country music. He even owned New York City's Central Park last summer. With Brooks and LeAnn Rimes at the top of the pyramid and Trisha Yearwood, Tim McGraw, George Strait, Alan Jackson, Vince Gill and Wynonna below, there's plenty to keep country fans in their concert seats. But something interesting is bubbling up. Lila McCann, Deana Carter, BR5-49 and Mindy McCready are country with a twist—and there are both a traditional audience and a crossover audience already checking them out.

Our readers tipped their hats to Johnny Cash by inducting him into the Hall of Fame, showing once again the crossover power of country music. Cash has made a connection with younger audiences without losing his original fan base.

Music fans sent more than one message about concert tickets this year. They did pony up the big bucks for Tina Turner, the Stones, Fleetwood Mac and the Lilith Fair. But U2 had its troubles, as did Lollapalooza, Further and Smokin' Grooves. Even Farm Aid had to be moved from Dallas to suburban Chicago to sell out. Also successful were charity concerts (such as the Tibetan Freedom Concert) and events (such as Fleadh) that brought the famous and the wannabes together. More interesting than seeing performers in the big venues is discovering a new group in a smaller one or hearing Bob Dylan at a place like Irving Plaza in New York or Metro in Chicago, where it's up close and personal.

Music may soothe the savage breast, but no one in the music business feels soothed. Two years of soft sales have taken a toll. Only Elton John's eulogy to Princess Diana, which had earned various charities $32 million by year's end, brought people into record stores. Music sales rose about seven percent in 1997, nothing like the double-digit growth of the early Nineties. While musicians may see it as a lack of loyalty, consumers just aren't jazzed.

Strangely enough, it was a year for singles. The favorite format of the Fifties and Sixties suddenly became popular again. *One Headlight* won our readers' poll for best single, but there have been a lot of one-hit wonders. Will Aqua's *Barbie Girl* end up like the Presidents of the United States of America's *Peaches*, or will a career be built like Sheryl Crow's was from *All I Wanna Do (Is Have Some Fun)*?

The Seventies revival, fueled by the 20th anniversary of *Saturday Night Fever* and the reappearance of the Bee Gees, got people dancing. And once the *Studio 54* movie comes out, disco will have its day again. Not that dance music needs it. If you've checked out *The Groove*, the Nineties' answer to *American Bandstand*, you know it's snappy patter and dance music, hosted by Catt Sadler. Furthermore, many acts, from Lisa Stansfield to Moby, have remixed their songs for clubs.

Elvis has now really left the building: Colonel Tom Parker died at the age of 87. The unsolved murder of the Notorious B.I.G. was a shock, as were the deaths of Jeff Buckley and Michael Hutchence. And the loss of Laura Nyro, whose music infused the Sixties and Seventies, and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, whose voice infused world beats, leave a large hole.

Other events of 1997: Paul McCartney went classical, Paul Simon went Broadway, David Bowie went 50 and celebrated in concert, Soundgarden split up, Jane's Addiction reunited, Joni Mitchell found her daughter, Marilyn Manson found the ACLU.

The Merry Pranksters bus, led by Ken Kesey, rolled into Cleveland to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the Summer of Love at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum. Courtney Love emerged as a fashion diva and Janet Jackson reemerged as a rock one. Mark Wahlberg boogied all night, *South Park* sent us back to our Isaac Hayes LPs, Boston's Mighty Mighty Bosstones scored big and electronica found its folk poster girl in Beth Orton.

What did we like? Cornershop's *When I Was Born for the Seventh Time*, Missy Elliott's laugh, the couple of the year: Martha Stewart and Busta Rhymes at the MTV Video Music Awards, the Rhino *Beg, Scream & Shout* box, the Verve, Mick and Keith at it again, Curtis Mayfield's remixed *Superfly*, the *Jackie Brown* soundtrack and Dylan's *Time Out of Mind*.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Music sales rose about seven percent in 1997, nothing like the double-digit growth of the early Nineties. Only Elton John's eulogy to Princess Diana brought people into record stores in swarms.

ALBUMS

FRANK SINATRA
JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR

EN VOGUE
R&B ALBUM OF THE YEAR

JEWEL
ROCK ALBUM OF THE YEAR

LEANN RIMES
COUNTRY ALBUM OF THE YEAR

SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY/PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK

HALL OF FAME

JOHNNY CASH

Born in Kingsland, Arkansas in 1932 to a guitar-playing mother, Johnny Cash knew when he was four years old what he wanted to do with his life. By the time he was 12, he was writing poems, songs and stories, and his heart was set on a music career. Cash grew up to become America's original man in black. In fact, that was the title of his first autobiography, penned in 1975. As one of the most powerful interpreters of the American experience, Johnny Cash gives voice to the lonesome and the lost, always remaining true to his country music roots. He's the only person selected for the Country Music Hall of Fame, the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and the Songwriters' Hall of Fame. He has recorded more than 1500 songs, won eight Grammy Awards and attracted another generation of fans. PLAYBOY is proud to welcome this American legend to our Hall of Fame.

1998 PLAYBOY MU

BOYZ II MEN
GROUP—R&B

THE WALLFLOWERS
"ONE HEADLIGHT"—SINGLE

WILL SMITH
M.I.B.—VIDEO & SOUNDTRACK

HERBIE HANCOCK
INSTRUMENTALIST—JAZZ

LEANN RIMES
FEMALE VOCALIST—COUNTR

TONI BRAXTON
FEMALE VOCALIST—R&B

LUTHER VANDROSS
MALE VOCALIST—R&B

KEITH RICHARDS
INSTRUMENTALIST—ROCK

SPICE GIRLS
GROUP—ROCK

SIC POLL WINNERS

GARTH BROOKS
MALE VOCALIST—COUNTRY

TONY BENNETT
MALE VOCALIST—JAZZ

ALABAMA
GROUP—COUNTRY

JEWEL
FEMALE VOCALIST—ROCK

BELA FLECK
GROUP—JAZZ

TINA TURNER
CONCERT

BECK
MALE VOCALIST—ROCK

K.D. LANG
FEMALE VOCALIST—JAZZ

THE BUZZ

THE SOUND, THE LOOK, THE BOOZE, THE CLUBS—BE THERE NOW

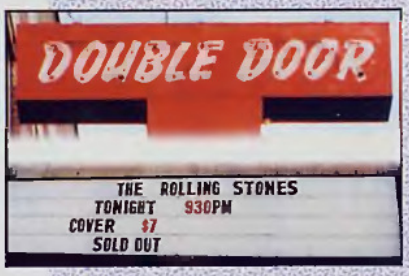
ZINES

Rocktober
Ben Is Dead
Electric Ink
Pop Smear
Socially Fucking Retarded

CLUBS

Los Angeles:
Axis
Velvet
Sin-a-Matic
Garden of Eden

New York:
Savoy Lounge
Knitting Factory



Arlene Grocery
Brownies

Chicago:
Double Door
Liquid Kitty
Karma
Leopard Lounge

WEBSITES

www.audionet.com
www.liveconcerts.com
www.rockontv.com
www.cdnow.com
www.sonicnet.com
www.addict.com
www.iuma.com
www.wilma.com
www.ubl.com
www.cmjmusic.com

CLUB DJS

Roni Size in London
DJ Jules in New York
Oinionz in New York

Richard "Humpty" Vision in Los Angeles
Lance Rock in Los Angeles
Jeff Moyer in Chicago

RADIO DJS

Los Angeles:
Jason Bentley, KROQ
Jed the Fish, KROQ
Theo, KKBT the Beat
"Boomer" Servantez, KCMG

New York:
Denis "Radio Raheem," K-Rock

Chicago:
James Van Osdol, Q101

MUSIC MECCAS

Bristol, U.K.
Austin, Texas
Louisville, Kentucky

READY FOR THE BIG TIME

West Coast:
Guadaloop
Red Elvises
System of a Down
Woven
Majelins
It's Me Margaret

Midwest:
Sea and Cake
Sumo
Swimmer
Mighty Blue Kings
Afrodisiacs

East Coast:
Wheat
Demon Speed
Metro Stylee
Fahrenheit 451
Burning Airlines
Big Geraniums

WHO TO WATCH

Lila McCann
Knockout Drops
Cobra Verde
Chris Whitley
Galactic
Dave Douglas
The Grifters
764-Hero
Promise Ring
Lotus Crown
The Clarks
Jim
Imani Coppola
Robbie Fulks
Matraca Berg
Kim Fox
All Saints
Deftones
Abra Moore
Nitin Sawhney
Radio Tarifa
Missy Elliott
Lili Haydn
Modest Mouse
Girls Against Boys
Cornershop
Gert Wilden & Orchestra

Missy Elliott

INSTRUMENTS

Steel guitar
Upright bass
Turntable
Violin
Saxophone
Sitar
Moog synthesizer
Farfisa

TECHNOLOGY

Minidisc
Listen Up player
CD-RW
DVD
Quadrophonics

SEX MUSIC

Portishead
Tricky
LSG
Enigma

WOMEN

Garrison Starr
Mary Lou Lord
Fiona Apple
Danielle Howle

Portishead

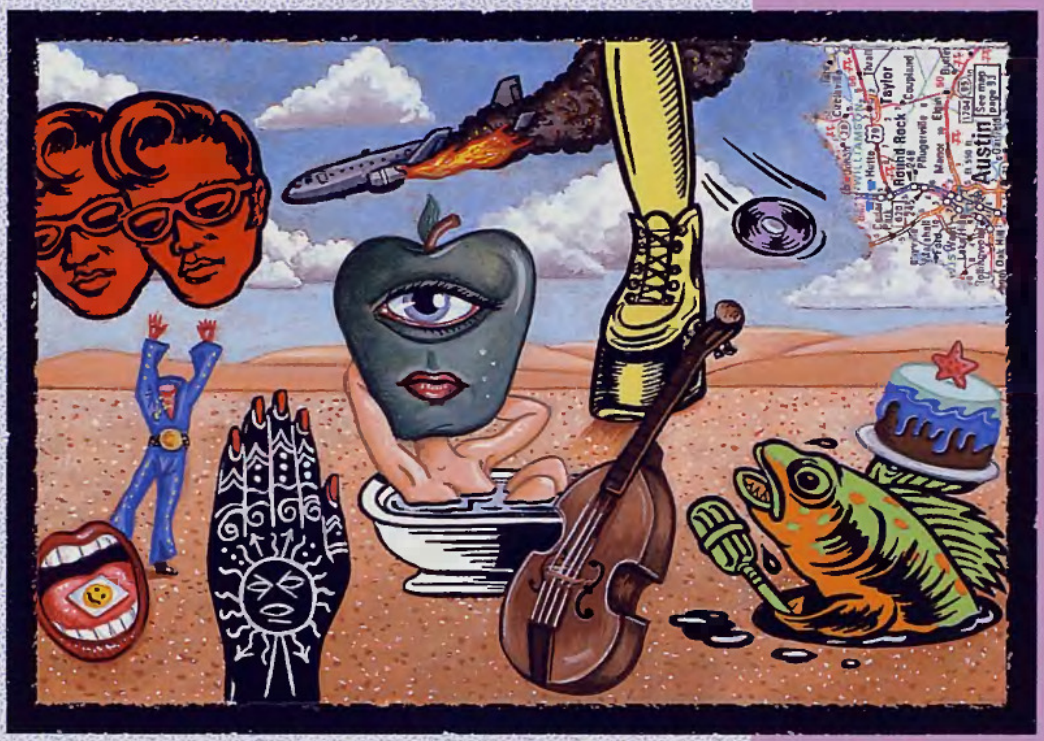
RECORD LABELS

U.K.:

Outcaste
Mo Wax
World Circuit
Nation
4AD

U.S.:

Fat Possum
Scat
Teenbeat
Bad Boy
Blessed
Jade Tree
Simple Machines
Initial
Thrill Jockey
Epitaph



MUSIC ACROSS AMERICA

Fresh Tracks
www.freshtrack.com
773-529-6733

Ani DiFranco
Melissa Auf der Maur
Shirley Manson
Princess Superstar
Pam Grier

SOUNDTRACKS

Schoolgirl Report
Joyride
Half Baked
Wicked City

A made-up Dave Navarro of Jane's Addiction

LOOK

New York:

Seventies glitz
Vintage
Trashy rock and roll

Chicago:

Heavy-metal T-shirts
Platform shoes

Los Angeles:

Velvet
Henna
Men in makeup
Gucci

DRINKS

Shots:

Midori and Stoli
Chambord and vodka

Cocktails:

Swell Sex
Liquid Heroin
Liquid Cocaine
Godmother's Lesbian Lover
Alien Secretion

MUSIC ON TV

Sessions at West 54th—PBS

The recordable minidisc is the ultimate portable audio format. Kenwood's DMC-G7R (right) records from a CD player or tapes concert bootlegs (you didn't hear it from us).

 (continued from page 120)

"Did she know that he was there? Was that why she came on to you, for the audience?"

Dylan CD in the stereo. Maddy came out of the kitchen with a platter of steaming home fries. "I couldn't find any mushrooms," she said, slipping past me and putting the potatoes down on the table. "We'll just have to suffer."

"You know, I might be able to find you some shoes," I said. Maddy was still barefoot. "I think my wife left a box of old sandals up in the attic."

"Later," she said, slipping back into the kitchen for the eggs.

We both ate quickly, conscious of the clicks and clatters of the silverware and the ridiculous little gongs the wineglasses made when we knocked them against our plates. At one point, I thought I noticed Maddy shivering—it had gotten a little chilly—so I went and got one of my cardigan sweaters. I put it around her shoulders and she just stared at me, as if amazed that anyone would do something like that.

•

"You were drinking wine. Do you have any idea how much she drank?"

"Well, a lot. I'm not sure exactly how much, but she kept refilling both our glasses."

"How many empty bottles did you find?"

"Hell, I don't——"

"How many?"

"Three."

"You drank three bottles of wine between you?"

"I probably had just one myself. She was drinking more than I was. I mean, when I found her later in the TV room, she had another bottle open."

"Two bottles then. A girl of, what, 120 pounds?"

"Thereabouts."

"Shit. Not good."

•

We finished dinner. Afterward, I brought down the box of sandals and let her go through it in the TV room while I cleaned up the dishes. She was already pretty far gone, and kept coming into the kitchen, modeling the different pairs of sandals while I loaded the dishwasher. Her feet were a size or two smaller than Claire's, and some of the sandals looked huge on her. She was getting kind of silly, parading around in these oversize shoes, with a lit cigarette hanging unsteadily out of her mouth. When I was about finished, she came in with the worst sandals of the bunch—rainbow-colored, plastic-strapped things. She pranced over to the refrigerator and pulled out another bottle of white.

"Hey," I said. "Maybe we should go easy on that."

"Fuck it, Jack," she said, an edge of real nastiness in her voice. "I've had a bad day, OK?"

The surprise must have registered on my face, because she softened immediately. "Oh come on, Jack," she said. She slinked over to me in the godawful sandals. "Let's be friends again." She put her hands on my ass and leaned against my chest.

•

"Oh, Christ."

"I want you to understand that I didn't invite this in any way."

"Yeah."

"I made that very clear to her. I repeated . . . I reiterated what I'd told her in the car."

"She sounds a little crazed, this girl."

"You don't know the half of it."

•

I babbled on, but she lifted her head and stood on tiptoes to kiss me. Finally, I put my arms around her and started to kiss her back, but then there was an incredible crash to my right. Broken glass and a big brown rock skittered across the kitchen tiles. Maddy screeched and jumped back. I collected myself and ran to the broken window to look out, but I couldn't see anything but darkness. Then I heard somebody moving through the dining room. He must have run around to the deck and come in through the open sliding doors. He burst into the kitchen—a tall, heavy guy with long brown hair and a goatee, about 30, in a denim shirt and black pants. He was spitting curses and heading right toward me.

•

"So this is the boyfriend?"

"Drew, yeah. She must have called him when I was in the shower. Told him where she was."

•

Before I knew what was happening, the guy straight-armed me into the refrigerator. "What the fuck is *this*?" he shouted. Maddy was behind him, trying to drag him off me. I started talking, trying to explain, but he just pushed me. Just as I was bouncing off the refrigerator again, he threw a punch. His knuckles caught me on the ear and suddenly I was going down. My head hit the refrigerator handle on the way.

The next few minutes are a little unclear to me. My left ear was hot and buzzing like an alarm clock, but I could hear them shouting at each other. Pots were hitting the tiles all around me, and then I heard dishes crashing. Maddy was screaming, trying to get the guy to calm down, but it wasn't working.

Finally, they moved out of the kitchen and continued the fight somewhere else in the house. I tried to get to my feet. My thought processes started coming back. I could hear them in the living room. He was banging around, ranting about how he can't trust her, calling her cunt, whore, everything in the book. She was shouting back at him. I stumbled over to the kitchen telephone, figuring to call 911, but then I stopped. There was no more sound in the living room. I could even hear the ocean again. He was gone.

•

"So wait a minute. I don't understand. Why did she call the boyfriend?"

"She told me she just wanted to rub his nose in it, make him jealous. 'Hey, guess where I am, asshole'—that kind of thing."

"So this guy drove over and was watching you through the windows? Did she know that he was there? Was that why she came on to you, for the audience?"

"It's more complicated than that."

•

I picked my way through the pots and broken glass in the kitchen. Maddy sat on the living room floor in the corner near the stereo, her head down and her arms hugging her knees to her chest. She was crying.

"You OK?" I asked.

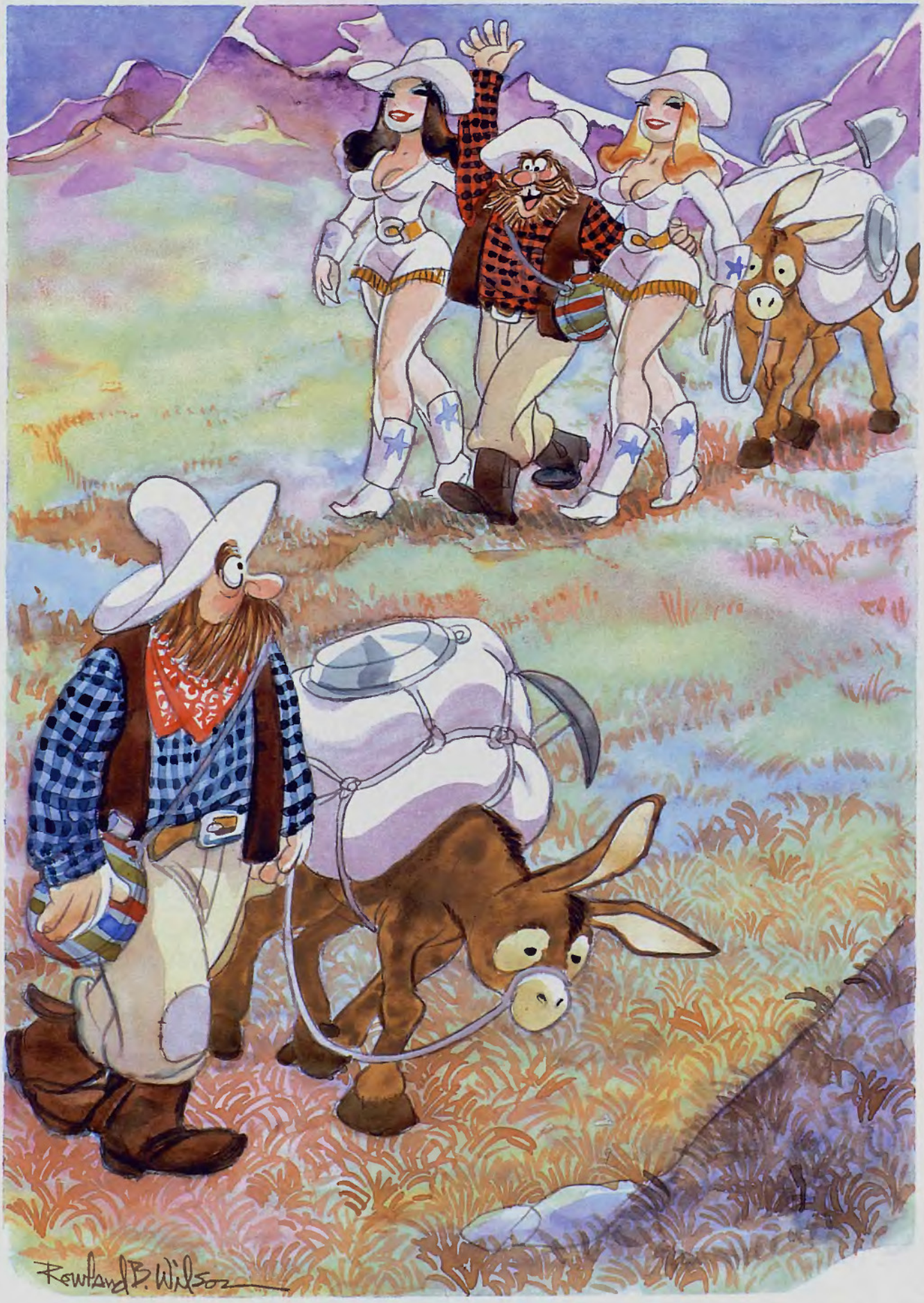
She didn't look up. Through the tangles of her hair, I could see a red contusion on her cheek, where he must have slapped her. "I'm sorry," she kept saying. "I just wanted to make him jealous. I didn't think he'd go ballistic."

"It's OK."

She looked up at me. Her eyes were puffy and red, but I think that was just from crying. "There's no hope for me and him. I keep thinking, Maybe, but there really is no fucking hope."

I looked around the living room. He'd turned over a few chairs, and there was a framed antique map of Europe that he'd smashed against an end table. The corner of the table was

(continued on page 166)



"Howdy, stranger! How's everything on the lone prairie?"

violin goddess
linda brava doesn't
just fiddle around

BRAHMS BOMBSHELL

The Sunday Times of London calls Linda Brava "a goddess-fiddler, classical music's Pamela Anderson Lee." *Inside Edition* calls her an "international violin sensation." But some classical critics aren't so kind to Linda, the Finnish violinist whose music and image are bringing new fans to concert halls all over Europe. How dare she sully the realm of Mozart and Beethoven with her skintight leather and electric violin, they demand. "I'll tell you why I dare. Because music is passion," says Linda. She loves confounding her critics by breaking the rules of classical behavior. Hence this latest scandal—a serious musician in PLAYBOY! Europrudes will say it proves she's a bimbo; Brava fans will give their heroine a standing O. And Linda, as usual, will get the last laugh. "Hoo-hoo! I'm loving it," she tells us, primly crossing her legs. "This is my hello to America."

As the daughter of a legendary Finnish theater director, Linda began singing and acting at the age of two. She took up

Why a white violin? It matches the limo. Life à la Linda is first-class, from the Porsche she drives around Helsinki to her hot CD (above) to the electric violin she plays at pop concerts (right). "I'm talented and I'm pure," says the woman *The Sunday Times* (left) calls "the hottest property in crossover classical music."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

ZETA
ZETA

classical music when she was five. "I had gobs of talent," she says matter-of-factly. "Soon I was performing all over the world." Other musicians might have been satisfied to be concertmaster of Helsinki's Sibelius Academy Symphony Orchestra, but that was just the start for Linda. Her big break came during a nationally televised 1996 performance with Finland's National Opera Orchestra, when the camera settled on her and never budged. The program director, smitten by Linda, refused to show anyone else, and the nation ogled her for the rest of the show. "After that I was in all the newspapers: 'Who is that girl?'" she recalls. Soon came sold-out pop music performances in which leather-clad Linda sawed a shiny electric violin and hip-checked a posse of bare-chested male models. "A blast," she calls it. But such vamping is only for pop performances. "For my classical music I wear a proper dress," she says. "This is not about playing Beethoven in a bikini."

No mere musician, Linda is also a

Note Linda's short fingernails—a must for violinists. There is also a tiny indentation below her left jaw, caused by the butt of the instrument she has played for 20 years. "I'm shopping for a Stradivarius," she says. "Unfortunately, it'll cost $4.5 million."

race-car driver. She pilots a 205-horsepower Volkswagen for a team on Europe's Sports 2000 circuit. She's equally famed as a premiere model for Bjorn Borg's line of women's underwear. "I'm interested in politics, too," she says. In 1996 she ran for a seat on Helsinki's city council and, being Linda, won. In council meetings she haggles over municipal finance and fights for the rights of Finland's Swedish-speaking minority. "Unfortunately, I might have to give up that job. Scandinavians may be more open about sex than Americans, but seeing me nude in PLAYBOY will be too much for the council." She can always turn to her duties as spokesmodel: The cider, chewing gum and cigars she promotes are popular in Europe.

Linda's career may be all fireworks these days, but her love life has fizzled. "I broke up with my fiancé. He got too possessive." Finland's number one star says she belongs to the world. "Someday I may want to have children and I'll need a husband, but that day is not yet," she says. "I have too much to do." Conquering the globe with her roll-over-Beethoven blend of beauty and bravado—that's the first part of Linda's master plan. Love is the second part, and in that realm, too, Linda plays second fiddle to no man. When she heard that Prince Albert of Monaco wanted to meet her, she was flattered but hardly floored. "I don't have to date rich men. I can fall in love for the right reason," she says. "For love."

Rated X for sex and violins: Some music critics appear to be miffed by Linda's popularity. Yet Linda's fans include Andrew Lloyd Webber, who invited her to lead his Metal Philharmonic at a recent command performance. Our favorite review featured the following appraisal by a London music critic: "I'm still drooling."

"To know me, listen to my music. You will know I am a woman of many qualities, but one above all: passion. Am I a sex symbol? You tell me. Look into my eyes, into my soul. Can you see the passion?"

ELECTRONICS '98

(continued from page 112)

Want a closer look at the sexy blonde across the room? Just touch her image on the screen.

be. The TV costs $33,000.

The Sony 35-inch Trinitron XBR ($2800) is the benchmark model for the direct-view-TV fanatics at E/Town. This set has the biggest, brightest picture tube Sony has ever built, along with tons of bells and whistles. Among them is an integrated stand roomy enough to hold a satellite receiver, DVD player or VCR. And in the "ahh" category, the stand's glass doors open as your hands approach.

DISHING SPORTS

Satellite TV is the sports fanatic's dream come true. So many games to watch, so little time. It really doesn't matter if it's DSS or the Dish Network; picture and sound quality are very close. The only differences are in the on-screen displays and features.

For DSS, try the ProScan PS84560 with accelerated 32-bit graphics, two universal remotes, Digital-VHS compatibility and a home-control function that lets you adjust room lights and power appliances via the system's receiver and remote controls. (For info on an RCA variation of this DSS setup see *Mantrack* on page 39).

We also recommend Hitachi's HDS-220S ($700), which comes with a radio-frequency remote control and is compatible with the company's new D-VHS player and recorder ($700).

JVC's HM-DSR100 ($950) is a combination Dish Network receiver and D-VHS VCR. Now when you record the game—or *Nightcalls* on Playboy TV—the image is as good as what's shown on-screen. Another excellent Dish Network receiver is JVC's 5000 System ($500), which has one of the coolest features going—built-in caller ID. If someone calls you while you're watching the tube, his or her name and number flashes on the screen. Pick up the phone if you want to—or continue surfing 175 channels.

DVD: ULTIMATE HOME THEATER

For home theater at its finest, a DVD player is a must. Runco's $15,000 SAR 200-SAR Controller is the first "mega" changer, capable of handling 200 compact discs and DVDs. There are already enough movies on DVD to fill one unit, but for growing collections, Runco has made it possible to connect up to six SAR 200s. If you want something less expensive, check out the Yamaha DVD-S700 ($800). This second-generation player is compatible with discs encoded with DTS sound as well as the standard Dolby Digital. (DTS is a digital surround alternative that debuted in theaters and is now showing up in home gear.) The machine also has ten-bit video processing, which offers improved performance over the eight-bit industry standard.

For DVD to go, Panasonic offers the DVD-L10 ($1300), a portable player that weighs less than two pounds and measures just 6″x6″x2″. You can watch movies on its 5.8-inch LCD screen, or listen to regular CDs, while commuting. When you get home, plug it into your home-theater system.

HOLLYWOOD IN YOUR HANDS

JVC's GR-DVX digital camcorder is a small wonder. Among the features of this 1.2-pound device are two viewfinders (including a fold-out 2.5-inch LCD), a 10x optical zoom that can be digitally boosted to 100x and a unique built-in flash that kicks in when you're shooting digital stills. Press the "snapshot" button and you can take as many as 8000 photos on a single 60-minute DV tape. The GR-DVX also gets a tip of the hat for its user-friendly on-screen menus. And, of course, it has image-stabilization technology to smooth out the shakes.

New from Sharp is the Digital Slimcam VL-PD1U ($3000). This futuristic shooter records on a mini digital cassette and has a color liquid-crystal display that pops out when needed. A touch screen makes the pop-out screen especially cool. Want to get a closer look at the sexy blonde across the room? Just touch her image on the screen and the camera zooms in. Other features controlled by the touch screen include focus, brightness, playback, fast forward and reverse. A color viewfinder is built in as well, for more-traditional shooting.

If you want a digital still camera with great resolution, check out the Agfa ePhoto 1280 ($900). About the size of an electronic organizer, the e1280 records digital images ranging in pixel count from 640x480 to 1280x960. For complete shooting-angle freedom, the 3x optical-zoom lens-and-flash assembly swivels 180 degrees.

AUDIO: PUMP IT UP

An audio-and-video receiver is the centerpiece of a home-theater system, and the seven-channel Yamaha DSP-A1 ($2600) is the new standard. An integrated amp that decodes Dolby Digital and DTS discs, it has a back panel of inputs and outputs sure to make a rocket scientist feel right at home. Up to ten components can be connected to the DSP-A1, and the machine has front A/V jacks with an S-video input for your camcorder or video game system. It also features 42 digital sound fields (disco, stadium, theater, etc.), and delivers 110 watts per channel to five speakers and 35 watts per channel to two new effects speakers for the front of the room.

The same rock-solid platter and drive mechanism that make Marantz compact-disc players stand out in the crowd are now applied to the new DVD-890 player ($700). It, too, has 10-bit video processing plus the audiophile detail that gives Marantz components their great sound.

If you've been waiting for Dolby Digital receivers to drop in price, check out Onkyo's TX-DS747. This $1000 component delivers 80 watts each to the front channels and 40 to the rear surrounds. It also does a lot of fancy switching and processing for sight and sound, including S-video mixing.

Bookshelf home theater? It certainly sounds like an oxymoron, but it doesn't have to be one. Miniature integrated circuits and satellite speakers can deliver big performance from small components—as is easily proved by Yamaha's AV-1 CinemaStation ($1200). The AV-1's control center, which houses the preamplifier, AM-FM tuner and CD player, is a sleek silver. Of course, it has Dolby Pro Logic and digital signal processing.

Like everyone else, we get tired of fumbling with cassettes. That's why we love the new Philips Audio CD-Recorder 870 ($649). While it looks like a simple CD player, the CD-R-870 lets you make your own compilation discs for the car or for home listening. The CD sync autostart makes it easy to record from any source. If you use a standard blank disc, you get one shot at recording, while CD-rewritable blanks let you erase if you make an error or simply get tired of a song.

GIZMOS TO GO

Portable audio devices keep getting better. For example, you can now get real-time stock quotes anywhere, any time, with Sharp's Digital DJ. The new Wireless Wall Street service costs about $60 per month and transmits stock prices over the FM radio band. You can enter up to 100 individual stocks and even receive sports scores and news on the fly. Or you can just listen to the FM

(concluded on page 153)

"Are you sure they know the seriousness of this charge?"

TOPICS
Week
SCOOP
ROBOTS

20 QUESTIONS

KEITH OLBERMANN

After five and a half years co-hosting ESPN's "Sportscenter," affectionately dubbed "The Big Show," Keith Olbermann has a gig of his own: "The Big Show With Keith Olbermann" on MSNBC.

Olbermann is happy. For now. His departure from ESPN last year was not entirely amicable. He and co-host Dan Patrick had arguably built "Sportscenter," a roundup of the day's jock news, into the network's signature show. Their twist on that staple of the sports broadcast—highlights—included banter, ad-libs and such a large volume of catchphrases that the pair included a glossary in their book, "The Big Show: Inside ESPN's Sportscenter."

But Olbermann chafed at what he terms ESPN's "rules mentality" and admits, "I stopped being a sports fan." He claims that his enthusiasm was dampened by team owners' machinations in shifting franchises and the pervasive hype surrounding professional sports. "It was Upton Sinclair in the stockyards," he recalls. "I saw the corruption." He left the air before his ESPN contract expired.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met with Olbermann in New York. Kalbacker reports: "Olbermann wanted to set the record straight regarding the brouhaha over his description of Bristol, Connecticut as the most godforsaken place in the East. 'I was never asked the follow-up question, which is "Why?"' he told me. The answer he would have given: 'That's where ESPN is.' Olbermann insists there's nothing wrong with Bristol and its environs. 'Fine places. If I had been married with children, the area would have been a great place to live.' Even Mike Tyson's residence in neighboring Farmington presented no problem for Olbermann. 'Mike Tyson is legally a cousin of mine. He was adopted by Cus D'Amato, who was his trainer, and Cus' niece is my aunt by marriage—she's my father's brother's wife.'"

our smirkiest broadcaster on old-time baseball, the proliferation of pundits and how hype will ruin sports

1.

PLAYBOY: You appropriated the nickname of your former show as the formal name of your current show. We understand you had to resolve a dispute with your former employer about using the title *The Big Show*.

OLBERMANN: ESPN was just being pissy. It was suggested that there might be an intellectual property problem until I pointed out that I had appropriated the nickname of my previous show for use on its network and that I'd called my show in Los Angeles *The Big Show*. I used to call my radio show at Cornell University *The Big Show*. There are so many *Big Show*s that during the controversy over the title I did an interview on a radio show called *The Big Show*. Nobody has a claim. If anybody has a claim, maybe it's Ed Sullivan. If I go somewhere else after this and try to call a show *The Big Show With Keith Olbermann*, NBC would have a case against me. I can use *The Big Show* again and I can use *Keith Olbermann* again, but I can't use them in that combination. *Keith Olbermann's Big Show* I probably could get away with.

2.

PLAYBOY: You introduced the premiere *Big Show* with what could only be described as a mission statement. Why?

OLBERMANN: Phil Griffin, the executive producer, and I had many meetings last summer about what we wanted to do and what the tone of the show was supposed to be. I kept hitting him with "skeptical, not cynical." Let's not act like everything is untrue, but let's question whether or not it is. Let's take that as our attitude. If anything, it was inspired by *Citizen Kane*, when Kane bought the newspaper and made his statement of principles. If a guy comes on who is completely identified with sports, and suddenly he's doing what is more or less a news broadcast, he should explain what the hell he's doing there and not say, "I'm lost. I thought this was a place to get a Starbucks."

3.

PLAYBOY: A recent guest complained on the air about not being able to pass through NBC security in Los Angeles to appear on your show. Do you think *The Big Show*'s ratings might grow to the point that NBC's West Coast operation is aware of its existence?

OLBERMANN: That happens all the time. They didn't know what MSNBC was, and they sure as hell didn't know who I was. As a kid, I remember hearing stories about Tom Snyder not being able to get into NBC when he anchored the local news and hosted the *Tomorrow* show. If the people who do the stopping were really good at their job, they wouldn't be doing that kind of work anyway. We would have already sucked them into management. There aren't that many qualified television people around. If we have a good one down there at the front gate, we're probably not using him as well as we could. There were no security guards at ESPN. I once had a receptionist escort an overenthusiastic fan—I wouldn't want to call her a stalker—to my desk. This was like a guided tour—"Keith is working only this one Saturday, so why don't you fly in on that day?"

4.

PLAYBOY: Does working for General Electric's NBC beat working for Disney's ESPN? Do you get hefty discounts on major appliances?

OLBERMANN: Hands down. [NBC news correspondent] Brian Williams came to the dinner where they were trying to sell me on going to work for the company. They didn't know they had already sold me—I'd left that out to make sure I'd get the free meal. Williams snuck up behind me and whispered, "Lightbulbs. I can get you all the lightbulbs you can eat, aircraft components, refrigeration equipment, anything you want. Anything but money." So they tried to use that as a hitch. But honestly, at NBC the idea is: What can we do to relieve you of these workaday burdens so you can focus on doing your show? At the last World Series, in Cleveland, everybody had misguessed the weather. It felt like 20 degrees. I'm thinking maybe I'll go out to get some underwear. A production manager, without being summoned, asked, "Are you warm enough? What do you need?" And I'm thinking maybe underwear. She told me they had people to do that for me. They'd get me thermals. The coats were coming in. There would be turtlenecks. Did I need moon boots?

5.

PLAYBOY: Williams, whose MSNBC show follows yours, has been mentioned as a successor to Tom Brokaw. You and Williams appear to have a thing going. Are you looking to hitch on to his coattails?

OLBERMANN: How do you mean that? We have a little bit of fun on the air. There is some belief that Brokaw would never give up his job under any

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

circumstances. He has stamina: "Tom Brokaw turned 106 today, and it was covered by NBC's George Lewis." My professional aspirations long ago ceased to be specifically defined. My dream when I was a kid was to do the major sporting events and then have a nightly news show. Well, I have that now. Brian is brilliant at what he does and, apparently, it can be applied for an hour at a time every night in what is to him a very satisfying method. The irony of the Brian Williams story is—and I use this term measuredly—that he's crazier than I am. He is intrinsically funnier, stranger, makes more bizarre cultural references. He's an instantaneous mimic and very quick with an insult or sardonic remark. I sat there at that dinner, while he was throwing these things back and forth, and I was watching NBC news executives seated across from us wondering how they could turn this into a show.

6.

PLAYBOY: An ESPN producer once confessed to us he'd fallen asleep in the production truck during a major event. Is the entertainment value of sports vastly overrated?

OLBERMANN: It is overrated. I truly believe that if you could not buy beer in every sports stadium and if there were no gambling at all, the total attendance at all major sporting events in the country would be under 700,000. It's not that there isn't great drama in sports, but nowadays there is so much sports that nothing stands out. The Super Bowl is a brand name. The World Series is played so late in the year that the pitchers—they will not admit this for the record—are so weary they can barely see the plate, let alone throw that critical fastball over the corner. They're playing in 15-degree wind chills. They can't feel the ball. The whole process used to be 50 percent hype, and you could find the wonderful stories behind it. You could find the obscure jockeys who were really worth your time, or you could be a fan of a utility infielder who'd be there for five or six years. Now it's 90 percent hype. And merchandise. It's so discouraging, because when you are at the center of it, you become part of a process that I've described as the sports media complex. Even what seems dramatic is so immediately overtaken by money. Tiger Woods was instant hype, and I was instantly tired of it.

7.

PLAYBOY: After years of broadcasting from behind a desk, what's it like to work in dress pants on an open set?

OLBERMANN: Being in a full suit is a new experience. I've found that girls really go for it. Five and a half years in jeans and a shirt, tie and jacket—no shoes on really hot days—and I never got up from behind the desk. Now I walk around in a suit and I get stared at. It's a nice feeling. Dress up, boys. I may have hit the first wave of this, but girls like suits. I haven't gotten too many comments on my shoes—usually loafers—though some women seem to be interested.

8.

PLAYBOY: ESPN once suspended you for two weeks for "actions against company policy"—such as promoting your book without permission. Do you consider yourself an example to all of us who struggle with authority?

OLBERMANN: I served my time, and I've only recently been able to admit this: For five and a half years I wondered if it was me or if it was them. Was I a pain in the ass? Is my hatred of authority that great? Now I can say with absolute conviction: It was them. There was such a corporate "all we have are the rules" mentality at ESPN that I feel like I've been released from prison. There is a lesson to employers: You can behave humanely, and it needs to start at the top. The lesson to employees is that you can go work somewhere else, and your value as an individual can still be redeemed.

9.

PLAYBOY: You're a cigar connoisseur and a baseball aficionado. Now that you're in the news business, are you preparing questions for an interview with Fidel Castro?

OLBERMANN: Yes. I would certainly open with cigars and baseball, and really straighten out if he got a serious scouting look from the Washington Senators—as did nearly every other Cuban in the Fifties. At one time the Senators had something like 300 Cubans in their farm system: man, woman, child, animal, plant. They figured out that it was a cheap way of scouting: Send a scout to a very small island where a lot of baseball is played. I'd see if I could get some cigars, though I prefer milder Dominicans. What I want to know is how it feels to be ideologically and physically isolated, now that all the countries that propped him up all those years don't exist anymore. He's aligned with North Korea, and I imagine Castro would think the North Koreans are kind of crazy and irresponsible. So why not back Cuba off from communism and go to humane socialism? Castro's exports would financially revitalize his country in about an hour and a half: baseball players—third basemen, especially—and cigars. He could export the cigars directly—open Fidel's Cigar Factory stores across this country and take advantage of the current cigar craze—and finance his

"If your HMO says no to this prescription, it doesn't matter. It's a placebo."

PREVENT PREMATURE EJACULATION!

NEVER BE EMBARRASSED AGAIN

...DO IT FOR HER

DO IT FOR YOURSELF...

UNCONDITIONAL 30 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

WHAT IS ANDOL?

Andol is a Physician approved, non-prescription medication developed to help prevent premature ejaculation, shorten male recovery time, and help to extend lovemaking sessions.

WHO NEEDS ANDOL?

The one out of three men that currently ejaculate sooner than they wish to, and the vast majority of men who want to extend their lovemaking sessions.

VISIT OUR WEB SITE AT www.andolrx.com

Send Check or Money order to:
FOREFRONT PHARMACEUTICALS
40347 U.S. Highway 19, Suite 233
Tarpon Springs, FL 34689
(813) 943-7848

Shipped in discrete packaging

First Name Last Name

Address

City State Zip Code

QTY

____ 30 Day Supply @ $32.95 = ____

____ 90 Day Supply @ $85.95 = ____

Shipping and Handling = $4.95

All Major Credit Cards Accepted Total = ____

Calling Today Will Ensure Prompt Delivery

1-888-321-2635 EXT 16

own form of sophisticated socialism. Bring us that third baseman, Linares, and bring us Cohibas. Castro could be the most popular man in this hemisphere. He could be the commissioner of baseball.

10.

PLAYBOY: The other night you made a reference to a mythical Greek highwayman with the expression Procrustean bed. Do you use your Ivy League education every day?

OLBERMANN: My Ivy League education taught me how to cut corners, skim books and take an idea and write 15 pages on it, and also how to work all day at the Cornell radio station and never actually go to class. I use my Hackley [a private school in Tarrytown, New York] education every day. We read about Procrustes in Ms. Gibbon's English class. Procrustes had beds, each a different length. He would never change the one he assigned you. Once you were in that bed, you had to fit. If you were too short, he stretched you. If you were too long, he cut off your legs. The symbolism was appropriate to what we were talking about on that show—making the situation fit your preconception—though I can't remember what the situation was. I've never gotten a complaint from somebody who didn't get a reference, no matter how obscure it was.

11.

PLAYBOY: Your position against public financing of sports stadiums is well known. We assume you haven't been invited to visit any luxury boxes lately.

OLBERMANN: No. I'm not a popular figure among team owners. Bud Selig came to ESPN once for meetings and a lecture, but I wasn't due in the office till later. In fact, I wouldn't go across the street to see Bud Selig even if the traffic light were with me. Selig left a note on my desk that said, "Dear Keith: Sorry I didn't get a chance to defend my positions. Sincerely, Bud Selig." This man, who held what was in my mind as a child the most powerful position in the free world, commissioner of baseball, somehow felt he had to justify his actions to me. I felt power and glory in this. Baseball owners called ESPN and tried to get me fired. Jackie Autry, Gene's second wife, who runs the Angels in Gene's dotage, tried to get me fired when I worked for a station in Los Angeles. Later, she tried to get me fired at ESPN because of something I wrote about her in a magazine. I wrote about her standing with a cigarette dangling mannishly from her lips. She didn't like that. She is a rather large, imposing woman.

12.

PLAYBOY: You don't drive. Do you identify with Clint Eastwood's character in *In the Line of Fire*, who is a steely advocate of mass transit?

OLBERMANN: I'm a fan of trolleys and elevated trains. I can't drive. I hit my head, and I have a depth-perception problem when I'm in motion. Here in the city there are no circumstances under which you must have a car, so I don't worry about it. Public transportation has always been my favorite. When I was a kid, I used to go to the garage and look at the buses. I take the Third Avenue el in my mind all the time. Mom took me to the doctor for shots when I was four or five, and my prize for being a brave boy was a ride on the el. We lived on Grand Avenue in the Bronx. Much of my infancy was spent at the windowsill, watching the Jerome Avenue el trains go by—a perfect way to keep a thoughtful baby quiet. Chicago is fun, the els are great there. The Montreal system is wonderful. You get a payoff on the number four to Yankee Stadium—the sweep up out of the tunnel at 158th Street is a wonderful way to see the ballpark. And if you're coming in the other direction, you see the park appear a few stations down the line. Very effective. But the number seven out to Shea is still pretty good. I took it out to Jackie Robinson Night in the spring of 1997.

13.

PLAYBOY: Can any American boy or girl grow up to be a television anchor?

OLBERMANN: Apparently any boy or girl has. This is the first job I've had with a broadcasting company that existed when I was in high school. ESPN was founded when I was starting my career. In 1980 I interviewed at CNN, and I was glad it didn't go well because I knew those poor fools weren't going to get on the air. It doesn't seem to be anywhere near the end in terms of the number of organizations. The analogy to sports expansion is this: When I came back to this town after years on the West Coast, there were people broadcasting sports on radio who would not have been qualified to listen to sports on radio. There has to be a shakeout at some point. I always give the same advice to broadcasting students: Learn about some other subject. If I could, I would go back and major in history. The one thing most young people seem to bring to broadcasting these days is that they really don't know anything but broadcasting. They should have some general knowledge. You never know when that reference to Shakespeare is going to be useful. You never know when you're going to suddenly be switched from sports to news, and you are going to have to know where Iraq is. There are lots of people on the news right now who have no idea where Iraq is.

14.

PLAYBOY: Explain the special appeal of Helen Hunt.

OLBERMANN: She was last month's ideal American woman. Last night I said Kristen Johnston is the ideal American woman. I'm fickle. Helen Hunt just seems like somebody with whom you could have an intellectual discussion or an alcoholic beverage, go to a movie, maybe go dancing and sleep with. What you want is a well-rounded individual. For me at 6'3½", Kristen Johnston would probably be more appropriate than Helen Hunt, a better eye-to-eye fit. I once went out with a woman taller than I, and I got to use a Ring Lardner line. He was

"She always cries at weddings."

6′4″ back in the Twenties when everybody else was 5′4″, and he met a woman who was 6′5″, and he said, "My goodness, this is the first time I've realized that women also have nostrils." I said that to her, but she didn't think it was quite as funny as I did. She was a basketball player and remains a friend to this day. Someday we'll all be working for her because she's sharper than anyone else I have ever known.

15.

PLAYBOY: Do you store your baseball cards in shoe boxes or cigar boxes?

OLBERMANN: In album pages. I have a few in plastic holders. My feeling is, if you can't show the card to somebody in an album, there's no value to it. I have been an ardent collector, and as recently as two or three years ago I would still get the new cards when they came out. But the strike took a lot out of me, and card collecting was one of the things that didn't matter anymore. Plus the cards all look the same. They're too much. A baseball card is a posed picture. A kid looks at it and gets an inaccurate but more useful view of what an adult athlete looks like than he does by seeing a freeze-frame from game coverage. I want to see a guy with his cap off-kilter in a fake pose—winding up with just his hands over his head and standing next to the dugout at Yankee Stadium. Why he would be doing this, we don't know. The old cards are always fascinating and I still spend phenomenal sums of money to get something from 1887 or whenever.

16.

PLAYBOY: OK, what card would you give us in return for our——?

OLBERMANN: I have two unissued 1977 Topps Reggie Jackson Orioles cards. I would trade one for an unissued 1967 Topps Tommie Reynolds card. The issued card says Tom, and the unissued card says Tommy. I've always wondered why the card says Tom Reynolds rather than Tommie Reynolds, which it says on the back. There was a question of how he spelled it. They had printed it originally as Tommy, he spelled it Tommie, and at the last minute a proofreader said, "That's wrong, take it off. Call him Tom." About eight years ago, the proof card went out in an auction as one of a sheet of cards. I didn't bid on it. Call me. I will make a deal. The values aren't the same, but I'll swap one of the Reggies in exchange for that Reynolds and maybe something extra, something cute, something neat—or a little cash.

17.

PLAYBOY: You're a historian of baseball. Care to wax nostalgic about baseball in the days before the designated hitter and electronic scoreboard?

OLBERMANN: To the average fan today, a

Let Athena* *Power* Your SEX-APPEAL

ATHENA PHEROMONE 10X™
unscented aftershave/cologne additive FOR MEN

AUTHENTIC HUMAN PHEROMONES FROM THE BIOLOGIST WHO CO-DISCOVERED THEM
(*Time* 12/1/86, *Newsweek* 1/12/87)

Eight-week scientific study proved 10X works
*(Be wary of cheap imitations that don't work)

Chris (MA) *"It's uncanny. I have bought from you guys 3 times so far. When I get the bottle, I take it out and dab a little bit on my neck. Every time, the same day, my wife goes crazy. I believe in coincidence but after 3 times, this is real.* ***My wife is not the most passionate woman... But when I wear the 10X, there is a marked difference."***

Rolf (CA) *"I tried another company's 'human pheromones' but it didn't work...I mix the 10X with [J__]. I have worn this fragrance before but the 10X is very effective in it...* ***I am attracting a great many women."***

Joel, Doctor (HI) *"I really notice a difference about how people treat me. I am amused by it. I do not tell people (except for a very few trusted friends). I love the attention.* ***I have seen an enormous difference in my love life,*** *but also my everyday connections with people... I can't tell you how many people are affected by my wearing the 10X.***You have a phenomenal product. The ramifications of it are immense...You have done a wonderful thing, Dr. Cutler."*

Mitch (FL) *"I am a repeat customer...My daughter 27 is married to a man who owns a nightclub so my wife and I often go there. Since I have been wearing the 10X in my cologne,* ***lots more ladies are coming around to flirt.*** *More hugs, you know.* ***My wife got a little jealous and our love life is wonderful!*** *10X works for me."*

GET MORE ROMANCE FROM WOMEN
http://www.Athena-Inst.com
ATHENA: THE SCIENCE OF ATTRACTION

Winnifred B. Cutler, Ph.D, Univ. of Penn, postdoc Stanford. Prominent biologist, author of 6 books, a **Pheromone Chapter in a new medical textbook,** and 30 scientific articles. TV and radio show guest on health and sexuality.

Vial of 1/6 oz., added to 2-3 oz. of your favorite aftershave or cologne **SHOULD LAST 4-6 MONTHS.**

10X is not guaranteed to work for EVERY man, since body chemistries differ; it **should work for MOST men.**

Patent pending. Not an aphrodisiac.

Visit our web site for more ***science*** *behind Dr. Cutler's 10X secret formula, and* ***excerpts from the 10X study*** *of 38 heterosexual men just published in a prestigious peer-reviewed scientific journal.*

To order in the USA: call 610-827-2200 or fax 610-827-2124
Or send to: **Athena Institute, Dept PB10, 1211 Braefield Rd., Chester Springs, PA 19425**

PLEASE SEND ME___ 10X VIALS @ US$99.50 and/or ___10:13 Vials @ US$98.50
and___ empty blue bottle (2oz screw cap) @$5.00 for a *total price of US$_____
Enclosed is a ❑ Check ❑ Money Order payable to "ATHENA INSTITUTE"
Charge my ❑ Visa/MC# _____-_____-_____-_____ Exp_____
Name_____ Signature_____
Address_____ City_____
State/Zip_____ Phone: ( ) _____-_____
*PA add 6% tax. Canada add US$7.50 each. Europe add US$16.50 each. PB10

From the makers of: **ATHENA PHEROMONE 10:13™ for WOMEN**

game from the 19th century would be far more interesting than a game from the 20th century. Baseball was simpler and still experimental. It was faster. There was less specialization. There were pitchers batting fourth, and they were good hitters. A pitcher would go out and play right field on his off day, and the right fielder would come in and pitch. There were unfortunate rules changes: seven balls for a base on balls, or four strikes to strike out. You wouldn't have seen a great deal of home runs. Home runs are the prostitutes of baseball. Every couple of years, the owners say, "We need more home runs. That'll draw fans!" They've upped the number of home runs since 1910, when they introduced the rabbit ball. Part of the fascination with the embryonic game is that it was played a long time ago. There's nothing so beautifully stated as when James Earl Jones says in *Field of Dreams*, "The one constant through all the years has been baseball. America has been knocked down, erased like a blackboard, rebuilt and erased again." That's absolutely true. When I was nine years old I watched Mickey Mantle struggle through the last couple years of his career. In his second year in the majors, he faced a relief pitcher for the Boston Red Sox named Al Benton. In his rookie year Benton had pitched to Babe Ruth. There's a living history there that we have in so few areas of life. Somebody taken from our time and thrown into the New York of 1935 would be overwhelmed by the lack of air-conditioning. But a baseball fan taken out of Yankee Stadium this spring and thrown into Yankee Stadium in the spring of 1935 would be delighted by the lower prices.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do student broadcasters and equipment managers know something that those of us who once wore jockstraps don't?

OLBERMANN: Every American boy—and now it's every American girl as well—understands at some point that he won't be a pro athlete. Those who understand that at the age of 42 are ex-athletes or frustrated bankers who must play in family hockey leagues or fantasy leagues. Those of us who realized it when we were eight have become announcers or equipment managers. We're not more mature, just more realistic. I have a friend named Joe Magrane who as a rookie pitched the opening and closing games of the 1987 World Series for the Cardinals. Joe is now 33, and after recovering from arm problems he pitched for the White Sox in 1996. In that offseason he asked me about getting work as an announcer, but he decided to give it up. Leaving baseball was a trauma for him and it harked back to my realization. When I was eight, I knew intuitively that I could put 24 years into this, and at 32, I'd be no closer to being a ballplayer. I would argue that most people are better prepared to contend with it at the age of eight than they are at 32. I'm sure my crisis of realization was far easier to deal with than Joe's was.

19.

PLAYBOY: Is the smirk your trademark facial expression?

OLBERMANN: If you were to ask me to smirk now, I couldn't do it. I will occasionally do the intentional raised eyebrow. Everything else so far has been a legitimate reaction. It's seen as a smirk, but it may be that I don't have sufficient muscular control of my upper lip. It must be a reaction to the lights.

20.

PLAYBOY: *The Big Show*, and every other broadcast, calls upon panels of experts for comment on any subject. Is America in danger of becoming overpundited?

OLBERMANN: I saw this coming when I was a kid. At the Cornell radio station we used to be issued a book every year—the Cornell directory of experts. If a zebra burst into flames, there was a guy on the faculty or staff who could tell you how many times it had happened, what the likely causes were and what it smelled like when it first happened in the 14th century. That has evolved into "I saw him on *Court TV*, let's grab him." People have been on my show live, and appeared on tape on CNN and on Fox News. They're punditing on all three channels on the same day. We'll eventually have an expert who will talk about how much we've overdone the expert thing. He will be the expert who will rank actual expertise as opposed to punditry or punditude. Punditing will be a gerund. We'll go one step beyond and everybody will realize how absurd it is. The novelty of six lawyers appearing after every case and yelling at one another will eventually go away. How many trials of the century can you have?

"This next song is for all you ladies out there who have ever loved a man, or maybe another woman, or perhaps a guy who liked other guys, or even a woman who could go both ways. . . ."

Panty of the Month

If she's got a little Irish in her, Panty-of-the-Month would like to get a little Irish *on* her. Our happy St. Panty™ and Erin Go Bra™ give new meaning to the wearin' o' the green.

March's Edition arrives with a note from "Your Naughty Leprechaun" reading:

"If anyone dares say you'll have bad luck in the coming year for not wearing green—well, you and I—we'll both know differently, won't we?"

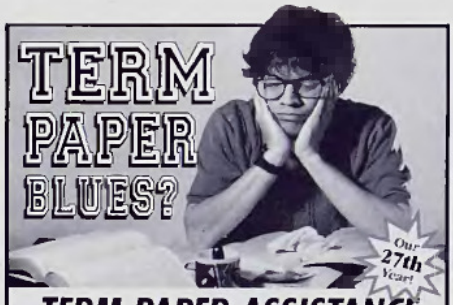
ORDER TODAY—for 3, 6, or 12 months! (Hurry, as we quickly sell out for St. Pat's Day.)

24-hour information hotline

1-515-469-6800

http://www.panties.com

© 1996 L.A. WILLIAMS



TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE

CATALOG OF 20,000 RESEARCH PAPERS

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

TOLL FREE HOT LINE

1-800-351-0222

Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. (Pacific Time)

Or send $2.00 to the address below

(REFUNDABLE ON FIRST ORDER)

Our 280-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 20,000 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Endnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is as easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS . . .

21589 - HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. Analyzes conflicting theories & argues that IQ is not only inherited, but also created by environment, social and contextual forces. 16 citations, 5 sources, 10 pages.

21940 - DRUG USE & ADOLESCENT SUICIDE. Incidence, connections, abuse, at-risk teenagers, family dysfunction, self-esteem, past & future research, 22 citations, 15 sources, 6 pages.

Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of professional writers, each writing in their fields of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

Visit our Web Site at http://www.research-assistance.com

RA SINCE 1969

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
11322 Idaho Ave., Dept KP, Suite 206
Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2 to cover postage.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State____ Zip_____

ELECTRONICS '98

(continued from page 144)

radio once the market closes.

We're big fans of the minidisc, and one of the best new MD products is Kenwood's DMC-G7R minidisc recorder and player ($400) pictured in *The Buzz* on page 131. The unit has a built-in microphone and a direct digital input for recording CDs or DATs. It runs for nine hours on a single charge of its lithium-ion battery.

Need to make a call while you're on your boat or walking on the shore? Get your hands on the weatherproof Oki 1444 Splash Phone. Gold-plated connectors prevent corrosion, and the phone has an antifog lens, two numerical assignment modules (which minimize roaming charges) and caller-ID capabilities. It comes in sporty yellow or traditional black.

If you are the long-winded type, you may want to consider Nokia's 6190 (about $250). This Eurostyle digital cellular phone provides five hours of talk time and 11 days on standby on a single charge of its nickel–metal hydride battery. Talk time jumps to eight hours—and two-and-a-half weeks of standby time—with a slightly larger lithium-ion battery. Colors include charcoal and three "chameleon" shades (earth, ocean and sky) that change depending on the light.

The hands-down winner for versatility is Panasonic's Telenium system. When you're around the house, the 6.6 ounce Telenium acts like a normal 900-megahertz cordless phone, with a keypad on the base, caller ID, an intercom and speakerphone. When you're out of cordless range, it functions as an analog cell phone. The price: $179.

PC'S OF THE MOMENT

Computer jocks and gamers, here are the numbers to remember: a 300-plus MHz Pentium II processor, 64 megs of D-RAM, an eight-gigabyte hard drive, a 56-kbps modem and, for cybericing on the cake, a DVD-ROM drive. Compaq's new Presario 4860 has it all—plus accelerated graphics—in a black case. Other similarly equipped computers include Dell's Dimension, IBM's Aptiva and Hewlett Packard's Pavilion.

When most people think of notebook computers, manufacturers such as IBM, Toshiba and Compaq come to mind. But our pick for the best portable PC is the Panasonic CF-63 ($5000). The first notebook with a DVD-ROM drive, the CF-63 has a dazzling 13.3-inch color LCD screen, four speakers with spatial surround sound, a magnesium alloy LCD case (instead of plastic, for greater durability) and a shock-mounted, 3.24-gig hard drive.

WHOLESALE Dart & Billiard Supplies

Discover all the pool and dart supplies you need in our bigger-than-ever color catalog. Save money on our huge selection of supplies, clothing and gift items, all at wholesale prices!
Shop and save in the comfort of your home, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week!

Call today for your free catalog:

800-627-8888

MUELLER Sporting Goods INC.

Or send requests to:

Dept. 7
4825 S 16
Lincoln NE 68512

STEROIDS ALTERNATIVE

INCREASES YOUR PERFORMANCE & STRENGTH
PREVENTS EXHAUSTION & MUSCLE BREAK DOWN
100% Natural, No side effects!

Creatine Monohydrate has legendary status among professional firefighters bodybuilders and athletes for gaining size and power by improving your body's metabolic chemistry. Athletes who take Creatine gain over 5 lb of lean muscle mass and lose over 2 lb of body fat, all in just 6 weeks.

SIX WEEKS SUPPLY for only $24.95 + S/H

order #: P6-10101
100% Money Back Guarantee

PYRAMID NUTRITION CORPORATION 1 (800) 491-1716

GROOMING

(continued from page 90)

HAIR IT GOES

The summer sun can also take its toll on your hair. Besides drying out your locks and scalp, it can oxidize the color, dulling it or even turning it shades of green. The best way to keep your color real is with a sunscreen shampoo. ARTec's Kiwi Shampoo and Colorreflector Conditioner contain coffee bean and wild pansy, two natural sun-filtering ingredients. There are four shampoos and conditioners in Clairol's new Daily Defense collection—for normal, dry, fine and color-treated hair. Each is formulated with a protein complex, vitamin E and UV filters to protect hair from smoke, pollution, chlorine, saltwater and the sun. The shampoos and conditioners in Redken's Climatress line include olive oil and are designed to restore moisture to dry hair.

If you swim in chlorinated pools or in the ocean, or if you play outdoor sports, you should consider using a deep conditioner. John Paul Mitchell Systems has launched the Masque, an intensive conditioner made with glycerin, wheat germ oil and sea extracts. ARTec's Moisture Pac takes five to 20 minutes to replenish your hair. Leave-in conditioners include Clairol's new Leave-In Conditioning Spray, with silicone and UV filters.

THE GOOP SCOOP

Some of the latest styling products can correct the wildest Kramer do and keep your hair in shape. American Crew's Grooming Spray, with soy proteins and aloe vera, conditions, adds shine and minimizes flyaway while its sunscreens filter out UV rays. Calvin Klein's Eternity for Men collection includes Hair Gel Spray, an alcohol-free hair groomer enriched with nutrients. Redken has created styling treatment products for its One 2 One line. Made with antioxidant vitamins and natural extracts, the four products—Straight (a hair-straightening balm), Smooth (an antifrizz cream), Stay (for firm hold) and Groom (a gloss)—can be used individually or mixed to create the look you desire.

154 *"Now about your dependents, Butch, Spot, Prince and Laddie. . . ."*

Sinatra At Sunset

(continued from page 76)

in the Forties and drove bobby-soxers to a kind of pre-Beatles hysteria. In the early days he was called a crooner, and his phrasing in that period even now strikes me as too smooth, too self-consciously seductive, his emotions more slick and artificial than genuine. Like Crosby and others of that period Sinatra produced music that was quite pleasant to listen to and comfortable to dance to, but it seemed to hold no mysteries, no genuine emotion of its own. Looking back, it strikes me as being manipulative music that gives us the singer's talent but not his feelings.

That changed in the Fifties, particularly with the albums recorded first with Nelson Riddle and then with Gordon Jenkins. It was the right moment in Sinatra's life. He was unusually needy—his career had hit bottom, he was coming out of a tumultuous and doomed love affair with and marriage to Ava Gardner. His phrasing was plaintive, almost wounded, the total effect far more vulnerable than anything he had done before. This work connected him to his audience as his previous work never had. He knew those songs, or better still, he had lived them. Riddle, the co-pilot on many of those breakthrough albums, seemed to know exactly how to use him, how to capture both the essence of the song and the pain of the singer, and he knew what to leave out.

Sinatra and Riddle had in effect created a new kind of album. It was not just a simple collection of a singer's most recent hits cobbled together but a thematic album whose songs projected and sustained a certain mood. There is a rare intimacy in those albums. Sinatra was singing so well and so privately that he achieved a musical conversation with his audience. He seemed to understand better than anyone the conundrum of love—of how hard it is for two people to be at the same emotional place at the same time.

His audience was by then predominantly white, male and middle- to upper-middle-class. There is no small amount of irony here. In a few years, with the coming of the women's movement, those of us who constituted Sinatra's core audience would be viewed as an empowered male elite who dominated and determined the lives of the women of our generation. But we hardly felt empowered when we were young. More often than not, we felt some form of rejection or heartbreak, and certainly a great deal of awkwardness. Sinatra's attraction was that he seemed to share the same pain. No wonder he was so fond of a story that made the rounds in those days: It is very late at night in a bar, and a bunch of single guys are drowning their sorrows. One

I Read the Articles T-Shirt

Of course you do! This white cotton T-shirt has the Playboy Rabbit Head logo screen-printed in gray. The message shows you have a sense of humor, as well as good taste. 100% cotton.

USA. Sizes L, XL.

T-Shirt# SP2313 $16.00

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494 Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 70290)

Order By Mail Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, PO. Box 809, Dept. 70290, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

www.playboy.com/catalog ©1998 Playboy

of them points to the jukebox, which is playing Sinatra's *One for My Baby*. "I wonder who *he* listens to?" the man says.

In the mid-Fifties to late Fifties, when Sinatra was doing his best work, I was a young reporter in Nashville, Tennessee. I worked strange hours—three to midnight—all the worse for my social life but all the better to hear him late at night, after work, on the jukebox. Sometimes after I got up in the late morning I would venture downtown to Zibart's bookstore, which also had a record section where a smart woman named Mary Charmella would tout certain albums. It was, I think, 1956 when I walked in one day and she said, "I've got the best one yet," and handed me *Wee Small Hours*. And so it was; and so, for my money—$4 then, now at least four times that 42 years later—it still is.

In time I had all those great albums: *In the Wee Small Hours*, *Songs for Swingin' Lovers*, *Where Are You?* I, like most Sinatra fans, knew which songs were on which albums, which songs followed which songs. Forty years later I play those same songs, now on CDs. When I do, I am transported back to another time, when I was younger and less sure of myself, and I still find a special comfort in that voice.

By chance, the great cultural division wrought by rock started at almost the same time. I covered the young Elvis Presley when he recorded in Nashville, and I had a sense, though a limited one, of the primal force being unleashed. Rock was replacing Sinatra and those like him at the parties I went to in Nashville. Years later his music remained my staple. I liked some rock—Buddy Holly, Roy Orbison, Fats Domino—but when I went overseas in 1961, the music I took with me was Sinatra. On arrival in Vietnam I would buy a small portable record player as part of my survival gear.

Back then, even when I thought his singing was magical, he always lost me when he tried to be the great hipster, when he tried to sound too cool. I sensed then what I know for certain now: There is no such thing as a white hipster. Those who go around saying "cool" all the time, are not, in fact, cool. I never bought into his ring-a-ding-ding incarnation. When he was plaintive he sounded real; when he tried to be hip, and snapped his fingers, he sounded artificial. Cool is inside, and it is in no way conscious; Sinatra's cool always seemed self-conscious.

Nor did I (nor anyone I knew) buy the idea of the Rat Pack, the notion that there was a group of great guys, under Sinatra's command, leading the ultimate bachelor or semibachelor life of pleasure, and that their world was singularly cool. I suppose I was smart enough even as a young man to know that nothing very cool or hip was likely to take place

SPRING BREAK WITH US!

HOLLY JOAN HART, MISS APRIL

BEACHSIDE ACTION

TROPICAL GETAWAYS

Are you ready for a break? Get away with coed **HOLLY,** Baywatch raakie **MARLIECE,** and surprise Playmate **BREAKMATES.** Call naw far private messages and surfside Spring Break fun. Can yau handle the actian?

1-900-740-5588

$3/min. 18 yrs.+

OR CALL

1-800-846-4788

M/C, VISA

PLAYBOY SUPER HOTLINE

© 1998 Playboy. A product of Playboy. 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago IL 60611. Not available in OR.

Sinatra: The Way He Said It

He sang with subtlety—but spoke bluntly, especially about how a man should behave. Here are some of his most enduring and provocative pronouncements.

Q: What is the secret to doing good work?

A: Never to accept anything without question. Never ignore an inner voice that tells you something could be better, even when other people tell you it's OK.

Q: How stiff should a stiff drink be?

A: Nice and easy. You don't have to beat yourself up. Why be a hero? For what?

"For years I have nursed a secret desire to spend the Fourth of July in a double hammock with a swingin' redheaded broad. But I could never find me a double hammock."

"I wish her 100 times the fun I've had and 100 times as many guys as I've had broads!"—*Toasting the birth of his first granddaughter.*

"As far as sex is concerned, I don't think the American man gives his woman a fair shake. There's not enough quantity and certainly not enough quality. People talk the game, but they don't play it very well."

"Since I first began to notice the difference between men and women, which was somewhere around the time of my first birthday, women have sometimes been referred to as broads, chicks, skirts, baby, honey and sweetheart. A woman's reaction to those words depends a great deal on how they are spoken and in what context. To me, they are all ladies."

Q: What do you do when a woman cries?

A: I usually cry with her.

Q: When should a man consider the happy surrender of marriage?

A: There are moments when it's too quiet, particularly late at night or early in the mornings. That's when you know there's something lacking in your life. You just know.

Q: What is the most important thing a father can tell his children?

A: Be true to yourself. And stay away from dark thoughts.

"I am what I am and I'm not asking myself any questions. The time you start talking to yourself is when you're unhappy, when you want to change. I don't want to change. I'm satisfied with what I am."

"Trouble just seems to come my way—unbidden, unwelcome, unneeded."

"Fear is the enemy of logic."

In 1955 A.E. Hotchner asked Sinatra what caused his downfall. "Me. I did it. I'm my own worst enemy. My singing went downhill and I went downhill with it, or vice versa. But nobody hit me in the throat or choked me with my necktie. It happened because I paid no attention to how I was singing. Instead, I wanted to sit back and enjoy my success and sign autographs and bank the heavy cash. Well, let me tell you, nobody who's successful sits back and enjoys it. I found that out the hard way. You work at it all the time, even harder than when you were a nobody. Enjoyment is just a by-product of success—you get a kick out of it, fine, but the only real fun in being successful is working hard at the thing that brings you the success."

"You've got to put the most into everything you do. You must try to do the best, with a decency and a dignity and compassion for your fellow man. I think that if you do the best you can in your life, you get your just reward."

"I can't work well except under pressure. If there's too much time available, I don't like it—not enough stimulus."

Q: What is the only way to beat mortality?

A: Live each day like it may be the final day.

From "The Way You Wear Your Hat," by Bill Zehme (Harper Collins).

in Las Vegas. It may have been partially liberating if the Rat Pack were breaking some of society's less-important conventions, but the price was that its members had to be completely subservient to Sinatra's rules and conventions. Not much liberation there, I thought. The Sinatra who had rebounded to new and well-deserved superstar status struck me as completely different from the man who had sung so poignantly of the sadness of failed love. Now rich, powerful, a dominant figure in his business again, surrounded by concentric circles of sycophants, he seemed to have become a predatory figure, using the leverage of his newly acquired success and celebrity to have his way.

Those icons of the Fifties have not necessarily fared well. Hemingway is still considered a wonderful writer who modernized and cleaned up the English language, but his sense of what defined manliness seems archaic and fanciful. DiMaggio was a very good baseball player who, off the field, remained an essentially lonely man, even when surrounded by crowds of well-wishers. Only Bogart remains authentic as both an artist and a man, intelligent, truly independent, immune in the best way to the lesser conventions of his time.

Certainly no icon seemed more limited away from his art than Sinatra. The more one saw of him, the more successful and powerful he became, the less likable he seemed. He was better, I thought, when he was needier, when he had been wounded and had less power. The Sinatra who was down on his luck and who desperately wanted the part of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity* ("I knew Maggio. I went to high school with him in Hoboken," he once said) was a far better actor and a far more sympathetic figure than the Sinatra who a generation later had complete control of all his films and who made a series of clinkers, including *Ocean's Eleven*.

It is an odd thing to enjoy a man's music so much but in the end not to like the man. It would be nice to like him as well, but a gift is a gift, and his was no small gift. He was an immensely talented man at the height of his powers, pushing his skills to the ultimate degree of professionalism. Of his professionalism, his work ethic, his compelling obsession to be the best, there are no doubts. He gave us American popular music at its best for seven or eight years, beautiful songs written by talented artists and sung almost perfectly. No one had done it better before, and no one has done it better since. Given the nature of the record industry today, no one is likely to do it better in the future. If there is one essential thing about the gift, it is the timelessness of what he did with it.

JOE ESZTERHAS

(continued from page 64)

the spirit. They took the kid to the hospital. They thought he had a cerebral hemorrhage. It turned out he didn't; he had a bad concussion. But I wound up in juvenile court, with my parents next to me. To go to an American juvenile court with two ethnic parents who were crying much of the time was one of the worst experiences of my life. And it sank in: What if this kid had died? I really hurt somebody, and it finally sank in that if I was going to continue doing these things and living this way, I would do nothing with my life. We didn't have a TV, and the only other escape was reading. So I started to read.

PLAYBOY: What happened to the boy?

ESZTERHAS: I never saw him again. He moved out of the neighborhood shortly thereafter. But it was like an earthquake had happened inside me. I started to read. There was a bookshop about four or five blocks from where we lived that sold used paperbacks for, like, two cents or a nickel or a penny. I just started reading, and the guy at the bookstore liked me and let me take the books out as if it were a library. My life was reading and basketball and listening to the Cleveland Indians and rock and roll on the radio. And I thought, Well, maybe I can write.

PLAYBOY: After college, you became a reporter for *The Plain Dealer*. You got a reputation as a hard-hitting and controversial reporter. What was your toughest assignment?

ESZTERHAS: At a wedding, the bride's former boyfriend showed up at the church and shot the new husband and took the bride hostage. He took her to an apartment in Cleveland Heights and held her there. I was 23 and assigned to cover the story. Classic competitive journalism, with everybody trying to get the scoop. After about 12 hours of the standoff, I suggested to my city editor that we fly his mother in from a rural town in Pennsylvania. He thought it was a great idea. I picked her up at the airport with a photographer.

When we got to the scene, the cops went ballistic. But they were also being pressured politically to get it over with. The mother said she loved her son, that she could talk to him. And I had talked the mother into taking me into the house with her. The cops finally agreed to this, hating me every second. It was a long stairway that led to where her son was. There were cops with guns on both sides. The mother is in front of me as we go up the stairs. She gets to the top, I'm crouched right behind her. She says, "Bobby? Baby?" We hear two gunshots the instant she says that. The guy shoots the girl and shoots himself. He dies, the girl lives. She's damaged but alive. I am haunted by that. It was my idea to bring that mother in. What was I caring about? Was it that this was an absolutely sensational story that scoops the world's press and gets me the kind of headlines that I want and the paper wants? The mother showing up triggered the shooting. He hadn't shot the woman and he hadn't shot himself until that happened.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

ESZTERHAS: I filed the story, which won awards all over the state. I was praised and lauded. It was a classic piece of on-the-spot reporting.

PLAYBOY: Another big story was your authentication of Seymour Hersh's widely denied reports about a massacre of Vietnamese civilians by U.S. soldiers in My Lai. How did you find the graphic photographs?

ESZTERHAS: Sy Hersh had done some remarkable reportage and written these stories that described My Lai. They were released through a small, independent wire service, but there was no proof and he was taking a lot of flak. People were saying the stories were made-up. One day I got a phone call from a guy who said, "My name is Ron Haeberle and I went to school with you. I read some of your things in college and in *The Plain Dealer*." He goes on to tell me that he has seen Sy's stories, and that he was there at My Lai, taking pictures. I was flabbergasted and told him to bring them right in. So he brings in these pictures and they are in the most bold, striking color. I can't describe to you how I felt when I looked at those pictures. They match the horror of the Auschwitz photographs. The notion that American soldiers did this to kids, old women, was overwhelming. *The Plain Dealer* ran the pictures, and Hersh's stories were immediately authenticated. I wrote Haeberle's account of it, then I wrote the *Life* magazine account as well. And it became an international cause célèbre, one of the things that really helped end that war.

PLAYBOY: The most controversial story you wrote at *The Plain Dealer* was about the Ohio River bridge collapse. The paper was sued by a woman you claimed you'd talked to, when in fact you had not. The U.S. Supreme Court upheld a $60,000 judgment against the paper. Were you wrong?

ESZTERHAS: I was never even deposed in the case. *The Plain Dealer* fired me for writing an article in the *Evergreen Review* that was critical of *The Plain Dealer*. At the same time, *The Plain Dealer* was being sued because of the bridge story I wrote. I had met the mother involved in the case the night that the bridge collapsed, so I knew what she looked like. I wrote a short piece for the paper about that night, and a longer, more in-depth article later. She wasn't there when I researched that longer piece, but I did speak to all the neighbors and her children about her attitude. Maybe I should have explained she wasn't there. I think that if I could have explained the intent,

75 CONDOMS BY MAIL only $9.95!

Adam & Eve offers you a full line of high quality condoms with discreet, direct-to-your-door delivery.

Our deluxe 75 condom collection offers you the unique luxury of trying over 14 world-class condom brands including ***Trojan, Lifestyles, Prime, Magnum, Gold Circle Coins,*** plus some of the finest Japanese brands.

As a special introductory offer, you can get the ***Super 75 Collection*** (a full $29.95 value if purchased individually) ***for ONLY $9.95. That's a savings of over 60%!*** Or try our 38 Condom Sampler for only $5.95. Use the coupon below to claim your savings now!

Money-Back Guarantee: You must agree that Adam & Eve's condoms and service are the best available anywhere, or we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Visa, MasterCard & American Express Orders Call

Toll Free 1-800-274-0333

24 Hours A Day / 7 Days a Week

Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510

CLIP AND MAIL WITH PAYMENT

Send Check or Bank Money Order To:

Adam & Eve

Adam & Eve • Dept. PB222

P.O. Box 900 • Carrboro, NC 27510

❑ ***YES! Please rush my CONDOM COLLECTION in plain packaging under my money-back guarantee.***

CODE#	ITEM	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
#5554	Super 75 Collection	___	$9.95	___
#6623	38 Condom Collection	___	$5.95	___
	Postage & Handling			FREE
	Rush Service Add $2			___
	TOTAL			___

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

it may have had a different outcome.

PLAYBOY: After that, you went to *Rolling Stone*, and joined Hunter S. Thompson as one of the magazine's main gonzo journalists.

ESZTERHAS: I got a call from [*Rolling Stone* editor] Jann Wenner, who had seen my work. I idolized *Rolling Stone*, and each week would go to the only newsstand in Cleveland that carried it. On a trip to California the year before, I'd stopped at the *Rolling Stone* offices, gotten all the back issues. They didn't want to give them to me because I had a suit and tie on and they were convinced I was a narc.

PLAYBOY: Did you eventually fit in?

ESZTERHAS: I was a Midwesterner with a European background, an altar boy in a not-very-good leather jacket and a pair of jeans that I had picked up at the Army-Navy store. And this was *Rolling Stone*, the hippest place in the country. I had met Hunter at a party about five or six days after I arrived in California. We were all sitting around with these big jugs of chianti, people were smoking dope, and here comes Hunter, wearing shorts and a Hawaiian shirt, holding a little doctor's bag. He sits, barely says anything to anyone and out of this doctor's bag he pulls the biggest hypodermic needle I've ever seen, loads it up with some fluid, sticks it into his navel and shoots it all in. I turned to him and introduced myself when he still had the hypodermic in his hand, and he mumbled something to me I could barely understand. I said, "What was that?" And he said, "Ether, it was ether."

PLAYBOY: Was it always that wild?

ESZTERHAS: In the early days, we were competing with the world. It was an amazing place to work. Hunter's presence was always utterly wild, mad. He hovered over everything. He was out at the Seal Rock Inn, phoning in demands for more drugs and more money and more booze. We'd have breakfast across the street at noon, and he would knock down six lines of coke and four bloody marys and then he would be ready for the day. Once, when he was offended by Jann, Hunter took a fire extinguisher and sprayed him.

We would do a story about corrupt narcotics agents, and some of the better-known dope dealers in town would pay us homage by handing us gigantic bags of grass. It was their way of saying "Good story." Once, I got nearly half a shopping bag of the greatest weed in the world from a dealer who was so excited about my new story that he delivered it himself.

PLAYBOY: Some of your critics say you were well suited to write screenplays because you'd embellish dialogue in your stories to make them more dramatic. Is that true?

ESZTERHAS: Well, it was the new journalism. Capote started it with *In Cold Blood*. You re-created, you used quotes secondhand, you did nonfiction as fiction. It was a faster, more subjective form of journalism that isn't being done by many people today. But in those days, Hunter was doing it, Tom Wolfe was doing it, Capote was doing it, and those were some of the people I admired most.

PLAYBOY: How did you part with *Rolling Stone* and get into the film business?

ESZTERHAS: Jann was moving the magazine to New York. My ex-wife was pregnant with our first child. I'd fallen in love with California. I happened to get the call that was probably the most important in my life, from Marcia Nasatir at United Artists. She said, "I think you have cinematic talent. Do you have any interest in doing this? Why don't you go back home and see if you can come up with some ideas?" I sent her a list of about half a dozen. One was *F.I.S.T.*, about the making of a union. I was hired, having no idea how to write a script. I spent about nine months researching, going around the country talking to guys who'd been involved in union actions. And I wrote a 70-page document. UA thought that there was a movie there. It was very undefined, unfocused. Then Norman Jewison got involved.

PLAYBOY: Starting off with director Norman Jewison and Sly Stallone is heady stuff. Did screenwriting feel like a natural fit?

ESZTERHAS: I didn't know what the hell I was doing. I was so nervous about what I was doing during that time that I would get up each morning and throw up. The first draft of *F.I.S.T.* was 400-some pages. Norman held it up and said, "Well, it weighs like *War and Peace*, kid, but it doesn't read like it." I was so green that I had a scene that was a six-page monolog. Norman said, "Six pages? That's six minutes of screen time. They're going to throw tomatoes at the screen." Jewison was like a teacher in the best grad course anyone could take.

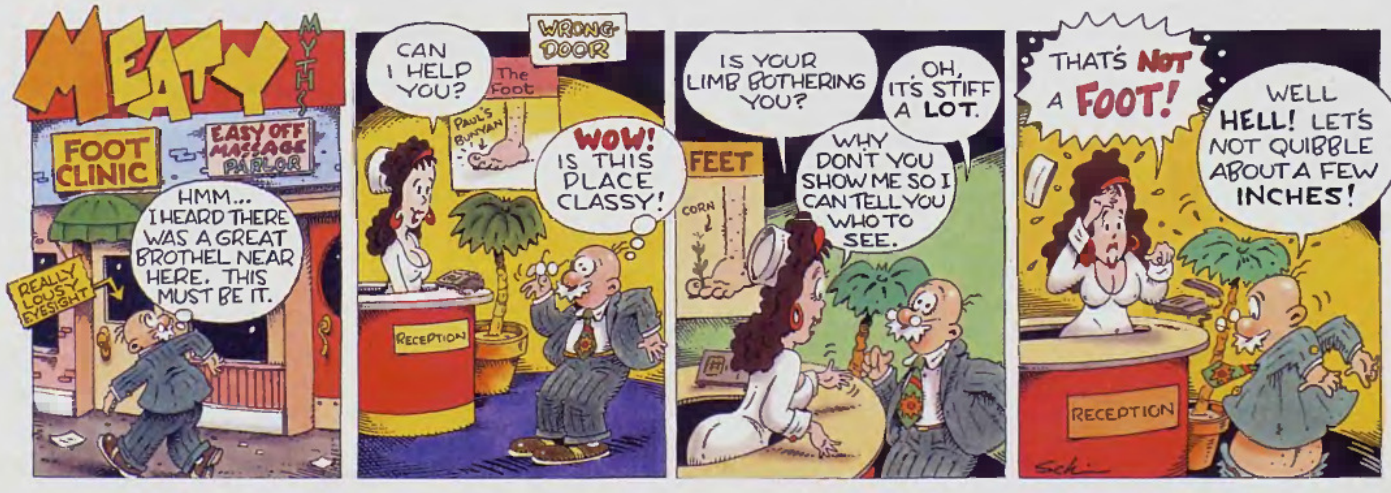
PLAYBOY: How did you land Stallone?

ESZTERHAS: We wanted De Niro to do it but he wouldn't respond, neither yes nor no. We waited a month for his answer. Sly had come off *Rocky* and was suddenly on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek*. He committed to the movie. Everyone was very happy about getting Sly, and I was too. He was the hottest young actor in the country.

PLAYBOY: Stallone came back and did *Smithee*, even though the two of you had clashed on *F.I.S.T.* Why?

ESZTERHAS: I read a piece in Army Archerd's column in *Variety* that said Stallone was going to do a new script he had just written called *F.I.S.T.*, about the labor movement. I'd spent two years doing that. I'd put everything that I had into it, and suddenly Sly's claiming he's written the thing. I was outraged. At the moment of my greatest rage, I get a call from an AP reporter doing a mild feature about how happy I must be to have the biggest star in the world in my first screenplay. I go nuts and I say, "This guy's trying to steal the script I've worked on for two years." Sly reads this and of course goes berserk. The piece goes out all across the country. Sly sets up a punching bag in his office that says ESZTERHAS on it, he's photographed hitting it. Norman says, "I don't think it's a good idea if you come to the set."

PLAYBOY: That was the first of many Hollywood controversies for you. How did


MEATY MYTH
FOOT CLINIC
EASY OFF MASSAGE PARLOR
HMM... I HEARD THERE WAS A GREAT BROTHEL NEAR HERE. THIS MUST BE IT.
REALLY LOUSY EYESIGHT
WRONG DOOR
CAN I HELP YOU?
The Foot
PAUL'S BUNYAN
WOW! IS THIS PLACE CLASSY!
RECEPTION
IS YOUR LIMB BOTHERING YOU?
OH, IT'S STIFF A LOT.
FEET
CORN
WHY DON'T YOU SHOW ME SO I CAN TELL YOU WHO TO SEE.
THAT'S NOT A FOOT!
WELL HELL! LET'S NOT QUIBBLE ABOUT A FEW INCHES!
RECEPTION

Stallone end up getting a credit for the screenplay?

ESZTERHAS: Lynn Nesbit, my book agent in New York, sold the novelization of *F.I.S.T.* for $400,000. I'd spent two years working on the screenplay and was paid $80,000. I was broke and here was $400,000. But there was a hitch. The cover art had to be from the movie, and Sly had to approve it. Sly's lawyer comes back and says, "Yes, Sly will approve the cover art, but only if he gets credit on the screenplay." I said yes. I desperately needed the $400,000, which made it possible for the first time in my life to buy a house.

PLAYBOY: *F.I.S.T.* tanked, and it was five years until *Flashdance*. What did you do in between?

ESZTERHAS: I'd been doing scripts that weren't made. I set a record for a spec script called *City Hall*, which sold for $500,000 in 1980 but was never made.

PLAYBOY: Then you got your first real taste of success rewriting Tom Hedley's script for *Flashdance*. How different were your versions?

ESZTERHAS: Tom had the title, he had the notion of the kind of dancing. But his story was completely different: It was about a relationship between a young woman and an older married man who has kids. A bunch of Hell's Angels come into the neighborhood, and the stars fight the Hell's Angels. It was a totally different piece.

PLAYBOY: Having been rewritten by Stallone, was it tough for you to rewrite someone else's work?

ESZTERHAS: It was. I had never done that before. What made it easier for me was that I didn't think Hedley's script would work and I thought I could improve it. And I got to work closely with Don Simpson.

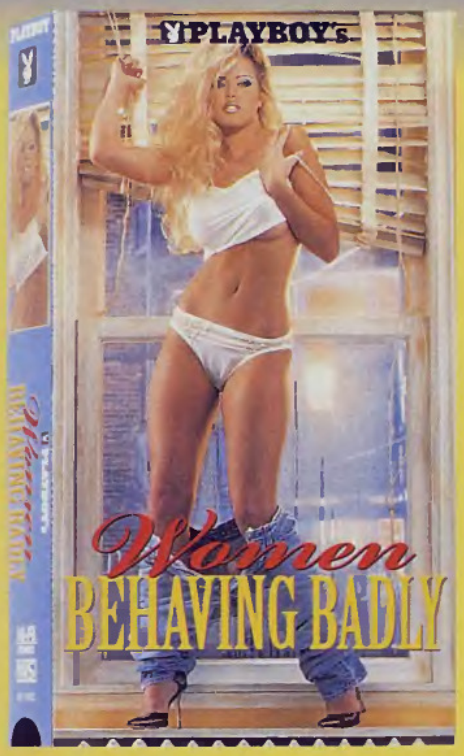
PLAYBOY: Simpson, a studio exec at the time, was as famous for his excesses as he was for his successes. Was he supportive when you clashed with the director, Adrian Lyne?

ESZTERHAS: Two weeks before Simpson and I were to shoot, we had a bizarre meeting at Caesars Palace in Vegas. It was a combination script meeting and audition for young dancers. Simpson has a giant Jacuzzi in his suite. And, you know, he's got a cigar in his mouth, a bottle of Tanqueray on one side and various white powders on the other. We're sitting around talking about the script, and every five minutes we have an absolutely gorgeous, nubile woman come in and dance. This was not the most work-focused script meeting I've attended. Adrian had the notion that the dancer character should have been sexually abused by her father. I said, "Adrian, this is a powder-puff little fable. You cannot bring that kind of horrendous thing into it." Adrian and I went around and around. Don sat back and puffed his cigar, sipped Tanqueray. Adrian and I got

PLAYBOY's

Women BEHAVING BADLY

VIDEO



$19.98

Video# QW1856V

Men have been doing it long enough—now it's the women's turn to flaunt their bad behavior! Playboy's sultriest scamps do everything they know they're not supposed to do in seven wildly sexy scenes. From an artist's studio to a strip club to the ladies' locker room, these women prove that being bad is a lot more fun than being good. Full nudity. Approx. 57 min.
Video# QW1856V $19.98

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494 Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 80131)

Order By Mail Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80131, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted. ©1998 Playboy

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog/

PLAYBOY

Jenny McCarthy Collectible Phone Card Set

Only from Playboy!

$30.00

Card# QS2418

This special limited-edition set comes with two 15-minute prepaid phone cards in a collector's portfolio. The back of each card features calling instructions, and the back of the portfolio highlights Jenny's magazine and newsstand special appearances. Inside the portfolio you'll learn more about Jenny and the stunning nude photos on the cards. The cards are packaged in a protective portfolio and every set is numbered. Limited to 20,000 sets.

ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-423-9494 Most major credit cards accepted. ORDER BY MAIL Include credit card account number and expiration date or send a check or money order to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80128, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809. $4.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents include an additional $3.00 per item. No other foreign orders accepted.

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog

©1998 Playboy

into such a heated thing that I went upstairs, grabbed my bag, checked out of the hotel and went to the airport. Don told me that Adrian came down looking for me, was told I'd left and said, "He's gone? How could he have left?" And Don said to him, "Adrian, when the gorilla shits in your face, you get out of the way." But we prevented the concept from being put into the movie.

PLAYBOY: Jennifer Beals was a total unknown who was perfectly cast. Was Demi Moore really a finalist?

ESZTERHAS: There were three finalists. I happened to be there when Demi did her audition. She was sensational. She had special charisma. It came down to Demi, a New York model named Leslie Wing and Jenny Beals. And the studio had some difficulty making a decision. They gathered about 100 of the toughest sort of macho grips and Teamsters on the lot, brought them in and sat them down. Michael Eisner got up and said, "Guys, I'm going to ask you a real simple question. Which of these three women do you want to sleep with?" Jenny won hands down and got the part.

PLAYBOY: During the filming of *Sliver*, your second film with Sharon Stone, you became embroiled in a personal rather than a professional scandal.

ESZTERHAS: That's very combustible, personal territory.

PLAYBOY: It is. In fact, the behind-the-scenes story became more interesting than the actual film. The relationships among you, Naomi, Naomi's then-husband, Bill Macdonald, and Sharon Stone were beyond *Melrose Place*.

ESZTERHAS: You know I'm not going to address any of this in specific detail.

PLAYBOY: But both you and Naomi talked about it as it was unfolding and afterward. Why not now?

ESZTERHAS: There are three beautiful babies in this house, and everything that happened, happened four years ago. There was a lot of pain for all of us involved. The only thing I will say is that Army Archerd was inaccurate when he said that I introduced Bill Macdonald to Sharon Stone simply so that I could have Naomi for myself. That would be a horrendously manipulative thing to do. It would be the kind of evil we see in *Basic Instinct*, and I am not capable of that. That's all I'm going to say.

PLAYBOY: We respect your right not to rehash a scandal everyone knows so well, but one more question: Do you regret doing those interviews, baring yourselves in the media and helping it be played out so publicly?

ESZTERHAS: We were trapped. My agent got 30 calls in one day from different media, including the tabloids. We were on Maui one day on the beach at the Ritz-Carlton, and Naomi was on my lap. We looked around and there was a photographer to our right and another to our left, from the *Enquirer* and the *Star*. We conferred with some of our friends, who said that if you don't talk to anybody they will write it uglier than if you do talk.

PLAYBOY: Were you satisfied with the media coverage?

ESZTERHAS: We couldn't read it. The pain from it is over now for the most part. I will always regret the pain that the breakup caused my kids, but that's the only part of it that I regret. I couldn't be happier on a personal level. All of it was worth it because the woman who came into my life is a treasure. She is the sun in this house, and she shines brightly each day. But, boy, it's been a long, painful road.

PLAYBOY: You mention she's the first person to read your scripts. She also was executive producer on *Telling Lies*, and she accompanies you to meetings, which is unusual. How does her presence influence the way you do business?

ESZTERHAS: She's smart and she's tough and she's my best friend. She's well read, her experience in life has broad horizons. She worked for a time pumping gas and in a factory and for many years wrote speeches for American Express. That combination is rare, and I would be foolish if I didn't solicit her opinion and advice in every facet of my life. The first couple of times she was in a meeting with me, some executives sort of raised their eyebrows. But I think everyone's gotten used to the fact that we are a tag-team act. On the simplest level, the meetings are much more fun for me when she's there.

PLAYBOY: Splitting with your ex-wife so suddenly after 24 years led to a rancorous divorce. Do you have a relationship with Geri now?

ESZTERHAS: I don't now, though I would certainly like to because there are two beautiful grown children. She has opted not to do that. What happened caused her a terrific amount of pain and the kind of cataclysmic emotional upset that I can only imagine. What Geri and I did is what many couples do. We put everything into the kids. And in the course of doing that, we grew apart. If I could speak to her I would say, "Forgive me for all the pain I caused you. I fell in love. I couldn't help that, nor did I want to help that. I know that doesn't explain the pain that's been caused in your life. But it's the only thing I can say."

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other regrets?

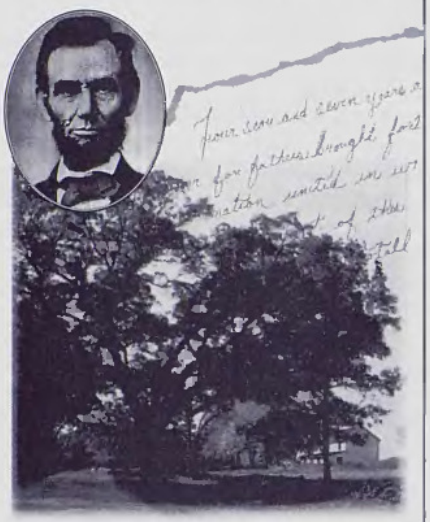
ESZTERHAS: When I was a young reporter and a young man I wish I would have been more concerned with the human beings I was writing about than about getting their stories. I wish my ambition would have been tempered with more compassion and sensitivity. It's one of the things that made me want to get out of journalism. As a journalist you mute what you really care about, so that you can cover those stories. I had a prof in journalism school who said to me, "You'll know you're a really good reporter when you can go to an autopsy and eat a cheeseburger while watching it." Well, that's a horrible, insensate violation of the spirit. But there was an attitude in journalism that you weren't supposed to allow yourself to be moved internally or in any way traumatized or damaged.

PLAYBOY: So you don't miss journalism?

ESZTERHAS: Not at all. My intent was always to move to another form. I thought that form was going to be novels. As it turned out, the form is screenplays. The notion that I can sit in a little room and play God and make up stories and characters out of my guts and heart and head is one that I love.

"That's very nice, but you really should see one of the boys in purchasing if you want to sell us paper clips."

Yesterday. Today. Tomorrow.



Famous & Historic Trees Bring History Alive!

Yesterday...
In 1863, Abraham Lincoln delivered the Gettysburg Address. The 272-word speech lasted only two minutes, yet it has continued to inspire countless American's to this date.

Near Lincoln was a honeylocust tree, shading those gathered to consecrate the cemetery at Gettysburg where thousands lost their lives in the name of freedom. The tree still stands today.

Today...
The seeds from the original Gettysburg Address Honeylocust have been hand-picked and grown into small, direct-offspring trees. Each tree in a complete planting kit is accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity, attesting to its historic event.

Tomorrow...
You can own and plant a historic tree and help AMERICAN FORESTS – the oldest national non-profit conservation organization, founded in 1875 – continue our work to preserve trees and forests, far into the twenty-first century.

Call **1-904-765-0727** *for your Famous & Historic Trees booklet or write to:*

AMERICAN FORESTS
Famous & Historic Trees
8555 Plummer Road
Jacksonville, Florida 32219

AMERICAN FORESTS

CASUAL SEX

(continued from page 86)

Would that end your relationship?

Without a doubt.

Don, 41, land developer, single.

Do you prefer sex in a relationship or being single and out there?

Being committed to one person does not mean you're not out there.

So I take it you're not monogamous. What's your situation right now?

Oh, brother. This is going to be tricky to explain. Right now I'm seeing somebody, but I'm seeing other people at the same time.

Does your girlfriend know this?

No.

Does she think she's the only woman in your life?

Yes.

And is that wrong?

No, it's good that she thinks that.

Isn't it wrong to allow her to think that?

I'm not allowing her to think it—I'm telling her to.

You're lying to her.

Gee whiz, I can't sleep at night.

Come on now, you're misrepresenting——

I'm not misrepresenting anything. The sex outside this relationship is not going to interfere with anything between us. It's just not.

But I'm assuming she stays with you because she thinks you're sexually involved only with her.

If that's the basis of her involvement, then we have a problem. Look, it's important to everyone to think they're the only person their partner is sleeping with. So I'm doing her a favor by allowing her to feel that way.

Why?

Because that makes her feel good, it makes our relationship good. If I told her, "Hey, I slept with this girl two weeks ago," that wouldn't help our relationship, would it?

If she finds out you lie to her——

Then we'll deal with it. But I don't think she'll find out. You have to understand, dating a girl and having sex with another girl at the same time is different from having two relationships at once. That I'm not doing.

Do you practice safe sex?

I don't have any sex that I consider unsafe.

What do you consider safe?

I don't have sex with prostitutes or drug addicts or someone I know is sleeping all over the place.

So you don't use condoms?

No.

And that's not a problem with any of the women you're with?

No, it isn't.

No one you've been with has ever asked you to put on a condom?

Some have. If they want to use one, they can use one. But not with me.

AMAZING SCENT ATTRACTS WOMEN

ONLY $19.95 EACH

NEWSWEEK Magazine reported the astonishing discovery of a NATURAL SCENT: a hormone called "MALE SEX PHEROMONES" (now in cologne) that sexually excites women and creates an overpowering erotic desire for sexual intercourse! IT MEANS: When women detect THIS SCENT on you, THEY WANT YOU!

NATURE'S ONLY APHRODISIAC

Nature designed females to recognize "THE DOMINANT MALE" by smell. The strongest release of male sex pheromones determines which male is dominant. Our "MALE COLOGNE" makes you that male. Our human pheromones give you an unfair advantage over your rivals.

YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON NATURE!

This secretion of hormone (sex pheromones) is detected by an organ in a woman's nose called the vomeronasal organ that has only one purpose: to relay the presence of the sex pheromones to an area of her brain that also has only one function: to trigger SEXUAL AROUSAL AND EROTIC APPETITE.

AUTHENTIC HUMAN SEX PHEROMONES

The problem with many other pheromone colognes is that they contain pheromones derived from animals. Female humans are not likely to respond to animal pheromones. Our cologne contains a synthesized PHEROMONE found on "HUMANS."

THE FINEST FRAGRANCES AVAILABLE

We have formulated our potent hormones and combined them with a variety of the finest fragrances giving you many choices. Another distinct advantage of our colognes is that we offer it in large containers, not the small vials offered by other companies.

GUARANTEED RESULTS/SCIENTIFIC PROOF INC

With every order you receive a detailed explanation of why these HUMAN SEX PHEROMONES are so powerful and a description of the many scientific studies that have demonstrated WHY ALL WOMEN RESPOND!

Just look at what our customers are saying . . .

"My wife loves "DARK CONTINENT", I feel like we are on our second honeymoon." S.C., Oregon

"I used to have a hard time dating . . . now the phone doesn't stop ringing." B.L., Florida

"I used your Dark Continent and put your free condoms to work, now I need more!", O.C., Illinois

ORDER FORM

Each 1.7 oz. bottle contains 3 months supply.
Any 1 — $19.95, 3 — $48.95, 5 — $79.95, ALL 16 — $189.95
Plus $3.05 Postage and Handling

TO ORDER CALL: 1-800-499-2146
OR FAX: 708-599-2519
Or send check or money order to:
INTIMATE RESEARCH, INC.
P.O. Box 372, Dept. PEI-8, Worth, IL 60482

THE COMINANT MALE COLOGNES
Indicate Scent:

☐ JASMINE LOVE	☐ NATURAL CITRUS
☐ TROPICAL BREEZE	☐ RUMRUNNER
☐ MOUNTAIN SPRING	☐ LEMON-LIME
☐ WILO SCENT	☐ ORIGINAL
☐ ORIENTAL GINGER	☐ SEA MIST
☐ COUNTRY SQUIRE	☐ MUSK
☐ OOWNUNDER	☐ COOLSCENT
☐ ODORLESS	☐ SPICE

☐ Our newest scent "Dark Continent" contains 3 times the Pheromones, 3 times the thrust of our regular cologne — $49.95 (Available only in 6 months supply, 3.38 oz. bottle). So powerful it's shipped with a FREE box of condoms.

CARD# / EXP. _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

If a woman says she won't have sex without a condom, you won't have sex with her?

That's right.

Most of these women agree to have unprotected sex with you?

Yes.

And nobody is worried about it?

Well, I'm not worried about it. Should I be?

If it were me, I'd be worried. If you were to catch something from unprotected sex—herpes, the clap, it doesn't have to be AIDS—wouldn't you be putting your girlfriend at risk too?

In a sense, sure.

Doesn't that seem unfair?

Look, we don't live in a risk-free society. The discussion we're having shows you what has become of sex. It's become too much like an actuarial table. Every time you go to bed with a woman should you take her life history, have her fill out a form, have her sign a contract before you do anything? The romance has gone out of everything. It's nonsense. It's disgusting.

So what if you found out that your girlfriend was doing what you do—sleeping with someone else and not telling you? What would you do?

I'd kill her.

Why?

Because I don't want her sleeping with anyone else. But if she were sleeping with someone else, I'm sure she wouldn't let me find out. I don't know if you know this, but women can be devious too.

What do you get out of your flings?

As someone who's interested in the intellectual side of sex, you may not understand this. But if I'm attracted to a woman and I have sex with her, I get a lot out of that. Do you really believe that one person can satisfy every need a man or woman has forever? Is that what life is all about?

A lot of people think so.

No, most people don't think so. Studies show that most relationships and marriages are not monogamous, and, frankly, anyone who believes otherwise lives in a land of illusion. Most men and women think their spouses are honest and monogamous, when in truth both husband and wife have cheated at least once in their marriage. Somebody isn't doing the right thing.

Have any of the women you've had flings with become emotionally attached?

Of course.

How do you deal with that?

I don't mind it when a woman becomes attached. I wouldn't have slept with her if I had no deeper interest. When I was 20, I'd sleep with anything that walked into the room. But if I sleep with a woman now, it's because I like her and want to sleep with her.

But you take no responsibility for her feelings?

No. I take responsibility for my own feelings. If I don't feel like a relationship should be pursued, I let her know.

And that's OK?

Yeah. She feels bad for about three days, and then she meets someone else.

But in the end, you do what you want and take no responsibility for your actions?

If I've done nothing wrong, why should I feel responsible?

Carole, 28, artist, single.

Before your most recent relationship, did you have casual sex frequently?

Yeah, maybe by the second date. We'd have sex and I'd usually perform oral sex. I never asked anyone about AIDS tests and all that.

Why not?

You sort of feel like it's not going to happen to you. You tend to get that bulletproof feeling.

You do it because the time is right.

Sometimes you're feeling so loving.

I think the word is horny.

[*Laughs*] Maybe. Seriously, sometimes sex is more about power or control. I knew early on that I was good at sex, and often it was easier to screw somebody than to talk to him. These days I'm using a condom for everything, including oral sex.

How have guys reacted to this?

There are some men who can't deal with it, and there are other guys who are so glad that they're having sex, they don't care.

When you've had casual sex with a guy, have you ever hoped it would develop into a relationship?

I've hoped it would go somewhere. I don't think I've ever had sex just for sex' sake. The trap women fall into is thinking, He must like me if we're sleeping together.

Even though you know better.

We never learn.

When you have casual sex, what does it involve?

"That's no tattoo! It's a warning from the surgeon general!"

MEN: BE TALLER!!

Tired of being short? Our quality leather footwear has a hidden height-increasing inner-mold inside the shoe. **NO OVERSIZED HEELS!** Look like ordinary shoes. Will make you up to **3" TALLER,** depending on the style. **Over 100 styles** to choose from including dress shoes, boots, sport shoes and casuals. Extremely comfortable. Sizes: 5-12. Widths: B-EEE. In business over 55 years. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.** Call or write today for your **FREE** color catalog.

ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB84
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705

1-800-290-TALL

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

Eric Weber's world famous classic. Over 2 million copies in print. Featuring interviews with 25 beautiful girls who tell you exactly what it takes to pick them up. Learn: • *Why a man doesn't have to be good looking* • *How to make shyness work for you* • *Best places to meet girls* • *50 great opening lines* • *World's greatest pickup technique* • *How to get women to approach you* — *HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS* is not available in bookstores. Send only $19.95 + $5 shipping.

Win With Women

Most men think they will have to undergo a major personality overhaul to be successful with women. Yet all it takes is a 5% increase in guts. And this extraordinary book will show you exactly how to unleash your natural confidence. Soon you'll be: • Transforming platonic relationships into sizzling romances • Dressing with sex appeal • Standing out from the crowd of ordinary men • And much, much, more. To order "How to Win the Woman of Your Dreams" send $19.95 + $5 shipping.

☐ Both books only $37.90 + $5 shipping. A savings of $7.00

SYMPHONY PRESS INC. Dept. PB84
P.O. Box 608, Tenafly, NJ 07670
Tel: 800-631-2560 or 201-894-0991 Fax: 201-816-8058
1-3 weeks delivery. Money Back Guarantee. ORDERS Discreetly Shipped.
VISA/MC/AMEX/DISCOVER/NOVUS accepted
FREE CATALOG AVAILABLE
Browse or buy! **www.pickupgirls.com**

Some intercourse, but mostly just oral sex on my part.

Why?

They enjoy it and it's easy. All a man has to do is lie there.

What do you get out of it?

Power.

Amy, 21, college senior, single.

You just broke off a relationship. Have you been involved with anyone else?

The guy whose shoulder I cry on.

Is he just a buddy?

A good buddy, but that's what we do when we get together.

Are you looking for a relationship now or just sex?

Whatever comes first.

Do you practice safe sex?

I don't leave my house without a condom in my purse.

Just in case.

Just in case. If one of my friends says she's going home with a guy, I give her the condom.

How do guys feel when you pull a condom out of your purse?

Some are like, "Wow, you're really prepared—were you expecting this?" I'm like, "Listen, you never know what's going to happen—we're all adults here." You have to be spontaneous and you have to do what you have to do.

Do you think guys judge us if we have sex too quickly?

Definitely.

But you do it anyway.

Yeah, because I'm looking to satisfy my needs. I'm not interested in the people I'm having sex with. If there's a guy I'm interested in, I'll hold out for months.

Explain that to me. It seems that if you were into a guy, you'd want to have sex with him immediately.

If you give them something too fast, they get sick of it fast. With a guy I might be interested in, I'll play by "The Rules." I love that book! I don't pull out a pen to give them my number—I let them look for a pen. I let them call. I don't call back. I end the conversation first.

Guys assume women get emotionally attached, but it doesn't sound like you do.

When I was younger, I was insecure. I used to grab on to the first thing that would pay attention to me. Now that I've been hurt, it's different. I'm going to be single—I'm going to do what I want to do—until I find someone who has potential. Then I'll prove to him that I'm a good girl.

What are your fantasies?

I don't know—water, the beach, the ocean. Strawberries being fed to me. Chocolate all over me, with a man kissing my body. I've always had that fantasy.

And you haven't played that out?

Not yet [*laughs*]. I'm only 21.

What do you think women should know about casual sex?

Panty of the Month®

FOR EASTER, APRIL 12TH

Enroll her for 3, 6, or 12 months and she will receive one designer panty each month on her doorstep — perfumed, gift-wrapped, and enclosed with a foil-stamped personal note.

April's edition arrives with a plush bunny and a card reading: *"This gift is sent in good humor and cheer, in case ya wanna little tail this time a year!"*

This delightful gift of romance has been profiled by CNN, MTV, and *Newsweek*.

24-hr info hotline
515-469-6800
www.panties.com

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS

UNDERARMS

HANDS

FEET

Drionic® is an incredibly more effective way to combat excess sweat—without chemicals. Electronic Drionic keeps the heavy sweater dry for 6 week periods and is reusable. Thousands of units have been prescribed by doctors. Ten medical textbooks recommend Drionic as a choice method of control for the heavy sweater. ©1993 GEN MED CO.

Send for free information.

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. PB-94
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

IT TAKES BALLS...

and the hottest pool cues, cases, gifts, posters, books, videos, clothing, game room furnishings and table accessories to fill the pages of the world's best billiard catalog. See for yourself. Call for your FREE copy today!

1-800-910-4437

Or write:
BILLIARD FANATIC!
Department 7884
539 E. Bixby Rd. Suite 26
Long Beach, CA 90807
Visit us at www.billiardfanatic.com

BILLIARD FANATIC!

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers that you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 28, 37, 39, 80–85, 88–89, 112–115 and 175, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED
Page 26: "Mixed Mediums": **Rear projection TV** by *Panasonic Co.*, 201-348-9090, www.panasonic.com. **Receivers** by *Sony Electronics Corp.*, 800-222-7669, www.sony.com. **Receiver** and **CD changer** by *Magnavox* and *Philips*, 888-486-6272, www.mm.homethеater.com. "Wild Things": **Notebook computer** by *Brother*, 800-521-2846, www.brother.com. **PC peripheral** by H45 Technologies, 800-220-6346, www.h45.com. **Fax storage device** by *Panasonic Co.*, 800-742-8086, www.panasonic.com/alive.

TRAVEL
Page 28: "Road Stuff": **CD player** and **headphones** by *Kenwood*, 800-536-9663, www.kenwood.com. **Pillows** by *Bucky Products*, 800-692-8259. **Flashlight** by *Polaroid*, 800-765-2764, www.polaroid.com. **World Shopping Guide** from *British Diplomatic Spouses Association*, distributed by Trafalgar Square, 800-423-4525.

MANTRACK
Page 37: "Silver Futures": **Bottle holder** by *Cartier* at Fortunoff, 212-758-6660. **Martini goblet, corkscrew** and **bottle opener** at Asprey, 212-688-2826. **Cocktail shaker** at Bergdorf Goodman, 212-872-8610. Page 39: "DSS: The Next Generation": **Satellite Dish** by *RCA*, 800-898-4377.

FASHION FORECAST
Page 80: **Suit** by *Trussardi*, call 212-906-9133 for store locations. **Shirt** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, 212-421-4488, 310-247-8827 and 312-587-9660. **Tie** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at better men's specialty and department stores. Page 81: **Suit** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, 202-625-2677, 310-859-2888 and 972-503-4846. **Shirt** by *Thomas Pink*, 212-838-1928. **Tie** by *Echo*, at Lord & Taylor stores. Page 82: **Shirt** by *Vestimenta*, at Rorie & Liles, 919-870-5427, Alex Sebastian, 714-545-3821, and Louis, Boston, 617-262-6100. **Tie** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, 202-625-2677, 310-859-2888 and 972-503-4846. **Shirt** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, 212-421-4488, 312-587-9660 and 310-247-8827. **Tie** by *Calvin Klein*, 212-292-9000, at select Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue and Barneys New York stores. **Shirt** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. Page 83: **Jacket** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at fine specialty stores. **Shirt** and **trousers** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, 212-421-4488, 312-587-9660 and 310-247-8827. **Tie** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, 310-859-2888, 202-625-2677 and 972-503-4846. Page 84: **Sports jacket** and **tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Nordstrom stores. **Shirt** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, 310-859-2888, 202-625-2677 and 972-503-4846. **Trousers** by *Trussardi*, call 212-906-9133 for store location. Page 85: **Suit** by *Vestimenta*, at Louis, Boston, 617-262-6100. **Shirt** by *Thomas Pink*, 212-838-1928. **Tie** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, 310-859-2888.

HERE COMES THE SUN
Pages 88–89: **Grooming spray** by *American Crew*, 800-598-2739. **Skin energizer** by *Orlane*; **face moisturizer** from Eternity, by *Calvin Klein*; **skin moisturizer** by *Cellap Laborataire SA*; available at department stores. **Razor** by *Schick*, 800-742-8377, www.schick.com. **Grooming spray** by *Redken Laboratories Inc.*, 800-733-5368. **Body cream** from *Natura Bissé*; **sunscreen** from Lab Series, by *Aramis*; **aftershave** by *Lanvin*; available at department stores. **Sunglasses** by *Genuine Swiss Army Knife*, 800-447-7422.

ELECTRONICS '98
Pages 112–115: **Digital camcorder** by *JVC of America*, 800-252-5722, www.jvc.com. **Digital camera** by *Agfa*, 800-926-2432, www.agfahome.com. **FM radio** and **receiver** by *Sharp Electronics*, 800-237-4277, www.sharp-usa.com. **Computer** by *Compaq*, 800-652-6672, www.compaq.com. **Cellular phone** by *Oki Telecom Inc.*, 800-554-3112. **DVD changer** and **controller** by *Runco*, 510-293-9154, www.runco.com. **Rear-projection TV** by *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811, www.toshiba.com./tacp.

ON THE SCENE
Page 175: "Super Suds": **Soap** by *Ralph Lauren*, *Giorgio Armani*, *Calvin Klein* and *Bulgari*, at specialty shops and fine department stores. **Chrome showerhead** by *Speakman* from Community Home Supply, 773-281-7010.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 5 PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCES (2), TED BETZ, JOE COMICK, BENNO FRIEDMAN, GEORGE GEORGIOU, DAVID GOODMAN, DEAN GROOVER, NEIL JACOBS, LARRY KAPLAN, BRUCE PLOTKIN, ROB RICH (2); P. 7 ARNY FREYTAG (2), STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 13 RICHARD FEGLEY; P. 22 MERRICK MORTON/© 1997 GRAMERCY PICTURES; P. 24 MARK TILLIE/© 1997 MIRAMAX FILMS; P. 28 GEORGIOU; P. 30 GEORGIOU; P. 37 GEORGIOU, JAMES IMBROGNO, LOU MANNA; P. 39 GEORGIOU (2), IMBROGNO; P. 41 GEORGIOU, IMBROGNO; P. 65 FREYTAG; P. 71 MARK EDWARD HARRIS; P. 91 GUIDO ARGENTINI; P. 113 PHOTOFEST; P. 115 STEVE MUNDAY/© ALLSPORT USA; P. 121 FEGLEY (3), TOM STAEBLER; P. 122 FREYTAG, ELAYNE LODGE/JOHANSSON, KEN MARCUS; P. 123 MARCUS; PP. 130-131 RODOLPHE BARAS/© LONDON FEATURES, GEORGE OESOTA/© LONDON FEATURES, GEORGIOU (4), © THOMAS LAU/OUTLINE; P. 136 ALISON REYNOLDS (2); P. 171 ART FOXALL (2), ELAYNE LODGE, LODGE/JOHANSSON (6); P.172 FEGLEY, LODGE; PP. 178-179 GEORGIOU (4); P. 180 FREYTAG (2). ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 41 CAROL ZUBER-MALLISON; PP. 130-131 HUNGRY DOG STUDIO (2). P. 146 PROP STYLING BY ANNA HOLMES HURLEY.

If there's a guy who thinks you're a whore or a slut because you go to bed with him, he's a boy. Men don't look down at you for having sex with them.

Paul, 31, account rep, single.

What happens after you have sex with someone for the first time?

I don't just screw a girl and never call her again. A lot of times you know right away that she's not a potential girlfriend. In those cases, it's a gradual weaning. You make the courtesy call, you talk, you laugh, you talk some more. But when she asks when you can get together, you say you're busy. Then you get together in a few weeks and try to do the friendship thing. I'm not saying it works all the time. For example, I met a girl last summer, and we had sex on our first date. But I knew she wasn't my type.

Why not?

I don't know. Her laugh was kind of weird. She was loud. I can't put my finger on it, but I knew if I spent a lot of time with her she'd eventually bug the living daylights out of me. But boy, the sex was good.

You're currently seeing someone, right?

Yes.

How did you meet her?

She came into a bar with a bunch of people. She had a big engagement ring on her finger, so I didn't shmooze right away. But as the night wore on, we talked and eventually went back to my house to smoke a little pot. And she spent the night.

Did you have sex?

We came damn close. We got naked. But mind you, she was engaged.

You felt you shouldn't have intercourse because she was engaged?

Yes, and because we didn't know each other. But the next time we went all the way. I didn't have a condom, so I pulled out. We just wanted sex from each other. It turned out to be good sex—not safe sex, but good sex.

Is she still engaged?

She broke up with the guy about five months ago.

Are you two monogamous now?

I've been completely faithful to her since we started having intercourse on a regular basis.

Is she faithful to you?

As far as I know.

Would it bother you if she weren't?

If she had a fling, I'd understand. But she's not going to find anyone better than me—and I don't mean just sexually. I have a tremendous amount of confidence in that.

But you've admitted that you have problems with monogamy.

I'm attracted to other women all the time. I love the seduction of women, the flirting, the anticipation in thinking, God, I'd love to get to know her, and then the thrill of following through on that thought.

Do you worry about contracting something?

I'll tell you what got me into condoms. Last summer I hooked up with this girl, went back to her house and had really good sex. A few days later we had sex again. Then she said, "I have something to tell you." She was hesitant, but with a little coaxing on my part, she told me: She's got herpes.

And?

Turns out I didn't get it. But at the time, I was stunned. She was crying when she told me, and I was just trying to make a decision: Do I scream, "You bitch!" and walk out, totally destroying her? Or do I look at it more rationally? I mean, I know a hell of a lot of people who have herpes.

In fact, I was calm. I was upset that she didn't tell me about it before we had sex, but I told her everything was cool. This poor girl feels it's the end of her life, that's she never going to have a husband or boyfriend. Well, it's not the end of the world, but, damn it, she should tell the next person before she goes and has sex with him!

Then again, most guys aren't going to be understanding about it. This girl is going to have a hard time.

Why is she out there having sex without protection?

Don't ask me.

Brian, 21, college senior, single.

You work in a bar. What's the scene like?

I've seen people having sex.

Come on. . . .

Dark corners.

Is all this sex casual?

I know these people. They come in with the sole purpose of finding someone. As much as people believe you can have just a physical relationship, eventually emotions play a part.

How often do you have casual sex?

Not that often. Maybe once every three weeks.

That's pretty often.

It's not like I do it every night or once or twice a week. For some reason, when you work in a bar, you become more attractive. Going to the bar becomes a ritual for people, and I become familiar. I'll see someone for a week or so, but I don't want it to go any further because I'm busy and things get complicated. So I let it dissolve.

Would you marry a girl who slept with you on the first night?

These days, almost every relationship starts out as casual sex.

Do you think that everyone has sex on the first date?

I don't think casual sex means having sex on the first date. Casual sex is having sex with no intention of having a relationship.

Are you having safe sex?

I've turned down girls who didn't want to have safe sex. It's just not worth it to me.

A lot of guys don't think sex is as good with a condom.

Whatever. That should be my biggest problem.

What about oral sex?

I'll tell you this: If I've just met a girl, I always feel weird about cunnilingus. You're putting your mouth inside another person.

When you're having intercourse, you're inside the woman. What's the difference?

The difference is, you're wrapped in a condom. I guess if you use a dental dam, oral sex is the same thing. But who carries a dental dam? I've known one guy who had one.

What's the best thing about casual sex?

People will do anything you ask. People will have anal sex. People will perform fellatio. People will have sex doggy-style. People will do it anywhere in the house. The more uninhibited, the more fun the sex becomes. It's casual sex; it's just for the moment. You want that moment to be as crazy as it can be.

You said you have casual sex once every three weeks. Do you plan to continue?

Until I find someone I really like.

Are you looking?

I'm always looking.

Rejoyn®

It does what the name suggests.

20 to 30 million men experience impotency.

This is the time you've been planning and waiting for. But now, when you both most want to enjoy all that life has to offer, intimacy has become difficult. Although rarely discussed, impotency is something nearly one in five men experience sometime throughout their lives. Whether the result of a medical condition, or not, impotency can be hard for any couple to handle. With Rejoyn®, there is really no reason why you cannot enjoy a fulfilling sex life as long as you live.

A safe, easy, alternative solution.

Rejoyn® is a patented penile support sleeve made from soft, medical grade Santoprene® rubber. Unlike injections or vacuum devices, Rejoyn® is easy to use and comfortable. Rejoyn® fits over the penis providing the support and rigidity you need for intercourse. While not a treatment or a cure, Rejoyn's® simplicity allows you to enjoy sexual intimacy whenever and wherever you want without worry.

Time and again, couples report a return to intimacy.

Rejoyn® was developed with the help of a certified sex therapist over the course of six years and tested by couples who were experiencing problems. In the last year alone, over 100,000 couples have relied on Rejoyn® and rediscovered intimacy.

Available without prescription— at pharmacies everywhere.

Look for Rejoyn® in the sexual products section of your local pharmacy. If your pharmacy does not yet carry Rejoyn®—just take this ad to your pharmacist. For the name of the pharmacies now carrying Rejoyn®—call:

1-800-446-8393

Rejoyn®

It does what the name suggests.

www.rejoyn.com

"Impotence may indicate underlying health problems and should be discussed with a physician". Dear Pharmacist, call 1-800-676-7076 for wholesaler and item number information.

WHEELS '99

(continued from page 96)

other vehicles. The NC250 also features clever "curtain shield" air bags that emerge from A-pillar and roofside. Look for these to be imitated too.

German carmakers also have a few tricks planned for the millennium. Mercedes-Benz showed its diminutive MCC Smart microcar—an innovative co-venture with the Swatch SMH watch company. You can interchange body panels to change the MCC's color or function. The company also showed a Messerschmitt-reminiscent F300 Life Jet. This tandem-seating three-wheeler, with a body and suspension that tilt to better hug a curve, acknowledges rising fuel costs and stringent environmental rules. Though these vehicles may sound a bit nontraditional for Mercedes, the company's chief of passenger-car development says he's determined to create a Mercedes entry in every class, from econobox to limo.

BMW, which has long been a big motorcycle producer, is showing its C1 scooter—a modern, Vespa-type vehicle with a fully enclosed roll bar (no helmet needed). BMW's powerful new V8 turbo-diesel and Rover's born-again Mini, an aerodynamic but recognizable offshoot of the lovable little transverse-engined British bug, paid homage to future small-car realities. So did Audi's experimental A12 microvan, with its state-of-the-art, fuel-sipping direct-injection gas engine. Its biggest competition could be the reincarnated VW Beetle. This smash-hit show car of two years ago will bow as a production vehicle any day now.

Look for more personalization in luxury cars. Ferrari just announced its Carrozzeria Scaglietti options (named after the coach builder responsible for the famous GTO and other great Ferrari competition cars). You can personalize your new Ferrari right from the factory, choosing from a long list of custom luxury and speed items, such as carbon-fiber seats and body panels, a "Fiorano handling package" and 250 GT–style rear-shelf upholstery for the 550 Maranello. The sky is the limit. By the year 2000, you'll probably be able to specify a Ferrari road car with a Formula 1 engine. If you have enough bucks, the company may build it for you.

What's the American way here? Other than the made-in-the-U.S.A. Mercedes M class and a few Range Rovers and Grand Cherokees, America's passion for really big trucks hasn't been matched in Europe or Japan. But smaller sport utility vehicles are catching on. Pickups, the biggest sellers Stateside, aren't much of a factor overseas either. Still, domestic manufacturers are turning factories over to truck production to meet unprecedented demands.

"If that's my Sultry Vixens 900 line, tell them I'm getting it on in the hot tub with my dusky roommate, Yvonne, and would they mind calling back after ten?"

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

(continued from page 132)

jutting through the parchment, right where the Alps would have been. "You think he'll be back?"

She sniffed a few times and then said, "No. He'll never be back. Didn't you hear him? He never wants to see my fucking face again! Me and my fucking big ideas." She began crying again, really weeping.

I crouched beside her and held her shoulders, which were amazingly thin under the rough, heavy cotton work shirt. "Shhh," I whispered to her. "Everything will be OK."

We stayed like that for a few minutes. Finally, I said, "You need some sleep."

I helped her to her feet. She gave me a pathetic little smile and then I took her upstairs to Megan's room, half holding her up, like a hospital intern leading a patient. I pulled back the covers and settled her into bed in her clothes. She went along without a word. "Goodnight," I said. Then I turned out the light and closed the door.

I went downstairs and spent the next hour cleaning up, cursing myself for getting into this situation. I taped a piece of cardboard over the broken kitchen window and swept up all the glass. Then, sometime around midnight, I double-checked all the locks and went upstairs to my own room. I brushed my teeth, looked over my bruised face in the mirror and went to bed. But I couldn't sleep. The sound of the surf, which usually lulls me, seemed to be keeping me wide-eyed. I lay in the dark room and thought about how this situation would look to anyone on the outside. I thought of what my friends would say if I ever told them about it. "Did you hear, Jack picks up this 18-year-old hitchhiker—at least she says she's 18—and takes her back to the beach house. . . ." I felt nauseated at myself and what I'd turned into—a 43-year-old man, alone, a washout as a husband and as a father, making a fool of himself with a girl half his age, a girl in a vulnerable situation.

After what must have been two hours of lying awake, I got up and cracked the door open. Megan's room down the hall was dark, the door open, but there was a light from downstairs. A flickering light—the television in the living room.

I crept down the stairs. Maddy was lying on the couch, still in the work shirt and muddy shorts, with one of my ex-wife's sandals dangling from a single toe. She held a wine bottle against her chest and stared blankly at the television.

It took me a second to realize what she was watching. An old family video. She must have found it in the cabinet under the VCR.

The tape was of Megan when she was a baby—a little after her first birthday. It had been taken on the beach, right out

behind this house. Claire and I had just given her a new red sand pail and shovel, which she seemed delighted with but somewhat confused by. This was when she was just walking. I hadn't looked at the tape in years.

It was an ordinary family video, I guess: beach scenes, dunking baby's feet in the surf, building sand castles. Megan's diaper was sodden with seawater. She sat, digging the shovel into the sand and laughing, totally self-absorbed.

"She looks so happy," Maddy said then from the couch. I hadn't realized she knew I was behind her. "She looks so goddamn fucking happy."

On the screen, Megan lifted a shovelful of sand to her mouth. The camera shook, and a female arm shot into the frame to stop her. Then a cut to a different scene—Megan running toward the camera, then running back to her seat, then starting all over again. Laughing.

I leaned over and pulled the wine bottle out of Maddy's arms. She let it go easily, her eyes never leaving the screen. "You made a mess of it, too, I guess," she said. "Just like everybody else."

I took the bottle out to the kitchen. It was half full, and I poured the rest of it into the sink.

When I came back into the TV room, Maddy had gotten up from the couch and gone outside. She'd left the sliding door open. I shut it but didn't lock it, turned off the television and then went back up to bed.

•

"Did she ever come back in?"

"I don't know. Maybe she did. I'm not sure."

"And she was very drunk by this time?"

"Very."

•

I heard her walking around outside, muttering. Then she parked herself under my open bedroom window and started calling to me in stage whispers. "Come on, Jack," she said. "Come out and play." She threw a couple of pebbles at the window. "I said, come out and play, Jack. Don't be this way. We can take the car and go get some cigarettes someplace. Pleeeease." She laughed—a bitter, sort of mirthless sound. "What difference can it make, Jack? Come on out."

I ignored her. Eventually, she must have gotten bored, and I heard her voice trailing away down the beach.

In the morning, she was gone. I got up around eight, went down to the kitchen and made some coffee. I made a full pot, enough for two. I assumed that she was outside, maybe taking a walk on the beach.

I cleaned up. The living room smelled of cigarettes and day-old wine—she must have spilled some. The sofa pillows were wrinkled and jammed into a

ROMANTICS
BY PLAYBOY
THE
CENTERFOLD COLLECTION

Red Lace Thong Teddy

Nothing beats sheer red lace for sheer sensuality. Our alluring stretch lace teddy has an open thong back with a satin ribbon tie. 100% nylon. USA. One size.

$18.00
Lingerie# QU5702

Order Toll-Free
800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 80130)

Order By Mail

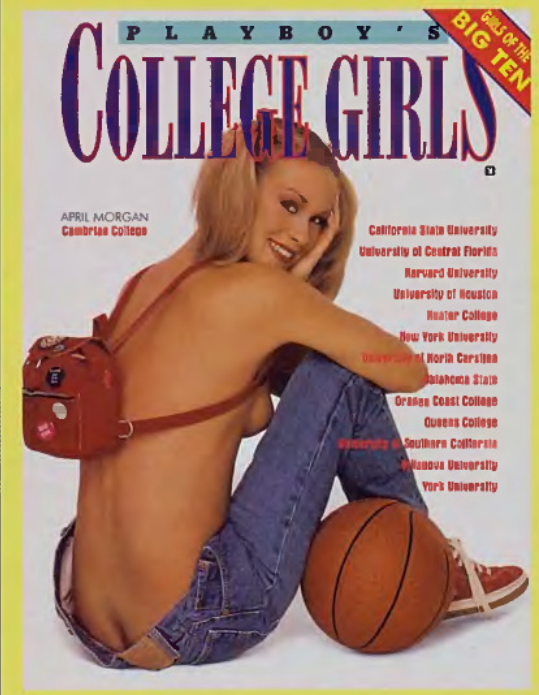
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80130, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Visit the Playboy Store at
www.playboy.com/catalog/

©1998 Playboy

STUDY A BROAD



No single sorority house in the world can boast this many sexy young students! Playboy combed the Big Ten and campuses from Canada to Southern California to bring you only the best of the best in this all-new edition of *Playboy's College Girls*. See the flirty faces and beautiful bodies that professors look forward to studying every day.

Book# QQFT9802 $6.95

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover/NOVUS. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 80126).

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 80126, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $3.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted. © 1998 Playboy

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Visit the Playboy Store at www.playboy.com/catalog/

corner. I could see the dent from her head in one of them.

By 10:30 I knew she wasn't coming back. I figured she must have gone out to the main road and hitched a ride into town. Back to the boyfriend, I thought. Give it another shot with old Drew.

I tried to do some work—I had a contract to sign off on by the end of the week—but I couldn't make any progress. The whole mess was too much in my head, so to clear it I decided to take a walk down the beach. It was a windy morning but surprisingly warm. There were a few people out—some of them walking dogs, some jogging, some doing both. It was that weird limbo stage at the shore—halfway between crowded summer and deserted winter.

About a mile or so down the beach, I saw a guy in an overcoat, looking totally ridiculous, walking through the sand in shiny brown shoes. I watched him for a while and realized suddenly that he was heading straight toward me.

"Morning, sir," the guy said, trudging up to me. "I'm Detective-Sergeant Michaels."

I stopped walking. "Good morning."

"Are you looking for someone?"

Every instinct in my body was shouting out the answer to that one. "No. Why? Somebody lost?"

He shrugged. "You might say that. Some kid washed up down the beach a way. Just a couple hours ago."

"Boy or girl?" I asked carefully.

"Girl. Woman. Whatever. Looked about 17 or so."

I felt nothing right then. I don't understand why, but I felt nothing. "Drunk?"

"Probably." The detective gave a kind of commiserative sigh. He was about my age, maybe a little older. Gray just starting around the temples. "You didn't see anybody on the beach last night, did you, Mr. . . ."

"Avallone. I've got a house about a mile down that way." I was thinking all kinds of things now. Could the boyfriend have come back and drowned her? "No," I said after an awkward pause, "I didn't see anybody." Then: "It wasn't, well, a murder or anything, was it?"

"No, no, nothing like that." He turned and looked toward the surf for a second. "Anyway, Mr. Avallone, if you hear anything or talk to anybody who might have seen this girl, let us know, OK? Most likely it was suicide. Too cold for a midnight swim, and kids her age, they get into a scrape, this is their solution."

"Seventeen isn't exactly a kid," I said.

The detective laughed. "You sound just like my daughter." He shook my hand and walked back toward the dunes.

•

"You realize that what you did there was a crime, right? If somebody wanted to nail you, you're nailable right there."

Sexual Products

How to order them without embarrassment.

How to use them without disappointment.

Today, you know that fully exploring your sensuality is as healthy as it is fun. Look over the new Xandria Gold Collection catalogue and discover a wide array of sexual products for giving and receiving even greater pleasure.

Trust our experience. Men have delighted in the Xandria Collection for more than 20 years. We select only the finest products from around the world.

Rely on our 100%, three-way Guarantee. If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual products through the mail, consider this:

1. We guarantee your privacy. Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped with no clue to its contents. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we *never* sell, rent, or trade customers' names.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction. If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund within 60 days.

3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure. Should it malfunction, just return it to us for a replacement.

Order today and see. Send for your catalogue now. We'll apply its $4.00 price to your first order. You have nothing to lose and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0498
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988
Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue**. Enclosed is a check or money order for $4.00, to be applied to my first purchase. ($5 Canada, £3 UK)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age.

Signature required _____

Xandria, 165 Valley Dr., Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.

PLAYBOY ONLINE

The world's best-selling men's magazine is now the hottest hub in the digital world.

Just a click and you get:

- Sexy images of the world's most beautiful women.
- Fascinating excerpts and photos from current and classic issues of *Playboy*.
- The buzz on Playboy TV and video here and abroad.
- Cool stuff to buy for material guys and girls.

Check out why we get more than 5 million hits a day at

http://www.playboy.com

Playboy. A hit. As always.

© 1998 Playboy

One Call Will Give You Over 300 Places To Get Help.

There are more than 300 joints in the human body. And at any time, one or more of them can be affected by arthritis.

If you have arthritis, or if someone you love has arthritis, call the Arthritis Foundation.

You'll get information on ways to cope, where you can go for help, and how to get your hands on all the facts you need.

ARTHRITIS FOUNDATION®

Your source for help and hope™

1-800-283-7800

"OK, so I'm nailable."

"You lied to a cop. In the moral universe, that's no big thing. But a judge could make a big thing of it if he wanted to. Besides, it was stupid. The boyfriend. He knew she was with you. He was bound to tell them, eventually."

"Not necessarily."

"Why not necessarily?"

"Just hold on. I'm coming to that."

•

I spent the rest of the day recleaning the house, trying to get rid of all traces of the night before. I kept the local news on, on every radio in the house, to see if anything was mentioned about a drowning. Nothing. Then, as I was getting ready to start dinner, I noticed the note on the refrigerator. It was written in pencil on the back of a takeout menu: "What we did was a mistake, like everything else in my life. Maddy."

I carried the note over to the table and sat down.

•

"But Jack, you didn't——"

"Shut up a minute. Just let me finish the story."

•

The boyfriend's call came about an hour later. "Listen, asshole," he said. "I don't know if you did it or if she did it to herself. Basically, I don't care. Either way, you got a big problem. But for $20,000, I could forget that whole thing last night. She didn't call me, I didn't go to your place, I didn't see you groping her ass or sticking your tongue down her fucking throat or nothing."

I was too stunned to say anything.

"Do we understand each other?" he asked after a second.

I didn't answer. I was unable to speak.

"I'll give you a minute to think about it," he said. "I can wait."

I drove into the city the next day. He'd said he wanted the $20,000 in cash by noon, but when I told him that would be impossible, since I didn't have an account on the Island, he gave me until five in the afternoon.

It wasn't difficult to put the money together. I cashed a couple of checks against my personal and business accounts and got the sum together by lunchtime. Then I drove out to the mall in Islip where he wanted to meet.

•

"You paid him. I can't believe you paid the guy."

"I had no choice."

"What do you mean, you had no choice? Some miserable kid does something stupid, it's not your fault. You were a bystander, an innocent bystander!"

"Come on, you're the lawyer. You know what kind of trouble this guy could have made for me. It's how it all looks. The girl committed suicide practically in my house. It's a lot to explain."

"But Jesus Christ, Jack."

"Besides, I've got Megan to think of. And what would Claire say? Would she let Megan come here anymore if this got out?"

"No. OK, I see your point. It's just, I don't know. I'm surprised."

"Surprised that I would pay $20,000 to keep my life from going down the tubes?"

"Well, when you put it that way——"

"And when you get right down to it, $20,000 isn't a hell of a lot of money."

"I guess not. For what it's buying. But from a legal standpoint, if this ever gets out, it's practically an admission of guilt."

"It won't get out."

"You can't know that for sure."

"Believe me, it won't get out."

•

I arrived at the mall a little before five. Drew was already there, in a satin Mets jacket, eating a taco in the food court. He looked up and grinned when he saw me. "Put it on the table," he said.

I took the envelope from my coat pocket and placed it beside his jumbo soda. He put down the taco, wiped his fingers daintily on a napkin and picked up the envelope. He looked inside quickly and then stuffed it into the pocket of his jacket. "If it's not all there, you'll be hearing from me."

"It's all there." I stood for a few seconds, looking down at him. "You don't feel anything for her, do you."

He smiled, wiping his goatee with the napkin. "Nah," he said. "She was a pain in the butt anyway. Too emotional."

I gave him one last look of contempt and then walked away.

I spent three more days at the beach

"The trial took a surprising turn when my lawyer pleaded insanity. He said he was crazy for defending me."

house, working on the contract, trying to concentrate. I went out every morning to get the paper. I read through the whole thing, but there was no story about a girl drowning herself on the beach. I even took the chance of asking around town. Nobody had heard a thing, though the guy at the wine store told me they don't like to report suicides. Too many copycat adolescents in the world.

By Saturday morning I had finished with the contract and decided to drive back to the city. On the way, I found myself exiting the L.I.E. again. It was morbid, I guess, but I wanted to go back to the place where I'd picked up Maddy on Monday night. I pulled off the road, stopped the engine and got out. There were high bushes bordering the road, and on the other side of them was a cluster of garden apartments—cheap, poorly built townhouses—which could have been where Maddy lived. I was afraid of meeting up with Drew, so I didn't investigate. After a few minutes, I got back into the car and drove away.

At this point, I was hungry, so I drove into town to get some lunch. There was a big, busy-looking diner on the main drag in town, so that's where I stopped. I had to wait a few minutes, but finally the waitress took me to a tiny table near the kitchen and gave me a menu. I decided quickly, ordered and then settled back to look around. That's when I noticed a familiar-looking guy sitting in a booth across the diner, near the windows. I tried to place him for a few seconds before it hit me: Detective-Sergeant Michaels. The cop on the beach.

I was confused. I wondered if he could be in town investigating Maddy's death. Or was it just a coincidence? Maybe he lived in this town, where property had to be cheaper, and just worked out in the Hamptons. But then a girl came out of the ladies' room and slipped into the seat across from him. It was Maddy.

"I suppose you are asking yourself, What does he intend to do with that hard-on?"

•

"Maddy? The same one?"

"The same one."

•

I sat there, staring, until the whole story became clear to me. Then I got up and walked over to their booth. As I came up to them, I heard Maddy saying, "Right, Dad. I'm sure he would," or something like that. Michaels—or whatever his name really was—caught sight of me. "Shit," he said under his breath.

I stopped right in front of their booth. Maddy looked up, recognized me and then looked down into her coffee cup. "Oh, dear," she said, in an ironic little singsong.

"So you three do this a lot?" I asked. "Or was I just the first sucker?"

"Listen," the father said, "I don't know what you think you're going to do about this——"

"Relax, Dad," Maddy said. "He won't do anything." She looked up at me again, with a little smile. "Isn't that right, Jack?"

I kept my eyes on Maddy, but I said to her father, "This is the kind of thing you teach your daughter?"

"Hey, loverboy," Maddy said. "You're one to talk about fine, upstanding behavior with young ladies in distress. Besides, at least his daughter talks to him."

I didn't answer. I just kept looking down at Maddy, looking for some sign of regret or guilt—something that would tell me that at least part of what happened that night was real. But there was nothing like that in her eyes.

"So," she said then, "we're OK on this, right, Jack? You don't talk about us to the police, and we don't talk about you to your wife and daughter. Right?"

I couldn't believe an 18-year-old girl was saying this.

"Right?" she asked again.

•

"And what did you say?"

"What do you think I said? What do you think I *should* have said?"

"I think that you should have said, 'Right.'"

"And so I did. I said it and walked out of the diner. And I haven't seen or heard from them since."

"So that's it, then. You don't need any legal advice. Chalk it up to experience. True, you're out 20 grand, but meanwhile your ex-wife and daughter won't find out about any of it."

"Right."

"You didn't do anything wrong. You were the victim here."

"Yes."

"And so you move on. A little wiser, maybe, but none the worse for wear."

"Right. None the worse for wear."

PLAYMATE NEWS

HOLD THE EGGS

When you think of bunnies, we know you're not thinking of Easter. And neither are we. But did you know that every year, Hef has hosted an Easter egg hunt? Originally, Hef's companion and magazine favorite Barbi Benton threw an adults-only party every spring. When Kimberley and Hef's sons came along, the Playmate Easter egg hunt became a family-style extravaganza for children. Easter morning, Playmates and their children, husbands and friends gather on the Mansion lawn. At dawn, the house staff hides 2000 eggs all over the grounds. Shortly after noon, the kids, fueled by ice cream, popcorn and hot dogs, are called to the hunt by Hef on a bullhorn. They have half an hour to find as many eggs as possible. Then the tallying is done and prizes are awarded. The Easter egg hunt definitely gives new meaning to doing the Bunny Dip.

Anyone for egg rolls? Enjoying the festivities at the Mansion are (clockwise from far left) 1979 PMOY Monique St. Pierre with our Big Rabbit; Kimberley Conrad Hefner giving out the prizes; Miss January 1987 Luann Lee at the petting zoo with friends; Miss March 1996 Priscilla Taylor giving out hugs; Miss October 1987 Brandi Brandt chasing an egg man; and 1976 PMOY Lillian Müller with her fiancé, John Coleman, and some sharp-eyed and enthusiastic hunters.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — APRIL

Hope Olson—Miss October 1976 will be 42 on April 4.

DeDe Lind—Miss August 1967 will be 51 on April 15.

Nadine Chanz—Miss October 1996 will be 26 on April 17.

Bettie Page—Miss January 1955 will be 75 on April 22.

Monique Noel—Miss May 1989 will be 31 on April 28.

TYLYN JOHN:

"Playmates do have a say in their pictorials, but the photographer has a lot of input. I was apprehensive, but everyone at PLAYBOY works to make you comfortable in front of the camera."

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Hef threw a party at the Playboy Mansion in honor of 1982 PMOY Shannon Tweed's January 1998 cover. Sinbad (right) stopped by to give her a congratulatory hug. The Los Angeles club Millennium was the scene of the Playboy Entertainment Group's Web site launch party. Attendees included Miss September 1997 Nikki Schieler and hubby, *90210*'s Ian Ziering (below left). Below right, Web site developer Damien Morin shows Miss July 1997 Daphnee Lynn Duplaix and Miss August 1995 Rachel Jeán Marteen how to navigate the playboy.com/entertainment site.

PLAYMATE NEWS

READ ALL ABOUT IT

The first issue of the *Playmate Alumni News*, written by Playmates for Playmates and their fans, arrived in mailboxes this winter. Coordinated by Taronda Croutch-Durant in our Los Angeles Playmate promotions office and Miss May 1976 Patti McClain, the newsletter features the pictures, poetry, paintings and activities of our best girls. At the latest count, there had already been more than 250 subscribers. You, too, can read all about it (and support various Playmate projects) by subscribing to this quarterly publication for $40 a year. Write to Playmate Promotions, 9242 Beverly Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90210. Between Glamourcon, the newsletter, our Web site and *Playmate News*, it's a Playmate world.

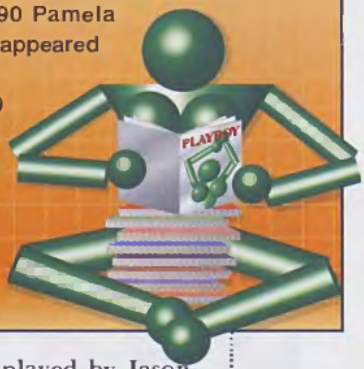
FAN MAIL

I really enjoyed watching Miss July 1996 Angel Boris play the other woman on *90210*. I laughed out loud as her character zoomed in on the befuddled Brandon, played by Jason Priestley. So can anyone tell me how many Kellys it takes to equal one Angel? I don't know the answer, but you can count me as a member of the Angel Boris fan club.—Clarence Mosely, Coconut Creek, Florida

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

COVER GIRLS

Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson Lee has appeared on seven covers between October 1989 and September 1997. Miss August 1975 Lillian Müller and Miss February 1973 Cyndi Wood have each appeared on five.



CAROL ZUBER-MALLISON

PATRIOTIC PLAYMATES

In the tradition of Operation Playmate, which began in the Sixties during the Vietnam war and was an important morale-booster for American soldiers, Playmates visited veterans' hospitals in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles last November in honor of Veterans Day. They signed autographs and presented each hospital with copies of *The Playmate Book*. Operation Playmate also showed its support for America's soldiers with a letter-writing campaign to our troops overseas during Operation Desert Storm. General Norman Schwarzkopf praised the effort as "a major morale boost for our troops" and confirmed the participating Playmates as "true patriots." Playmates Cynthia Myers, Maria McBane, Patti McClain, Janet Lupo, Danelle Folta and Karen McDougal were among those who participated.

SUZI SCHOTT:
"Playmates today have more sculptured bodies. In my day, they were more rounded and curvy. I was a late bloomer, but everything worked out."

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Three months into her Playmate life, Miss January 1998 Heather Kozar is on a roll. She has been offered dozens of movie and modeling jobs, and she can't go anywhere in her hometown of Akron, Ohio without being mobbed. We asked Heather how it feels to be a big star in a small town.

Q: What's the craziest thing that has happened to you lately?

A: I was on the front page of the *Akron Beacon Journal*.

Q: Do men want to kiss your feet?

A: I've been told my feet aren't the only things they want to kiss.

Q: Which part of your wardrobe do you pay the least attention to?

A: Panties. I don't wear them.

Q: How has fame affected your sex life?

A: My lover gets a kick out of saying he sleeps with a Playmate.

Q: Have you ever used your sexuality to manipulate a man?

A: [*Laughs*] Who, me?

Q: Do you ever wake up and say, "Oh my God! I'm a Playmate."

A: You've obviously never seen me in the morning.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Nine Vietnam-era Playmates, including Miss June 1963 **Connie Mason**, Miss April 1967 **Gwen Wong**, Miss May 1965 **Maria McBane**, Miss September 1965 **Patti Reynolds** and Miss February 1968 **Nancy Harwood**, participated in a ceremony for the Traveling Vietnam Veterans Memorial.

LEROY NEIMAN

The wall was displayed in Beverly Hills this past December, and the Playboy Playmate Alumni Association donated $1000 to the project. . . . Miss July 1997 **Daphnee Lynn Duplaix** had a featured role in the **Tommy Hilfiger** commercial that aired Super Bowl Sunday. . . . When **Downtown Julie Brown** left the E! Channel's *Gossip Show*, guest hosts took a turn, including some of our Playmates. Miss September 1997 **Nikki Schieler**, Miss June 1996 **Karin Taylor** and Miss May 1994 **Shae Marks** spread the latest news from the game room at the

Playmates Schieler, Taylor and Marks

Mansion. . . . Miss January 1959 **Virginia Gordon** happened to catch a TV show on which **Hef** asked lost Playmates to get in touch. She did. Virginia lives on a Hawaiian island so remote that she doesn't have electricity. . . . Miss March 1993 **Kimberly Donley** married professional hockey player **Craig Janney** and is expecting a baby any day now. . . . Miss August 1964 **China Lee** is breeding thoroughbred horses. Write to her at Box 451266, Los Angeles, CA 45126. . . . Miss February 1998 **Julia Schultz** has a two-year deal with Guess jeans for print advertising. . . . Miss May 1984 **Patty Duffek** got her bachelor's degree in social work last year and has put her education to good use helping disabled people.

 (continued from page 75)

Her solo career is proof of Jody Watley's rule number one: Be brave enough to follow your dreams.

woman, a single mother, a businesswoman, someone with a little more knowledge of life and love than a 22-year-old has." And you can dance to it. Indeed, *Flower* is as danceable as any of Jody's best early music. On the title track, as well as on the steamy single *Off the Hook* and the haunting *Just One More Time*, she proves once and for all that rock and roll is primarily a sex vibe.

By now you know that vibe is more than Jody Watley's favorite word. It's her philosophy. So vital is the proper vibe that she carries it with her in her purse. Recording studios are impersonal, so Jody often does a bit of housekeeping before starting work. "I'll put candles all over the room, then light them and get to it," she says. "I call it my 'vibe in a bag.'"

The vibe she gets to in *Flower* may be more mature than that of her quick-stepping dance-diva days, but it's no less sexual. "Passion has always been important to me. That won't change. What changes is a woman's perspective," she observes. "I mean, I have two kids now. I'm a single parent balancing motherhood and my career. That changes the equation. When you're a girl, passion can dominate the equation, but as you grow up you learn how relationships evolve. Mad passion grabs you at first, but it can't last forever. Eventually you get into the nuts and bolts of reality: nurturing, caring, getting along." Which is to say that while good sex might last an hour, good love can last a lifetime.

"It really turns me on, a man so sensitive and warm," Jody sings on *Off the Hook*, which she calls "a very hot song." When such a guy turns her on, she sings, "I'll do the same for my man."

It may sound like an irresistible offer, but for the moment Jody has no long-term takers. "Right now I'm single," she told us recently, lounging in her Los Angeles–area home. "Single and loving it." After all, she's a woman who has never been afraid to go solo.

That impulse to do it her way has helped make her a star. The long-limbed beauty once seen in the distance behind Don Cornelius stepped up from the dance floor to pop music's main stage. Shalamar's lightweight music quickly faded, but everyone remembered the lean beauty who gave the group its star power. "Those years were great fun—and a great education. I was only 19 when we started getting on the radio and on TV." She was barely into her 20s when intraband battles over money and billing led to Shalamar's breakup. In 1983, Jody set out on her own.

"People said it would be the worst mistake of my life. I tried not to listen, but it stung me, being told I'd never make it as a solo act." Her reaction? "I used all that doubt as fuel for my own music, fuel for my drive to succeed."

Yet for a time it seemed her doubters were right. Years passed with no Jody Watley solo album. Her perfectionism was beginning to look like self-doubt. In fact, she was working overtime to make sure her solo debut was note-perfect. Damn the doubters; she'd do the job her way or not at all. "If I've learned anything in this business, it's that you have to be fearless," she says.

Today, with six gold and platinum albums, her solo career is proof of Jody Watley's rule number one: Be brave enough to follow your dreams.

Want more evidence? Check out the Grammy music award on her mantel. Or read *People* magazine, which has called Jody's evolution "from dance diva to stylish songstress" one of the music stories of the moment.

Last year she weathered another crisis. Convinced that executives at her former record company doubted her enduring sex appeal, she fired the sexist oinkers, signed with Atlantic Records—"Aretha's old label," she gleefully notes—and forged a new, still sexy but slightly more serious image with *Flower*. The album teams Atlantic's latest great vocalist with an all-star lineup of songwriters and mixmasters, and such producers as D'wayne Wiggins and Phil Galdston, who are noted for their work with Tony Toni Tone, Celine Dion and Vanessa Williams. "The album tells a story. It's about the challenges of a woman's life, a woman's loves. I'm making a case for my strength and independence," says Jody, who calls *Flower* "bold and sexy . . . like me."

That was our cue. As Jody worked on *Flower*, feeling sexier each time she scorched an inch of tape in the studio, her vibe kept whispering two words into her earphones: "Do PLAYBOY."

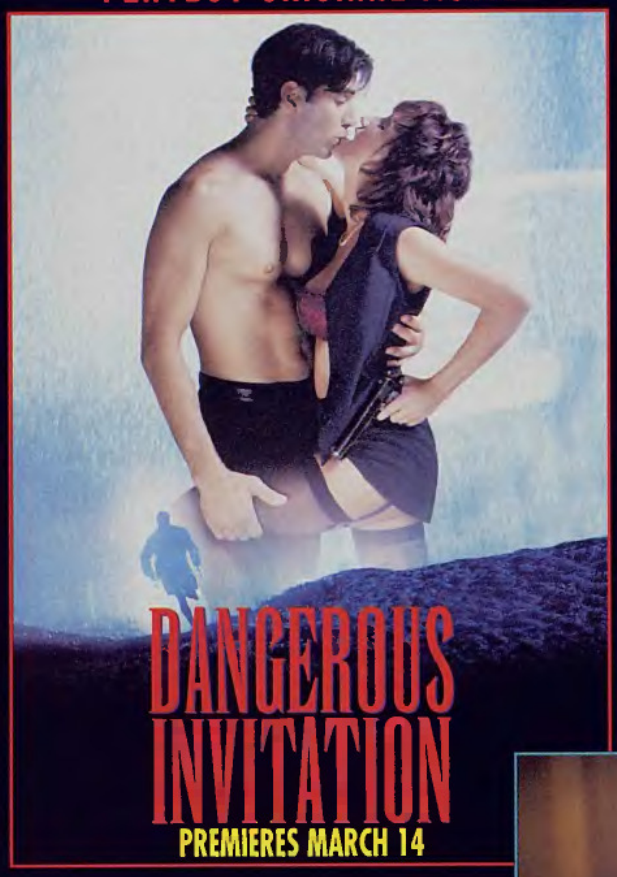
Did she dare? Today she laughs at the boldness of the idea—a mother of two and a veteran of 20 years in the music wars, stripping for the youth-loving handbook of female perfection.

"That's what made it right," she says. "I chose PLAYBOY to make the same statement I'm making on my new album. These pictures are a celebration of confidence. And freedom—the freedom to defy stereotypes. I'm not worn out. In fact it's the opposite. My music is better than ever and so am I." The proof is on Jody's new CD and here in her PLAYBOY debut.

"There's one more thing I want to say. It's a touchy subject," she says. "Black beauty. Black sensuality. We live in a culture where the beauty of black people isn't always as celebrated as other types. I'd like to help change that if I can."

"Hey, we're invited to a come-as-you-are party!"

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE



PLAYMATE HOSTS

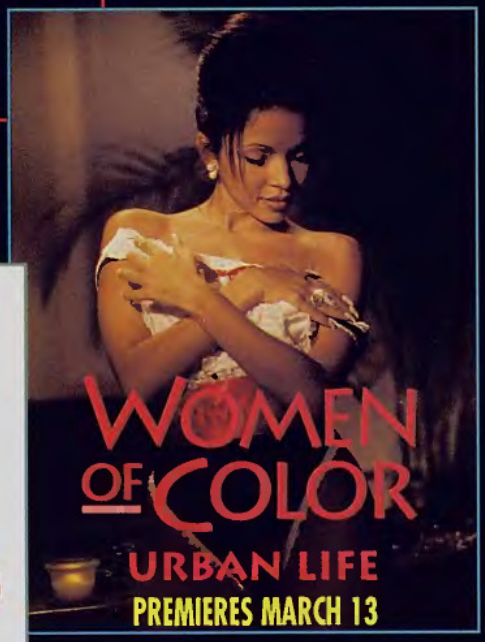
Marliece Andrada
Miss March

Holly Joan Hart
Miss April

more than you ever imagined...

This month, Playboy TV portrays picture-perfect passion in *Fantasy Lane*, an adult movie that sweeps you into the art world where a breathtaking masterpiece proves to be a beautiful woman. In the Playboy Original Movie, *Dangerous Invitation*, two insatiable couples enjoy a romp on the beach complete with sun and swapping! Then curvaceous collegiates drive their campuses wild with desire in the Playboy Original Program, *Playboy's Sorority Girls*, while exotic ladies turn the city's streets into their own after-hours playground in a new episode of the popular original series, *Women of Color: Urban Life*. And when a gorgeous woman loses her memory in the adult movie *Amnesiac* she quickly learns to surrender to the curing power of love! With St. Patrick's Day around the corner, Playboy TV might just be the luckiest charm you've ever picked – 24 hours a day!

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



PLAYBOY ORIGINAL PROGRAM

ADULT MOVIES

PLAYBOY TV

Visit our website:
www.playboy.com/entertainment

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, PRIMESTAR, or DISH Network dealer.

erotic entertainment at its best

©1998 Playboy

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

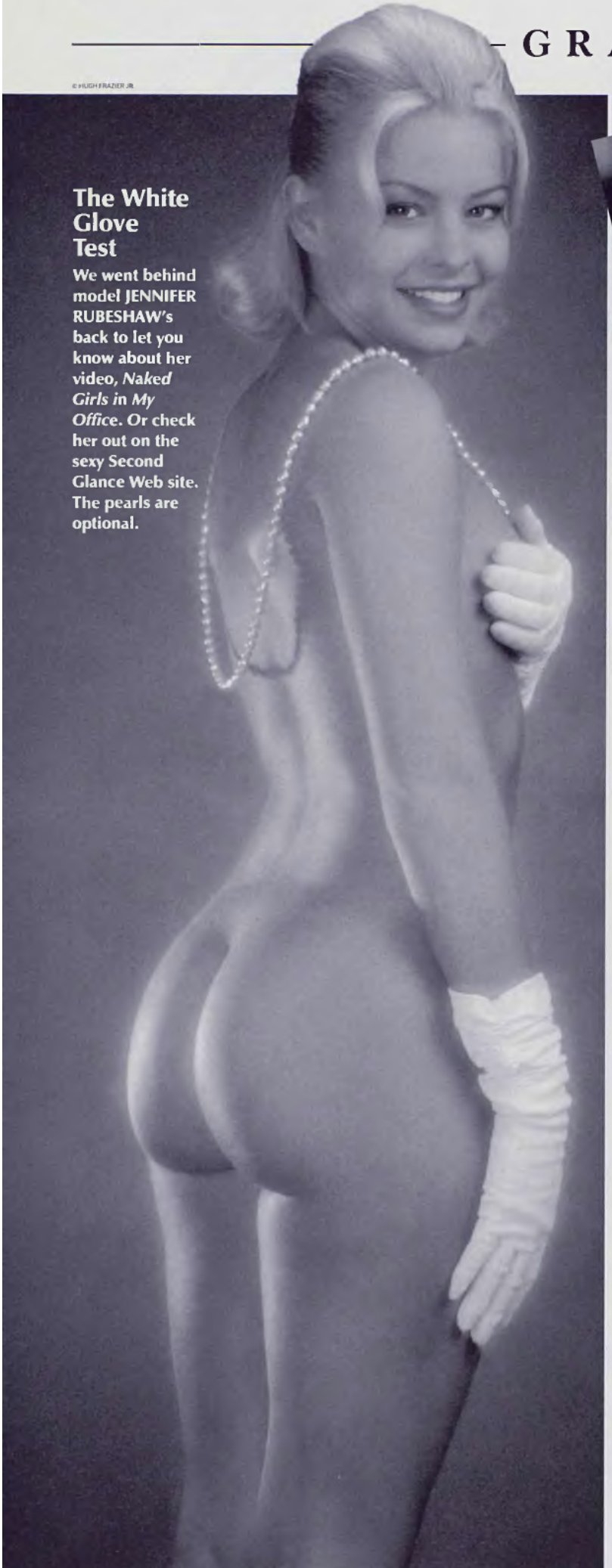
SUPER SUDS

Don't think of expensive bath soaps as money down the drain. The best ones are precision cut or formed by hand and usually wrapped to avoid chipping, cracking and breaking. Skin-enhancing ingredients such as glycerin, olive or sweet almond oil and oatmeal are distributed evenly throughout each bar, and the whole shebang is hard-milled—which means air is eliminated, leaving the bar feeling more like a baseball as you lather up, and less like a handful of mush. Top-dollar soaps such as the king-sized unisex one from Bulgari pictured here cost as much as a good bottle of wine or several fine cigars, and some soap manufacturers even include a travel case as part of the price. Like they say, you can never be too rich—or too clean.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Clockwise from top: Oatmeal soap from Ralph Lauren's Safari collection contains glycerin ($15 for a 5.3-ounce bar). Armani's bath soap contains sweet almond oil and comes in a travel case ($16.50 for a five-ounce bar). Packaged in a faux-tortoiseshell case, Calvin Klein's Obsession for Men soap also includes glycerin ($14.50 for a 5.3-ounce bar). That big bar in our sudsy quartet is Bulgari's unisex Eau Parfumée, with orange-flower extract and hydrolyzed silk ($35 for a 12.3-ounce bar). Pictured above is a chrome 6½" overhead shower fixture by Speakman ($98).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 164.



© HUGH FRAZIER JR.

The White Glove Test

We went behind model JENNIFER RUBESHAW's back to let you know about her video, *Naked Girls in My Office*. Or check her out on the sexy Second Glance Web site. The pearls are optional.

© IMAGES BY PETER GOULD

Helena Busts Out

Model HELENA CHRISTENSEN says, "I'm just lucky to have nice tits—it runs in the family." Here's to her family.

© MARK O'FLAHERTY

Stocking Stuffer

Oh that MOBY. If you caught the Big Top tour this past winter, you probably heard selections from *I Like to Score*, his compilation CD of TV and movie soundtracks. It includes the single of the James Bond theme. Agent 007 dresses to kill. Moby dresses to thrill.

The King Rests

If you've never heard B.B. KING playing Lucille, get *Deuces Wild*, his duet CD. If B.B. can share the mike with Heavy D, Willie Nelson and Van Morrison, the thrill isn't gone at all.

All Sharp, No Flats

When JILL SHARP appeared in *Breast Men* on HBO with David Schwimmer, she wasn't fooling around.

To the Bayou and Back

You just saw LYNN WHITFIELD in Oprah's miniseries *The Wedding* with Halle Berry. She also starred in the unforgettable *Eve's Bayou* last year. Talent wins.

Who Dressed Heather?

HEATHER ELIZABETH PARKHURST has appeared on television in *Renegade*, *Silk Stalkings* and *The George Carlin Show*. You saw her on the soap *Sherman Oaks* and as Annihilator Girl in *Beverly Hills Cop III*. This outfit annihilates us.

LOVE POTION NUMBER TEN?

Perfumer Michel Germain is so confident of his new fragrances, Sexual and Sexual Pour Homme (for us guys), he guarantees that anyone who wears either one will have a pleasurable experience. What makes him so sure? Extensive research. To create scents that "arouse the heart," Germain looked to India, Africa and the Far East and studied such ancient aphrodisiacs as Egyptian jasmine oil, Bulgarian red rose and sandalwood oil, exotic ingredients said to have been used by femme fatale Cleopatra. Price: $49 for two and a half ounces of Sexual eau de parfum or Sexual Pour Homme eau de toilette in a spray bottle. (Sexual Pour Homme aftershave is $42.) Call 613-257-8622 to order.

THE OPEN ROAD

Sign up for a California Dreamin' Topless Tour, and six slinky beauties—convertibles, that is—await you. The three- to five-day road trips down the highways and byways of northern California put you behind the wheels of six classic two-seaters, including a replica of James Dean's 1955 Porsche Spyder, a 1965 Shelby Cobra and a 1998 Porsche Boxster. Price: from $1750 per person. Call 510-284-5039 to reserve a spot.

PULP POSTER ART

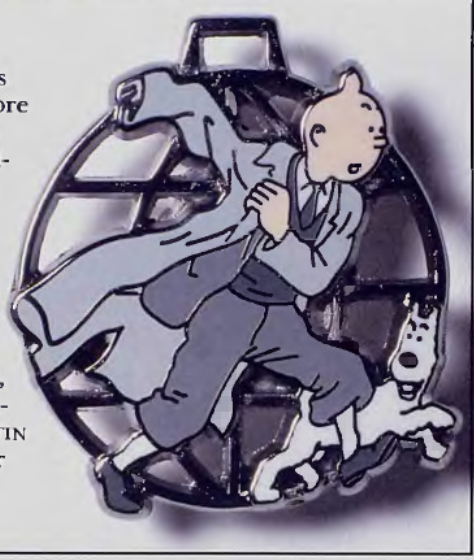
Long before *Devil in a Blue Dress*, *The Last Seduction* and *L.A. Confidential* rejuvenated film noir in the Nineties, the genre was captured in such classic thrillers as *The Maltese Falcon*, *This Gun for Hire* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. *Crime Scenes: Movie Poster Art of the Film Noir* chronicles film noir from 1941 to 1959 with 198 color illustrations and various essays, including "How Do You Know It's a Film Noir?" and "Antecedents of the Film Noir." Written and published by Lawrence Bassoff, the "color book about black-and-white movies" costs $35. Call 800-247-6553 for more information or to place an order.

FOR THE DISCRIMINATING DUFFER

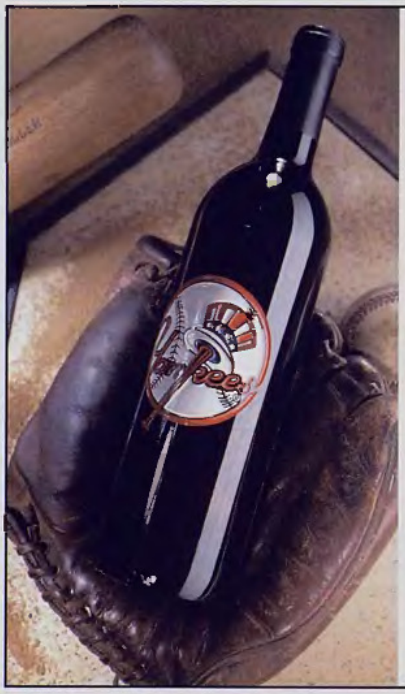
Armed with the motto "Avoid the mediocre and enjoy the exalted," the authors of *Golf Travel's Guide to the World's Greatest Golf Destinations* traveled almost 500,000 miles to evaluate the golf facilities, lodgings and restaurants of more than 300 courses, from the Pete Dye River Course in Wisconsin to Royal Dornoch in Scotland. There are also priceless tips, such as how to finagle a tee time on a private course. Price: $30, in bookstores.

BOY TOYS

The TT in San Francisco's TT Globe Trotter USA store (418 Sutter Street) stands for Tintin, the ageless Belgian boy reporter who's a cult comics figure in Europe. Along with Tintin books, fashion accessories, toys and collectibles, the store offers merchandise that features Wallace and Gromit, Babar, Asterix and the Little Prince. Call 888-4-TINTIN to obtain a free catalog, or find it on the Web at www.tintinsource.com.



POP YOUR CORK AT THE BALL GAME



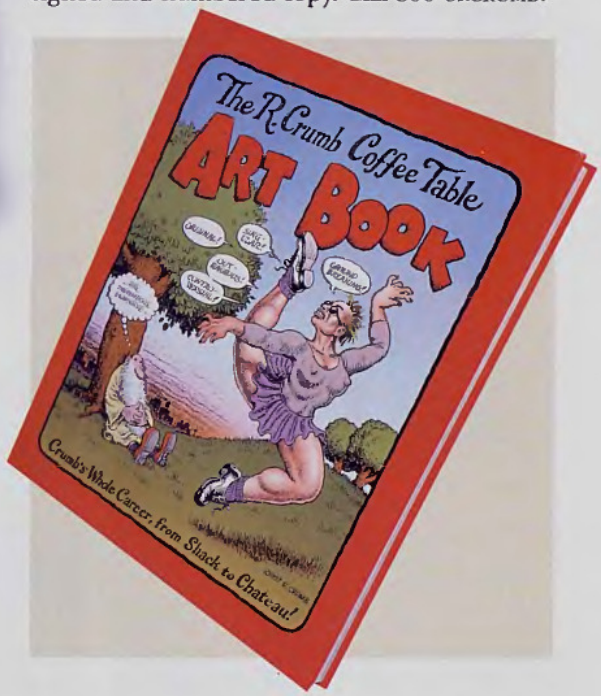
Forget the brats and beer. Big League Bottling has a classier way to toast your favorite major league baseball team. The company offers Maddalena Vineyard's California cabernet sauvignon in a 750-ml bottle laser-etched and hand-painted with your chosen team's logo. Price: $50. Also available is Schramsberg California champagne in a bottle laser-etched and hand-painted with the 1997 World Series logo. (The World Series bottles are limited-edition collectibles.) Price: $80 for 750 milliliters; $200 for a magnum. Call 800-64-WINES to order a bottle.

THRILLER NIGHTS

For the past 15 years, the picturesque town of Cognac, France has hosted the Cognac Thriller Film Festival, a four-day event that recognizes outstanding suspense films from around the world. The 16th annual festival, April 2–5, will showcase yet-to-be-announced films (last year's winners included the American pictures *Set It Off* and *Freeway*). There's also an opening ceremony, a black-tie awards dinner and, of course, a cognac tasting. Call 202-857-0060 for more information on the festival.

THE AMAZING R. CRUMB

Thirty years after *Keep on Truckin'* and *Fritz the Cat* made Robert Crumb a popular comics artist comes a brilliant retrospective of his career, *The R. Crumb Coffee Table Art Book*. The 256-page hardcover includes comic strips, sketchbook material, album-cover art, home photos, previously unpublished paintings and more. Price: $40, or $300 for a limited-edition signed-and-numbered copy. Call 800-6RCRUMB.



MAY THE GREEDIEST MAN WIN

Mutual Fundz, The Game (your goal is to "become the richest bloodthirsty capitalist") is a fast-paced web of bankruptcy, insider trading and hostile takeovers. In other words, it's Monopoly on Wall Street, except you and up to five other "investors" spend your fortunes buying and selling mutual funds, not real estate. Price: $50. To order, call 888-765-GAME.

JOHN SCHMELTZER

NEXT MONTH

MISS MAY

TIGER, TIGER

NETMAIL

COOL GIRLS

CLINTON'S CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT—WHAT KIND OF TASTE DOES THE PRESIDENT HAVE IN WOMEN? LUCKY READERS WILL FIND IT'S PRETTY DARN HOT. DON'T MISS OUR SURPRISE PICTORIAL

LEROY NEIMAN—OUR FOREMOST SPORTS ARTIST INVADES THE FAIRWAY TO CAPTURE TIGER THE TERMINATOR WHILE GOLF PRO **JOHN ANDRISANI** DISSECTS WOODS' GAME IN *TIGER AT PLAY*

BUNNY MEMORIES—A HOPPING TRIBUTE TO THOSE EMPOWERED WOMEN IN TAILS. GO BACKSTAGE WITH **LAUREN HUTTON** AND **GLORIA STEINEM.** REVEL IN WHAT WAS—AND COULD BE AGAIN. AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT FROM THE FORTHCOMING BOOK BY **KATHRYN LEIGH SCOTT** (BUNNY KATE)

DILBERT UNMASKED—SCOTT ADAMS, WHOSE HILARIOUS CARTOON EXPOSES THE FOIBLES OF BUSINESS, TALKS NINE-TO-FIVE ABOUT OFFICE POLITICS, THE REASONS WHY BOSSES GET SO MUCH MONEY AND WHY CUBICLES ARE THE DEVIL'S HANDIWORK. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW WITH **DAVID SHEFF**

BASEBALL PREVIEW—EXPANSION TEAMS AND $75 MILLION FREE AGENTS WON'T SPOIL THE GAME'S ETERNAL TRUTHS OR THE BRAVES' PERENNIAL CLAIM TO SUPREMACY. THE LOWDOWN FROM **KEVIN COOK**

WOMEN OF ICELAND—BRRR. IT'S CHILLY IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, BUT WE'VE FOUND A GORGEOUS CROP OF ARCTIC BLONDES WHO KEEP THINGS HEATED UP. IT'S THIS SPRING'S COOLEST PICTORIAL

BUBBA BUBBLE—WHAT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU INTRODUCE A FAMOUS SOCIALITE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN A HOT TUB? A FOAMY, FANCIFUL ENCOUNTER TOLD BY **ARIANNA HUFFINGTON**

TWENTY-FIVE THINGS GUYS DO RIGHT IN BED—SOMEONE HAS BEEN SPREADING THE VICIOUS LIE THAT MEN ARE SHALLOW AND SELFISH IN THE SACK. THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR, **CHIP ROWE,** DEPOSED DOZENS OF SATISFIED WOMEN TO SAY SOMETHING NICE

NETMAIL—BLACKMAIL VIA E-MAIL MAY BE THE RAGE, BUT THE BEST DEFENSE IS STILL THE BEST OFFENSE. SUSPENSEFUL CYBERFICTION BY **BRENDAN DUBOIS**

PLUS: THE NEWEST MOTORCYCLES, PAGERS, UNDERWATER TOYS AND ROMANTIC CHAMPAGNE COCKTAILS; AND OHIO'S FINEST—PLAYMATE **DEANNA BROOKS**

NOT SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

NOT NOW. NOT EVER.

OLD No.7 BRAND

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor
Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352 • Placed in the National Register of Historic Places • Visit us at http://www.jackdaniels.com.

Your friends at Jack Daniel's remind you to drink responsibly.

Smooth,

satisfying taste

at ultra-low tar?

Here it is!

You got it!

You've got
MERIT
ULTRA LIGHTS

© Philip Morris Inc. 1998

5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.